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GENIUS AND WRITINGS OF PASCAL.

Des Pensées de Pascal. Rapport à L'Académie Française sur la nécessité d'une nouvelle édition de cet ouvrage. Par M. V. COUSIN. 8vo. Paris: 1843.

2. *Pensées, Fragments, et Lettres de Blaise Pascal: publiés pour la première fois conformément aux manuscrits originaux, en grande partie inédits. Par M. PROSPER FAUGÈRE. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1844.*

So much has been written of late years respecting Pascal, and so much that is worth reading, that we do not know that we should have been induced to make him the subject of present criticism, had it not been for the appearance of the above remarkable volumes of M. Faugère.

It seems strange to say, that the most popular work of an author who has been dead two hundred years, and who has obtained a world-wide reputation—a work which has passed through numberless editions, and been translated into most European languages—has never been published in an authentic form till now. Yet this is strictly true of the *Pensées de Pascal*.

It is not possible to convey to the reader a just idea of the merits of this improved edition, or the circumstances which led to it, without relating some of the more important incidents of Pascal's life. A formal biography, however, it cannot be necessary to give; for who has not read some account of the life of Blaise Pascal? It

will be sufficient briefly to advert to the principal facts of this great man's history, and the dates of their occurrence.

He was born at Clermont, in Auvergne, in the year 1623, and died in the year 1662, at the early age of thirty-nine. When we think of the achievements which he crowded into that brief space, and which have made his name famous to all generations, we may well exclaim with Corneille, "A peine a-t-il vécu, quel nom il a laissé!"

It is well known that Pascal exhibited from the earliest childhood the most precocious proofs of inventive genius, especially in the department of mathematics. Having, if we may believe the universally received tradition, been willingly kept in ignorance of Geometry, lest his propensity in that direction should interfere with the prosecution of other branches of knowledge, his self-prompted genius discovered for itself the elementary truths of the forbidden science. At twelve years of age, he was surprised by his father in the act of

demonstrating, on the pavement of an old hall, where he used to play, and by means of a rude diagram, traced by a piece of coal, a proposition which corresponded to the thirty-second of the First Book of Euclid.* At the age of sixteen, he composed a little tractate on the Conic Sections, which provoked the mingled incredulity and admiration of Descartes. At nineteen, he invented his celebrated Arithmetical Machine; and at the age of six-and-twenty, he had composed the greater part of his mathematical works, and made those brilliant experiments in Hydrostatics and Pneumatics which have associated his name with those of Torricelli and Boyle, and ranked him amongst the first philosophers of his age. Yet, strange to say, he now suddenly renounced the splendid career to which his genius so unequivocally invited him, and gave himself up to totally different studies. This was principally attributable to that strong religious impulse which was imparted to his mind at this period—rendered deeper by early experience in the school of affliction. From the age of eighteen, he was a perpetual sufferer. In 1647, when only in his twenty-fourth year, he was attacked by paralysis. His ill health was mainly, if not wholly, occasioned by his devotion to study; and of him it is literally true, that his mind consumed his body.

So complete was his abandonment of science, that he never returned to it but on one memorable occasion, and then only for a short interval. We allude, of course, to the remarkable problems which he solved respecting the curve called the Cycloid. The accounts which have been transmitted to us by his sister, of the manner in which these investigations were suggested and completed—accounts which are authenticated by a letter of his own to Fermat—strongly impress us with the vigor and brilliancy of his genius. We are assured that, after long abandonment of mathematics, his attention was directed to this subject by a casual train of thought suggested in one of the many nights which pain made sleepless. The thoughts thus suddenly originated, his inventive mind rapidly pursued to all the brilliant results in which they terminated; and in the brief space of eight days the investigations were completed. Partly in compliance with the fashion

of the age, and partly from the solicitation of his friend the Duke de Roannes, he concealed for a time the discoveries at which he had arrived, and offered the problems for solution to all the mathematicians of Europe, with a first and second prize to successful candidates. If no solution were offered in three months, Pascal promised to furnish his own. Several were forwarded, but as none, in the estimation of the judges, completely fulfilled the conditions of the challenge, Pascal redeemed his pledge by publishing his own, under the name of Amos Dettonville,—an anagram of Louis de Montalte, the name under which the "Provincial Letters" had appeared. This was in 1658-9, when he was thirty-six years of age.

With this brief exception, Pascal may be said to have practically abandoned science from the age of twenty-six. Yet he did not at once become a religious recluse. For some years he lived a cheerful, and even gay, though never a dissipated life, in Paris, in the centre of literary and polite society, loved and admired by a wide circle of friends, and especially by his patron, the Duke de Roannes. To the accomplished sister of this nobleman, M. Faugère conjectures (as we think plausibly) that Pascal was secretly attached, but, from timidity and humility, "never told his love." Perhaps, in part, from the melancholy which this hopeless attachment inspired, but certainly much more in consequence of the deeper religious convictions, produced by a memorable escape from an appalling death, in 1654, his indifference to the world increased; and he at length sought for solitude at Port Royal, already endeared to him by the residence there of his sister Jacqueline.

Here it is well known he produced his immortal "Provincial Letters;" and, when death cut short his brief career, was meditating an extensive work on the fundamental truths of religion,—especially on the existence of God and the evidences of Christianity,—for the completion of which he would have required ten "years of health and leisure." An outline of the work had been sometimes (and on one occasion somewhat fully) imparted in conversation to his friends, but no part of it was ever completed. Nothing was found after his death but detached "Thoughts" (interspersed with some on other subjects) on the principal topics appropriated to such a work. They were the stones of which the building was to have consisted, many of them unhewn, and some few such as the builder,

* His sister, Madame Perier, has left an interesting and circumstantial account of this matter, in the life of her brother.

had he lived, would no doubt have laid aside. The form in which the Thoughts were put together comported but too well with their fragmentary character. It appears that he did not even use a commonplace Book; but when, after a profound meditation, any thought struck him as worth recording, he hastily noted it on any scrap of paper that came to hand, often on the backs of old letters; these he strung together on a file, or tied up in bundles, and left them till better health and untroubled leisure should permit him to evoke a new creation out of this chaos. It is a wonder, therefore, that the *Pensées* of Pascal have come down to us at all. Never, surely, was so precious a freight committed to so crazy a bark. The Sybil herself was not more careless about those leaves on which she inscribed her prophetic truths, than was Pascal about those which contained the results of his meditations. Of these results, however, we are in part defrauded, by something far worse than either the fragility of the materials on which they are inscribed, or their utter want of arrangement. Many of the "Thoughts" are themselves only half developed; others, as given us in the literal copy of M. Faugère, break off in the middle of a sentence, even of a word. Some casual interruption—frequently, no doubt, some paroxysm of pain, to which the great author, in his latter years, was incessantly subject—broke the thread of thought, and left the web imperfect for ever.

It is humiliating to think of the casualties which, possibly in many cases, have robbed posterity of some of the most precious fruits of the meditations of the wise; perhaps arrested trains of thought which would have expanded into brilliant theories or grand discoveries;—trains which, when the genial moment of inspiration has passed, it has been found impossible to recall; or which, if recalled up to the point at which they were broken off, terminate only in a wall of rock, in which the mountain path, which had been before so clearly seen, exists no longer. It is humiliating to think that a fit of the toothache, or a twinge of the gout, *might* have thus arrested—no more to return—the opening germ of conjecture, which led on to the discovery of the Differential Calculus, or the Theory of Gravitation. The condition of man, in this respect, affords, indeed, one striking proof of that combined "greatness and misery" of his nature, on which Pascal so profoundly

meditated. It is wonderful that a being, such as he, should achieve so much; it is humiliating that he must depend on such casualties for success. On the precarious control which even the greatest men have over their own minds, Pascal himself strikingly says,—“The mind of this sovereign of the world is not so independent as not to be discomposed by the first *tintamarre* that may be made around him. It does not need the roar of artillery to hinder him from thinking; the creaking of a vane or a pulley will answer the purpose. Be not surprised that he reasons ill just now; a fly is buzzing in his ears—it is amply sufficient to render him incapable of sound deliberation. If you wish him to discover truth, be pleased to chase away the insect who holds his reason in check, and troubles that mighty intellect which governs cities and kingdoms! *Le plaisant dieu que voila! O ridicolosissimo eroe!*”*

On the imperfect sentences and half-written words, which are now printed in the volumes of M. Faugère, we look with something like the feelings with which we pore on some half-defaced inscription on an ancient monument—with a strange commixture of curiosity and veneration; and, whilst we wonder what the unfinished sentences may mean, we mourn over the malicious accident which, has perhaps, converted what might have been an aphorism of profoundest importance into a series of unmeaning cyphers. One of the last things, assuredly, which we should think of doing with such fragments, would be to attempt to alter them in any way; least of all, to supplement them, and to divine and publish Pascal's meaning. There have been learned men, who has given us supplements to the lost pieces of some ancient historians;—erudite Freinsheimiuses, who hand us a huge bale of indifferent Latin, and beg us only to think it Livy's lost *Decades*. But what man would venture to supplement Pascal? Only such, it may be supposed, as would feel no scruple in scouring an antique medal, or a worthy successor of those Monks who obliterated manuscript pieces of Cicero, that they might inscribe them with some edifying legend.

Alas! more noted people than these were scarcely more scrupulous in the case of Pascal. His friends decided that the fragments which he had left behind him, im-

* *Faugère*, tom. ii., p. 54. It may proper to observe, that all our citations from the *Pensées* are from this new and solely authentic edition.

perfect as they were, were far too valuable to be consigned to oblivion; and so far all the world will agree with them. If, further, they had selected whatever appeared in any degree coherent, and printed these *verbatim et literatim*, in the best order they could devise, none would have censured, and all would have thanked them. But they did much more than this; or rather, they did both much more and much less. They deemed it not sufficient to give Pascal's Remains with the statement, that they were but Fragments; that many of the thoughts were very imperfectly developed; that none of them had had the advantage of the author's revision,—apologies for any deficiencies with which the world would have been fully satisfied; but they ventured upon mutilations and alterations of a most unwarrantable description. In innumerable instances, they changed words and phrases; in many others, they left out whole paragraphs, and put a sentence or two of their own in the place of them; they supplemented what they deemed imperfect with a prefatory exordium or a prefatory conclusion, without any indication as to what were the respective ventures in this rare species of literary copartnery. It must have been odd to see this committee of critics sitting in judgment on Pascal's style, and deliberating with what alterations, additions, and expurgations it would be safe to permit the author of the *Provincial Letters* to appear in public. Arnauld, Nicole, and the Duke de Roannes were certainly no ordinary men; but they were no more capable of divining the thoughts which Pascal had not expressed, or of improving the style where he had expressed them, than of completing a sketch of Raphael.

It appears that, large as was the Editorial discretion they assumed, or rather, large as was their want of all discretion, they had contemplated an enterprise still more audacious—nothing less than that of completing the entire work which Pascal had projected,—partly out of the materials he had left, and partly from what their own ingenuity might supply. It even appears that they had actually commenced this heterogeneous structure; and an amusing account has been left by M. Perier, both of the progress the builders of this Babel had made, and of the reasons for abandoning the design. "At last," says he, "it was resolved to reject the plan, because it was felt to be *almost impossible thoroughly* to enter into the thoughts and the plan of the

author, and above all, of an author who was no more; and because it would not have been the work of M. Pascal, but a work altogether different—*un ouvrage tout différent!*" Very different indeed! If this naïve expression had been intended for irony, it would have been almost worthy of Pascal himself.

M. Perier also tells us, that if this plan had but been practicable, it would have been the most perfect of all; but he candidly adds, *il était aussi très-difficile de la bien exécuter*. But though the public was happily spared this fabric of porphyry and common brick, it will not be supposed by any readers of M. Cousin's *Rapport*, or of M. Faugère's new edition of the *Pensées*, that Pascal's editors did not allow themselves ample license. "En effet," says the former, "toutes les infidélités qu'il est possible de concevoir, s'y rencontrent—omissions, suppositions, altérations." . . . "J'ai donné des échantillons nombreux de tous les genres d'altérations—altérations de mots, altérations de tours, altérations de phrases, suppressions, substitutions, additions, compositions arbitraires et absurdes, tantôt d'un paragraphe, tantôt d'un chapitre entier, à l'aide de phrases et de et de paragraphes étrangers les uns aux autres, et, qui pis est, décompositions plus arbitraires encore et vraiment inconcevables de chapitres qui, dans, le manuscrit de Pascal, se présentaient parfaitement liés dans toutes leur parties et profondément travaillés."*

Subsequent Editors have taken similar liberties, if not so flagrant. While the original Editors left out many passages, from fear of the Jesuits, Condorcet, in his edition, omitted many of the most devout sentiments and expressions, under the influence of a very different feeling. Infidelity, as well as superstition, has its bigots, who would be well pleased to have their *index expurgatorius* also.† Unhappy Pascal! Between his old Editors and his new, he seemed to be in the condition of the persecuted bigamist in the fable, whose elder wife would have robbed him of all his black hairs, and his younger of the grey. Under

* *Rapport; Avant-Propos*, pp. ii. ix:

† "Condorcet, par un préjugé contraire, supprima les passages empreints d'un sentiment de piété ou d'élévation mystique. . . . Par exemple, on ne retrouve pas, dans l'édition de Condorcet, ces pages ravissantes où Pascal, pénétrant dans les plus hautes régions du spiritualisme Chrétien, caractérise la grandeur de la sainteté et de la charité, comparée à la grandeur de la puissance et à celle de l'esprit."—FAUGÈRE, *Introduction*, p. xxix:

such opposite editing, it is hard to say what might not at last have disappeared.

It had, as we have stated, been long felt that no thoroughly trustworthy edition of Pascal's "Thoughts" had yet been published; that none knew what was precisely his, and what was not. M. Cousin, in the valuable work from which we have just quoted, demonstrated the necessity of a new edition, founded upon a diligent collation of original manuscripts. This task M. Faugère has performed with incredible industry and exactitude, in the two volumes mentioned at the head of the present article. We must refer the reader to his interesting "Introduction" for the proof of this statement. There he has given the details of his editorial labors. Suffice it to say, that every accessible source of information has been carefully ransacked; every fragment of manuscript, whether in Pascal's own hand, or in that of members of his family, has been diligently examined; and every page offers indications of minute attention, even to the most trivial verbal differences. Speaking of the Autograph MS. preserved in the Royal Library at Paris, a folio, into which the original loose leaves are pasted, or, when written on both sides, carefully let into the page—*encadrés*—he says, "We have read, or rather *studied*, this MS. page by page, line by line, syllable by syllable, from the beginning to the end; and, with the exception of some words which are illegible, it has passed entire into the present edition." As the public, in the former editions, did not exactly know what was Pascal's and what was not, M. Faugère has been compelled to do what, under other circumstances, it would not have been desirable, and indeed hardly just, to do—what, indeed, any author of reputation would vehemently protest against in his own case. He has been obliged to give every fragment, however imperfect, *literatim et verbatim*. The extracts, as we have said, often terminate in the middle of a sentence, sometimes even of a word. As M. Vinet has justly observed, in relation to this feature of M. Faugère's labors, Pascal himself would hardly have been satisfied "with either his old editors or the new." At the same time, it must be confessed, that, apart from this circumstance, it is deeply interesting to contemplate the first rude forms of profound or brilliant thought, as they presented themselves to the ardent mind of Pascal. This M. Faugère has often enabled us to do, more especially in the singular collection of

the rough notes for the "Provincial Letters."—(Tom. i. p. 293-314). It is like looking at the first sketch of a great painting of Raphael; or, as M. Vinet observes, "we are taken into the great sculptor's *studio*, and behold him at work, chisel in hand."

M. Cousin, we should think must be satisfied with the accuracy and completeness of this edition; and also of the insufficiency of his own argument that Pascal was in fact a "universal sceptic," who embraced the truths of religion, not as a hypocrite, indeed, but in the exercise of a blind faith—in fact, a sort of paroxysm of despair; or because he believed, that what he had proved false in physics was still true in morals, "that nature abhors a vacuum." M. Cousin, in part, founds his theory on the fact, that the first editors had tamed down some of the more startling statements of Pascal, and omitted others; and that a new edition would reveal the sceptic in his full dimensions. He must now, we should think, see his error. There is little or nothing which argues Pascal's abiding conviction of the *sufficiency* of the evidence for the fundamental truths of religion, or the Divine origin of Christianity, to be found in the old editions, which does not re-appear in the new, and with much new matter to confirm it. To this subject we shall return, after offering some observations on the genius and character of Pascal.

In one respect, his genius strongly resembled that of a recent subject of our criticism—Leibnitz. His was one of the rare minds, apparently adapted, almost in equal measure, to the successful pursuit of the most diverse departments of philosophy and science—of mathematics and physics—of metaphysics and criticism. Great as was his versatility, it may be doubted, whether in that respect he did not yield somewhat to Leibnitz, as also in his powers of acquisition, and most assuredly in the extent of his knowledge. It is not, however, to be forgotten, that he died at little more than half the age of the veteran philosopher of Germany; and that there can be no doubt that, for his years, his attainments were very extensive. Still it is true, that that perfectly unique characteristic of Leibnitz—his equal aptitude and appetite for reading and thinking, for the accumulation of knowledge and for original speculation—could never have been in the same degree a characteristic of Pascal; and still less in such amazingly

diversified directions. Pascal followed in this respect the predominant law of all very inventive minds. He was fonder of thought than of books—of meditation than of acquisition. Even this tendency of mind manifested itself within a more restricted sphere; ample enough, it is true—that of philosophy and theology. To Leibnitz, jurisprudence, history, and antiquities were nearly as familiar as these.

But if the character of Pascal's genius was less excursive than that of Leibnitz, and the literary element in it far less active, these points of inferiority were amply compensated by a superiority in other qualities, in which there can be no comparison between them. In inventiveness, they may perhaps have been equal—but even here, only in mathematics; in moral science—the science of man—we know of nothing out of Bacon, who may be said to set all comparison at defiance,—certainly nothing in Leibnitz, that will bear comparison in depth, subtlety, and comprehensiveness, with some of the "Thoughts" of Pascal. But, in another characteristic of true genius—and which, for want of another name, we must call *felicity*—neither Leibnitz, nor, we might also affirm, any one else, can, in the full import of the term, be compared with Pascal. Endowed with originality the most active and various, all that he did was with *grace*. Full of depth, subtlety, brilliancy, both his thoughts and the manner in which he expresses them are also full of beauty. His just image is that of the youthful athlete of Greece, in whom was seen the perfection of physical beauty and physical strength; in whom every muscle was developed within the just limits calculated to secure a symmetrical development of all;—the result of the whole being the largest possible amount of power and flexibility in union.

In all the manifestations of Pascal's mind, this rare felicity is exuberantly displayed;—in the happy methods by which he lighted on truth and pursued scientific discovery; in the selection and arrangement of topics in all his compositions; in the peculiar delicacy of his wit—so strongly contrasted with all the ordinary exhibitions of that quality of mind, with which his coarse age was familiar; and, above all, in that indescribable elegance of expression which uniformly characterises his finished efforts, and often his most negligent utterances, and which even time can do nothing

to impair. Let us be permitted to say a word or two further on these topics.

In his scientific writings, we seem to discern the traces of this felicity almost equally in the *matter* and the *form*. In relation to the former, there is probably a little illusion practised upon us. In reading his uniformly elegant and perspicuous exposition of his own scientific discoveries, we are apt to underrate the toil and intellectual struggles by which he achieved them. We know that they were, and must have been, attended with much of both—nay, that his shattered health was the penalty of the intensity of his studies. Still, it is hardly possible to read his expositions without having the impression that his discoveries resembled a species of inspiration; and that his mind followed out the first germinant thought to its consequences, with more ease and rapidity than is usually exemplified. We can scarcely imagine it would have been necessary for him to have undergone the frightful toils of Kepler, had he been led into the same track of discoveries. And, in fact, whatever illusion his ease and elegance of manner may produce, we know that his achievements were rapidly completed. It was so with the problems on the Cycloid; it was so with his discoveries in Pneumatics and Hydrostatics. In fact, though his *Traité de l'Equilibre des Liqueurs*, and that *De la Pesanteur de l'Air* were not composed till 1653, they seem to have been only another form of the treatise he promised in his *Nouvelles Expériences touchant le Vide*, published in 1647; and of which that tract was avowedly an abridgement. Indeed, as already said, Pascal had nearly quitted these investigations before the completion of his twenty-sixth year.

There was no scientific subject which Pascal touched in which the felicity of his genius—the promptitude and brilliancy of his mind—did not shine forth. We see these qualities eminently displayed in his *Traité du Triangle Arithmétique*—in the invention and construction of his Arithmetical Machine—in the mode of solving the problems respecting the Cycloid, in which, while employing Cavalieri's "Method of Indivisibles," he proposes to remove the principal objection which had been made to it, by conceptions which bring him within a step of the Fluxions of Newton, and the Calculus of Leibnitz. The same qualities of mind are eminently

displayed in the manner in which he establishes the hydrostatic paradox; and generally in the experiments detailed in the *Nouvelles Expériences*, and the other connected pieces;—most of all in that celebrated *Crucial* experiment on the Puy-de-Dôme, by which he lastingly decided the cause of the suspension of the mercury in the barometrical tube. As there are few things recorded in the history of science more happily ingenious than the conception of this experiment, so never was there anything more pleasantly *naïve* than the manner in which he proposes it, in his letter to M. Perier. “You doubtless see,” says he, “that this experiment is decisive of the question; and that if it happen that the mercury shall stand lower at the top than at the bottom of the mountain, (as I have many reasons for thinking, although all those who have meditated on this subject are of a contrary opinion,) it will necessarily follow, that the weight and pressure of the air are the sole cause of this suspension of the mercury, and not the *horror of a vacuum*; since it is very certain, that there is much more air to press at the base than on the summit of the mountain; while, on the other hand, we surely cannot say, that nature abhors a vacuum more at the bottom of a mountain than on the top of it!”*

The usual felicity of his style is seen throughout his philosophical as well as his other works. They appear to us to possess the highest merit which can belong to scien-

tific composition. It is true that, in his purely *mathematical* writings—partly from the defective notation of his age—itsself a result of the want of that higher Calculus, which was reserved for Newton and Leibnitz—he is often compelled to adopt a more prolix style of demonstration than would have been subsequently necessary; but even here, and still more in all the fragments which relate to natural philosophy, his style is strikingly contrasted with the clumsy expression of the generality of contemporary writers. His fragments abound in that perspicuous elegance which the French denominate by the expressive word *netteté*. The arrangement of thought and the turn of expression are alike beautiful. Probably no one ever knew so well when to stay his hand.

But it is, of course, in his writings on moral and critical subjects in which we should chiefly expect this felicity to appear; and here we may well say, in the eloquent language of M. Faugère, it is a “style grand sans exagération, partout rempli d’émotion et contenu, vif sans turbulence, personnel sans pédanterie et sans amour-propre, superbe et modeste tout-ensemble;” or, as he elsewhere expresses it, “tellement identifié avec l’âme de l’écrivain qu’il n’est que la pensée elle-même, parée de sa chaste nudité comme une statue antique.” By the confession of the first French critics, the *Lettres Provinciales* did more than any other composition to fix the French language. On this point, the suffrages of all the most competent judges—of Voltaire and Bossuet, D’Alembert and Condorcet—are unanimous. “Not a single word occurs,” says the first, “partaking of that vicissitude to which living languages are so subject. Here, then, we may fix the epoch when our language may be said to have assumed a settled form.”—“The French language,” says D’Alembert, “was very far from being formed, as we may judge by the greater part of the works published at that time, and of which it is impossible to endure the reading. In the “Provincial Letters,” there is not a single word that has become obsolete; and that book, though written above a century ago, seems as if it had been written but yesterday.” And as these Letters were the first model of French prose, so they still remain the objects of unqualified admiration. The writings of Pascal have, indeed, a paradoxical destiny:—“flourishing in immortal youth,” all that time can do is

* Descartes claimed the suggestion of this brilliant experiment. All we can say is, that Pascal, who was the very soul of honor, repeatedly declares, that he had meditated this experiment from the very time he had verified Torricelli’s, and only waited the opportunity of performing it. On the other hand, Descartes was jealous of the discoveries of others, and, as Leibnitz truly observes, slow to give to them all the praise and admiration which were their due. With all his great powers, he had but little magnanimity. It is possible that he may have thought of a similar experiment, and that he may have conferred upon the subject with Pascal; but, if the latter speaks truth, it is impossible that he should not already have determined upon it. Indeed, it is hardly probable that, had it been originally a conception of Descartes, he would not have made the experiment for himself, and thus gained the honor undisputed and undivided.—Pascal was, in like manner, accused of having appropriated the honor of Torricelli’s experiments. Nothing can be more perfectly beautiful than the manner in which he vindicates his integrity and candor, in his letter to M. de Ribeyre on this subject. He shows triumphantly, that, in his original *Nouvelles Expériences*, he had not only not claimed, but had most distinctly disclaimed, all credit for the experiments in question, and had been at much pains to give honor where honor was due.

to superadd to the charms of perpetual beauty the veneration which belongs to age. His style cannot grow old.

When we reflect on the condition of the language when he appeared, this is truly wonderful. It was but partially reclaimed from barbarism—it was still an imperfect instrument of genius. He had no adequate models—he was to create them. Thus to seize a language in its rude state, and compel it, in spite of its hardness and intractability, to become a malleable material of thought, is the peculiar characteristic of the highest species of mind: nothing but the intense fire of genius can fuse these heterogeneous elements, and mould them into forms of beauty. As a proof, it may be remarked, that none but the highest genius *has* ever been equal to this task. Genius of less than the first order will often make improvements in the existing state of a language, and give it a perceptible impulse; but none but the most creative and plastic power can at once mould a language into forms which cannot become obsolete;—which remain in perpetuity a part of the current literature, amidst all the changes of time and the sudden caprices of fashion. Thus it required a Luther to mould the harsh German into the language of his still unrivalled translation of the Scriptures; in which, and in his vernacular compositions, he first fairly reclaimed his native language from its wild state, brought it under the yoke, and subjected it to the purposes of literature. Pascal was in a similar manner the creator of the French. Yet each performed his task in a mode as characteristic as the materials on which they operated were different. Energy was the predominant quality of Luther's genius; beauty of Pascal's. The rugged German, under the hand of Luther, is compelled to yield to an irresistible application of force; it is the lightning splitting oak and granite. The French, under that of Pascal, assumes forms of beauty by a still and noiseless movement, and as by a sort of enchantment;—it is “the west wind ungirding the bosom of the earth, and calling forth bud and flower at its bidding.”

It may be thought strange by some that the orderly employment of an unformed language should be represented, not only as so signal a triumph, but as an index of the highest genius. But it will not appear unphilosophical to those who duly consider the subject. If, even when language has reached its full development, we never see

the full capacities of this delicate instrument put forth except by great genius, how can we expect it when the language is still imperfect? As used in this rude state, language resembles the harsh music of the Alpine horn, blown by the rude Swiss herdboys: it is only when the lofty peaks around take it up that it is transmuted by their echoes into exquisite melody.

The severely pure and simple taste which reigns in Pascal's style seems, when we reflect on those vices which more or less infected universal letters, little less than a miraculous felicity. One wonders by what privilege it was that he freed himself from the contagion of universal example, and rose so superior to his age. Taste was yet almost unfelt; each writer affected extravagance of some kind or other;—strained metaphor, quaint conceits, far-fetched turns of thought, unnatural constructions. These were the vices of the day; not so much perhaps in France as in England, but to a great extent in both. From all these blemishes Pascal's style is perfectly free; he anticipated all criticism and became a law to himself. Some of his observations, however, show how deeply he had revolved the true principles of taste in composition. His “thoughts” *sur l'Eloquence et Style*,* are well worth the perusal of every writer and speaker. In one of them he profoundly says, “The very same sense is materially affected by the words that convey it. The sense receives its dignity from the words, rather than imparts it to them.” In another, he says, “All the false beauties that we condemn in Cicero have their admirers in crowds.” And, in a third, he admirably depicts the prevailing vice of strained antitheses: “Those,” says he, “who frame antitheses by forcing the sense, are like men who make false windows for the sake of symmetry. Their rule is not to speak justly, but to make just figures.” The time spent on his own compositions, however, shows that even such felicity as his own could not dispense with that toil, which is an essential condition of all perfect writing—indeed of all human excellence; and is one other proof of the extreme shallowness of that theory, which would have us believe, that, to attain perfection, genius alone is all-sufficient. He is said, when engaged on his *Lettres Provinciales*, to have sometimes employed twenty days in perfecting a single letter.

Another circumstance which, as we have

* Faugère, vol. i., p. 249.

said, indicates Pascal's felicity of genius, is the peculiar delicacy and refinement of his *wit*. We say its delicacy and refinement, for the mere conjunction of great wit with great aptitude for science, we do not consider as a felicity peculiar to Pascal. It is the *character* of that wit. As to the conjunction of distinguished wit in one or other of its many forms, with elevated genius, it is far too common to be regarded as a peculiarity of his mind. Paradoxical as the statement may at first sight appear to many who have been accustomed to consider wisdom and wit as dwelling apart, we doubt whether there is any one attribute so common to the highest order of mind, whether scientific or imaginative, as some form or other of this quality. The names of Bacon, Shakspeare, Plato, Pascal, Johnson, Byron, Scott, and many more, will instantly occur to the reader. It is true that the history of the species reveals to us minds either really adapted so exclusively to the abstrusest branches of science, or so incessantly immersed in them, that, if they possess the faculty of wit at all, it is never developed. Aristotle and Newton—though some of the few sayings of the former which tradition has preserved are not a little racy—may be named as examples. But, in general, and the whole history of science and literature will show, that this attribute, in one or other of its thousand varieties, has formed an almost perpetual accompaniment of the finest order of minds. And we may add, that, *a priori*, we should expect it to be so. That same activity of suggestion and aptitude for detecting resemblances, analogies, and differences, which qualify genius for making discoveries in science, or, under different modifications, for evoking the creations of imagination, may well be supposed not to desert their possessor, when, for playful purposes, and in moments of relaxation, he exercises himself in the detection of the analogies on which wit and drollery are founded. Yet, clear as this truth seems to be, and strongly as it is corroborated by the history of genius, the opposite opinion has been, we believe, oftener expressed, and the highest order of mind pronounced incompatible with such a conjunction.

It is not, then, the activity, but the peculiar delicacy of Pascal's wit, which renders this feature of his genius so truly worthy of admiration;—the more admirable, when it is remembered that the wit of that age, and especially among polemics, so generally took the form of gross scurrility and buffoonery;

and even when it did not sink so low as that, was overgrown with every species of quaintness and affectation. Almost in no instance was it found pure from one or other of these debasements. The wit of Pascal, on the contrary, appears even now exquisitely chaste and natural—attired in a truly Attic simplicity of form and expression. In one quality—that of irony—nothing appears to us to approach it, except what we find in the pages of Plato, between whom and Pascal (different, and even opposite, as they were in many respects) it were easy to trace a resemblance in other points besides the character of their wit. Both possessed surpassing acuteness and subtlety of genius in the department of abstract science—both delighted in exploring the depths of man's moral nature—both gazed enamored on the ideal forms of moral sublimity and loveliness—both were characterized by eminent beauty of intellect, and both were absolute masters of the art of representing thought—each with exquisite refinement of taste, and all the graces of language. The Grecian, indeed, more gorgeous, possessed a far more opulent imagination, and indulged in a more gorgeous style than the Frenchman; or rather, Plato may be said to have been a master of all kinds of style. His dramatic powers, however, in none of his Dialogues, can be greater than those which Pascal has displayed in his *Lettres Provinciales*. Nothing could be happier for his purpose—that of throwing into strong light the monstrous errors of the system he opposed—than the machinery he has selected. The affected ignorance and *naïveté* of M. Montalte, in quest of information respecting the theological disputes of the age, and especially the doctrines of the Jesuits—the frankness of the worthy Jesuit Father, of whom he seeks instruction, and who, in the boundless admiration of his Order, and the hope of making a convert, details without hesitation, or rather with triumph, the admirable contrivances by which their Casuists had, in fact, inverted every principle of morals, and eluded all the obligations of Christianity—the ironical compliments of the supposed Novice, intermingled with objections, and slightly expressed doubts, delivered with an air of modest ingenuousness, which covets only further light—the arch simplicity with which he involves the good father in the most perplexing dilemmas—the expressions of unsophisticated astonishment, which but prompt his stolid guide eagerly to make good every assertion

by a proper array of authorities—a device which, as Pascal has used it, converts, what would have been in other hands only a dull catalogue of citations, into a source of perpetual amusement—the droll consequences which, with infinite affectation of simplicity, he draws from the worthy father's doctrines—the logical exigencies into which the latter is thrown in the attempt to solve them,—all these things managed as only Pascal could have managed them—render the book as amusing as any novel. The form of Letters enables him at the same time to interperse, amidst the conversations they record, the most eloquent and glowing invectives against the doctrines he exposes. Voltaire's well-known panegyric does not exceed the truth—"That Molière's best comedies do not excel them in wit, nor the compositions of Bossuet in sublimity." "This work," says D'Alembert, "is so much the more admirable, as Pascal, in composing it, seems to have *theologized* two things which seem not made for the theology of that time—language and pleasantry."

The success of the work is well known. By his inimitable pleasantry, Pascal succeeded in making even the dullest matters of scholastic theology and Jesuistical casuistry as interesting as a comedy; and, by his little volume, did more to render the formidable Society the contempt of Europe, than was ever done by all its other enemies put together.

The Jesuits had nothing for it but to inveigh against the letters as "the immortal liars"—*les menteurs immortelles*. To their charge of having garbled citations, and tampered with evidence to produce an unfair impression against the Society, (practices utterly abhorrent from all Pascal's habits of mind and dispositions of heart,) he replies, with the characteristic boldness and frankness of his nature—"I was asked if I repented of having written *Les Provinciales*. I reply, that, far from having repented, If I had to write them now, I would write yet more strongly. I was asked why I have given the names of the authors from whom I have taken all the abominable propositions I have cited. I answer, that if I lived in a city where there were a dozen fountains, and that I certainly knew that there was one which was poisoned, I should be obliged to advertise all the world to draw no water from that fountain; and as they might think that it was a pure imagination on my part, I should be obliged to name him who had poisoned it,

rather than expose all the city to the danger of being poisoned by it. I was asked why I had employed a pleasant, jocose, and diverting style. I reply, that if I had written in a dogmatical style, it would have been only the learned who would have read, and they would have had no necessity to do it, being at least as well acquainted with the subject as myself: thus, I thought it a duty to write so as to be comprehended by women and men of the world, that they might know the danger of those maxims and propositions which were then universally propagated, and of which they permitted themselves to be so easily persuaded. I was asked, lastly, if I had myself read all the books I have cited. I answer, No; for in that case it would have been necessary to have passed my life in reading very bad books; but I had read through the whole of Escobar twice, and, for the others, I caused them to be read by my friends. But I have never used a single passage without having myself read it in the book cited, or without having examined the subject on which it is adduced, or without having read both what precedes and what follows it, in order that I might not run the risk of quoting what was, in fact, an objection for a reply to it, which would have been both censurable and unjust."

The moral aspects of Pascal's character are as inviting as those of his intellect: here, too, he was truly great. Some infirmities, indeed, he had, for he was no more than man; he is nevertheless one of the very few who as passionately pursue the acquisition of moral excellence, as the quest after speculative truth; who, practically as well as theoretically, believe that the highest form of humanity is not intellect, but goodness. Usually it is far otherwise; there is no sort of proportion between the diligence and assiduity which men are ordinarily willing to expend on their own intellectual and moral culture. Even of those who are in a good degree under the influence of moral and religious principles, and whose conduct in all the more important instances of life shows it, how few are there who make that comprehensive rectitude, the obligation of which they acknowledge, and the ideal of which they admire, the *study* of their lives, the rule of their daily actions in little things as well as great; or who analyze their motives and school their hearts (in the habitual expressions of thought and feeling) in conscious obedience to it! Nor can it be regarded as other

than an indication that there is something wrong about human nature, that of those three distinct orders of "greatness," which Pascal has so exquisitely discriminated in his *Pensées*—power, intellect, and goodness—the admiration inspired by the two first should be so much greater than that inspired by the last. The reverence for genius, in particular, often degenerates into something like idolatry; so much so, as to lead to the proverbial, but most culpable extenuation of grave faults on the part of biographers, who cannot bear to see a spot on the bright luminary they admire. Even if moral excellence be theoretically allowed to claim equal enthusiasm, it, in fact, rarely receives it. How vivid, after all, is the sentiment which the intellect of a Bacon or a Shakspeare usually excites in the young and ardent, compared with that with which they regard a Howard or a Martyn. Yet invincible patience, heroic constancy, that honesty of purpose which is proof against all flatteries and all menace, perfect candor, the spirit of unfeigned humility, benevolence, and charity, are surely not less worthy of our most enthusiastic admiration, than those qualities of mind which discover a new law of nature, or pour forth beautiful strains of poetry.

It is one of the proofs, according to Paley's ingenious remark, of the originality of the Gospel, and one of the marks of the divinity of its origin, that it chiefly insists on the cultivation of an order of virtues which had been least applauded by man, and in which, notwithstanding, man was most deficient; of humility, meekness, patience, rather than of those opposite virtues to which the active principles of his nature would most readily prompt him, and which have been accordingly the chief objects of culture and admiration. We may extend the remark, and observe, that it is an equal indication of the originality of the Gospel and of the divinity of its origin, that the *ideal* of greatness which it has presented to us, is of a different character from that which has chiefly fixed the enthusiastic gaze of man. It is not one in which power and intellect constitute the predominant qualities, associated with just so much virtue as serves to make the picture free from all grave reproach; but the perfection of truth, rectitude, and love—to which even the attributes of superhuman power and superhuman wisdom, with which they are blended, are so wonderfully subordinated, that they seem, as they are,

intrinsically of inferior lustre. Glorious as is their light, it is absolutely quenched in the brighter effulgence of ineffable and supernal goodness. We think of Cæsar as the great warrior and the great statesman; of Shakspeare as the great poet; of Newton as the great philosopher: when the Christian thinks of his Master, though he *believes* him to be possessed of immeasurably greater power and wisdom than theirs—his first, last thought is, that he is *THE GOOD*.

The character of *greatness* in Christ, Pascal has beautifully touched. "The distance between Matter and Mind typifies the infinitely greater distance between Mind and Love. . . . All the *éclat* of external greatness has no lustre for men profoundly engaged in intellectual researches.

. . . *Their* greatness, again, is invisible to the noble and the rich. . . . Great geniuses have their empire, their splendor, their victory, their renown. . . . These are seen with the eyes of the mind, and that is sufficient. . . . Holy men, again, have *their* empire, *their* victory, and *their* renown. . . . Archimedes would have been venerable even without rank. He gained no battles; but to the intellectual world he has bequeathed great discoveries. How illustrious does he look in *their* eyes! . .

. . In like manner Jesus Christ, without external splendor, without the outward repute of science, is great in his own order of holiness. . . . It had been idle in Archimedes to have insisted on his royal descent in his books of Geometry. And it had been as useless for our Lord Jesus Christ to assume the state of a king for the purpose of giving splendor to his reign of holiness. But he came fully invested with the lustre of his own order."

Few men have ever dwelt on this ideal of moral perfection, or sought to realize its image in themselves with more ardor than Pascal—not always, indeed, as regards the mode, with as much wisdom as ardor. Yet, upon all the great features of his moral character, one dwells with the serenest delight. Greatly as he is to be admired, he is yet more to be loved. His humility and simplicity, conspicuous as his genius and acquisitions, were those of a very child. The favorite of science—repeatedly crowned, as an old Greek might have said of some distinguished young hero at Olympia, with the fairest laurels of the successful mathematician and the unrivalled polemic—making discoveries even in his youth which would have intóxicated many men even to

madness—neither pride nor vanity found admission to his heart. Philosophy and science produced on him only their proper effect, and taught him—not how much he knew, but how little; not merely what he had attained, but of how much more he was ignorant. His perfect love of truth was beautifully blended with the gentlest charity; and his contempt of fraud and sophistry never made him forget, while indignantly exposing them, the courtesies of the gentleman and the moderation of the Christian: and thus the severest raillery that probably ever fell from human lips, flows on in a stream undiscoured by one particle of malevolence, and unruffled by one expression of coarseness or bitterness. The transparency and integrity of his character not only shone conspicuous in all the transactions of his life, but seem even now to beam upon us as from an open ingenuous countenance, in the inimitable frankness and transparency of his style. It is impossible to read the passages in his philosophical writings, in which he notices or refutes the calumnies to which he had been exposed—by which it was sometimes sought to defraud him of the honor of the discoveries he had made, and in one instance to cover him with the infamy of appropriating discoveries which had been made by others—without being convinced of the perfect candor and integrity of his nature.* His generosity and benevolence were unbounded; so much so, indeed, as to become almost vices by excess; passing far beyond that mean in which the Stagyrte fixes the limits of all virtue. He even beggared himself by his prodigal benefactions; he did what few do—mortgaged even his expectancies to charity. To all which we may add, that he bore the prolonged and excruciating sufferings of his latter years with a patience and fortitude which astonished all who witnessed them.

The failings of Pascal—for to these we must advert—were the result partly of that system of faith in which he had been educated, and which, though he did so much to expose many of the worst enormities which had attached themselves to it, still exercised considerable influence over him. It is lamentable to see such a mind as his surrendering itself to some of the worst extravagances of asceticism. Yet the fact cannot be denied; nor is it improbable that

his life—brief perhaps at the longest, considering his intense study and his feeble constitution—was yet made briefer by these pernicious practices. We are told, not only that he lived on the plainest fare, and performed the most menial offices for himself; not only that he practised the severest abstinence and the most rigid devotions, but that he wore beneath his clothes a girdle of iron, with sharp points affixed to it; and that, whenever he found his mind disposed to wander from religious subjects, or to take delight in things around him, he struck the girdle with his elbow, and forced the sharp points of the iron into his side. We even see but too clearly that his views of life, to a considerable extent, became perverted. He cherished mistrust even of its blessings, and acted, though he meant it not, as if the very gifts of God were to be received with suspicion—as the smiling tempters to evil—the secret enemies of our well-being. He often expresses himself as though he thought, not only that suffering is necessary to the moral discipline of man, but as though nothing but suffering is at present safe for him. “I can approve,” he says in one place, “only of those who seek in tears for happiness.” “Disease,” he declares in another place, “is the natural state of Christians.” It is evident that the great and gracious Master, in whose school we all are, and whose various dispensations of goodness and severity are dictated by a wisdom greater than our own, does not think so: if he did, health would be the exception and disease the rule. It is but too true, indeed, that not only is suffering necessary to teach us our feebleness and dependence, and to abate the pride and confidence of our nature, but that we are but too apt to forget, with the return of prosperity, all the wise reflections and purposes which we had made in sorrow. Jeremy Taylor likens us, in one of his many fanciful images, to the fabled lamps in the tomb of Terentia, which “burned under ground for many ages together,” but which, as soon as ever they were brought into the air and saw a brighter light, went out in darkness. “So long as we are in the retirements of sorrow, of want, of fear, of sickness, we are burning and shining lamps; but when God lifts us up from the gates of death, and carries us abroad into the open air, to converse with prosperity and temptations, we go out in darkness, and we cannot be preserved in light and heat but by still dwelling in the regions of

* See more particularly his letters to Father Noel, M. Le Pailleur, and M. De Ribeyre.

sorrow." There is beauty, and, to a certain extent, truth in the figure; but it by no means follows that continuous suffering would be good for man: on the contrary, it would be as remote from producing the perfection of our moral nature as unmitigated prosperity. It would be apt to produce a morbid and ghastly piety; the "bright lamps" of which Taylor speaks, would still be irradiating—only a tomb. Since the end of suffering, as a moral discipline, is only to enable us at last to bear unclouded happiness, what guarantee can we now have of its beneficial effect on us, except by partial experiments of our capacity of recollecting and practising the lessons of adversity in intervals of prosperity? It is true that there is no more perilous ordeal through which man can pass—no greater curse which can be imposed on him, as he is at present constituted—than that of being condemned to walk his life long in the sunlight of unshaded prosperity. His eyes ache with that too untempered brilliance—he is apt to be smitten with a moral *coup de soleil*. But it as little follows that no sunshine is good for us. He who made us, and who tutors us, alone knows what is the exact measure of light and shade, sun and cloud, storm and calm, frost and heat, which will best tend to mature those flowers which are the object of this celestial husbandry; and which, when transplanted into the paradise of God, are to bloom there for ever in amaranthine loveliness. Nor can it be without presumption that we essay to interfere with these processes; our highest wisdom is to fall in with them. And certain it is that every man will find by experience that he has enough to do, to bear with patience and fortitude the *real* afflictions with which God may visit him, without venturing to fill up the intervals in which He has left him ease, and even invites him to gladness, by a self-imposed and artificial sorrow. Nay, if his mind be well constituted, he will feel that the learning how to apply, in hours of happiness, the lessons which he has learned in the school of sorrow, is not one of the least difficult lessons which sorrow has to teach him; not to mention that the grateful reception of God's gifts is as true a part of duty—and even a more neglected part of it—than a patient submission to his chastisements.

It is at our peril, then, that we seek to interfere with the discipline which is provided for us. He who acts as if God had mistaken the proportions in which prospe-

rity and adversity should be allotted to us—and seeks by hair-shirts, prolonged abstinence, and self-imposed penance, to render more perfect the discipline of suffering—only enfeebles instead of invigorating his piety; and resembles one of those hypochondriacal patients—the plague and torment of physicians—who having sought advice, and being supposed to follow it, are found not only taking their physician's well-judged prescriptions, but secretly dosing themselves in the intervals with some quackish nostrum. Thus it was even with a Pascal—and we cannot see that the experiment was attended in his case with any better effects.

It is indeed pitiable to read, that during his last days his perverted notions induced him to refrain from the natural expressions of fondness and gratitude towards his sisters and attendants, lest that affection with which they regarded him, should become inordinate; lest they should transfer to an earthly creature the affection due only to the Supreme. Something like an attempted justification of such conduct, indeed, occurs in his *Pensées*. It is wonderful that a mind so powerful as his, should be misled by a pernicious asceticism to adopt such maxims; it is still more wonderful that a heart so fond should have been able to act upon them. To restrain, even in his dying hours, expressions of tenderness towards those whom he so loved, and who so loved him—to simulate a coldness which his feelings belied—to repress the sensibilities of a grateful and confiding nature—to inflict a pang by affected indifference on hearts as fond as his own,—here was indeed a proof of the truth he so passionately meditated upon, the "greatness and the misery" of man, of his strength and his weakness;—weakness in supposing that such perversion of all nature could ever be a dictate of duty—strength in performing, without wincing, a task so hard. The American Indian bearing unmoved the torture of his enemies, exhibits not, we may rest assured, greater fortitude than Pascal, when, with such a heart as his, he received in silence the last ministrations of his devoted friends, and even declined with cold and averted eye the assiduities of their zealous love.

That same melancholy temperament which, united with a pernicious asceticism, made him avert his gaze even from innocent pleasures—and suspect a serpent lurking in every form of pleasure—also

gave to his *representations* of the depravity of our nature an undue intensity and Rembrandt-like depth of coloring. His mode of expression is often such, that were it not for what we otherwise know of his character, it might almost be mistaken for an indication of misanthropy. With this vice, accordingly, Voltaire does not hesitate to tax him.

"Ce fameux écrivain, misanthrope sublime."

Nothing can be more unjust. As to the *substance* of what Pascal has said of human frailty and infirmity, most of it is at once verified by the appeal to individual consciousness; and as to the *manner*, we are not to forget that he everywhere dwells as much upon the "greatness," as upon the "misery" of man. "It is the ruined archangel," says Hallam, with equal justness and beauty, "that Pascal delights to paint." It is equally evident that he is habitually inspired by a desire to lead man to truth and happiness; nor is there anything more affecting than the passage with which he closes one of his expostulations with infidelity, and which M. Cousin finally characterises as "*une citation glorieuse a Pascal.*" "This argument, you say, delights me. If this argument pleases you, and appears strong, know that it proceeds from one, who, both before and after it, fell on his knees before that Infinite and Invisible Being to whom he has subjected his whole soul, to pray that he would also subject *you* to himself for your good and for his glory; and that thus omnipotence might give efficacy to his feebleness."

In addition to this, it must be said, that in his most bitter reflections, this truly humble man is thinking as much of himself as of others, and regards Blaise Pascal as but a type of the race whose degeneracy he mourns. His most bitter sarcasms often terminate with a special application to the writer. Thus he says, "Vanity is so rooted in the heart of man, that a common soldier, a scullion, will boast of himself, and will have his admirers. It is the same with the philosophers. Those who write would fain have the fame of having written well; and those who read it, would have the glory of having read it; and *I, who am writing, probably feel the same desire, and not less those who shall read it.*"

It is true, indeed, that some of his reflections are as caustic and bitter as those of Rochefoucauld himself. For example—"Curiosity is but vanity. Often we wish to know more, only that we may talk of it. People would never traverse the sea if they

were never to speak of it,—for the mere pleasure of seeing, without the hope of ever communicating what they have seen."

And again, "Man is so constituted, that, by merely telling him he is a fool, he will at length believe it; and, if he tells himself so, he will constrain himself to believe it. For man holds an internal intercourse with himself, which ought to be well regulated, since even here 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

It may not be without amusement, perhaps instruction, to cite one or two other specimens of this shrewd and caustic humor.

"Certain authors, speaking of their works, say, 'My book, my commentary, my history.' It were better to say, 'Our book, our history, our commentary;' for generally there is more in it belonging to others than to themselves."

"I lay it down as a fact, that if all men knew what they say of one another, there would not be four friends in the world. This appears by the quarrels which are sometimes caused by indiscreet reports."

Still, as it is the motive which gives complexion to all our moral actions, so Pascal's bitter wisdom, or even his unjust satire, is something very different from misanthropy. Byron found an apology for his Cain in Milton's delineation of Satan; but few beside himself could ever see its force. With as little reason could a Timon plead the example of a Pascal. He who cannot see a deep benevolence in all this great man wrote respecting our corrupted nature, must indeed be blind. It is with no demoniacal chuckle, no smile of malicious triumph, that he publishes the results of his researches into the depths of man's moral nature. On the contrary, it is with profoundest pity. He gazes on the noble ruins of humanity as on those of some magnificent temple, and longs to see the fallen columns and the defaced sculpture restored. With what noble eloquence—with what deep sympathy with humanity—does he rebuke the levity of those infidels who tell us, as if it were matter of triumph, that we are "the inhabitants of a fatherless and forsaken world;" and who talk as if their vaunted demonstration of the vanity of our immortal hopes gave them a peculiar title to our gratitude and admiration!—"What advantage is it to us to hear a man saying that he has thrown off the yoke; that he does not think there is any God who watches over his actions; that he considers himself as the sole judge of his conduct, and that he is accountable

to none but himself? Does he imagine that we shall hereafter exercise special confidence in him, and expect from him consolation, advice, succor in the exigencies of life? Do such men imagine that it is any matter of delight to us to hear that they hold that our soul is but a little vapor or smoke, and that he can tell us this in an assured and self-sufficient tone of voice? Is this, then, a thing to say with gaiety? Is it not rather a thing to be said with tears, as the saddest thing in the world?"

On the whole, in contemplating the richly diversified characteristics of this exalted genius in its different moods and phases—the combination of sublimity and depth with lightness and grace—of the noblest aptitudes for abstract speculation with the most exquisite delicacy of taste and the utmost sensibility of feeling—of profound melancholy with the happiest and the most refined humor and raillery—the grandeur of many aspects of his character, and the loveliness of others, we seem to be reminded of the contradictory features of Alpine scenery, where all forms of sublimity and beauty, of loveliness and terror, are found in singular proximity; where upland valleys of exquisite verdure and softness lie at the foot of the eternal glaciers; where spots of purest pastoral repose and beauty, smile under the very shadow of huge snowy peaks, and form the entrance of those savage gorges, in which reign perpetual sterility and desolation; in which the very silence is appalling—broken only by the roar of the distant cataract, and the lonely thunder of the avalanche.

We must now make some remarks on the projected treatise, of which the *Pensées* were designed to form the rude materials.

It is impossible to determine, from the undeveloped character of the *Pensées*, the precise form of this work, and which was to have treated of the primary truths of all religion, and of the evidences of Christianity. It is clear, that about half the thoughts which relate to theology at all, have reference to the former. In his time, however, both subjects might have been naturally included in one work. The great deistical controversies of Europe had not yet commenced, and there had been little reason to discriminate very nicely the limits of the two investigations. Pascal, himself, could hardly have anticipated the diversified forms which the subject of the evidences of Christianity alone would assume—so di-

versified, indeed, that probably they are insusceptible from their variety (external and internal) of being fully exhibited by one mind, or, consequently, in one volume. The evidences of Christianity almost form a science of themselves.

Fragmentary as the *Pensées* are, it is easy to see, both from their general tenor, and from the character of the author's mind, where the principal strength of such a work would lie. His proofs of the truths of natural religion would have been drawn from within, rather than from without; and his proofs of the truths of Christianity from its internal rather than external evidences;—including in this term "internal," not only the adaptation of the doctrines revealed to the moral nature of man, but whatsoever indications the fabric of Scripture itself may afford of the divinity of its origin.

It is evident, that all these topics he had revolved profoundly. None had explored more diligently the depths of man's moral nature, or mused more profoundly on the "greatness and misery of man,"—or on the "contrarieties" which characterise his nature—or on the remedies for his infirmities and corruptions. And there are few, even since his time, who seem to have appreciated more fully the evidences of Christianity, arising from indications of truth in the genius, structure, and style of the Scriptures; or from the difficulties, not to say impossibilities, of supposing *such* a fiction as Christianity the probable product of any human artifice, much less of such an age, country, and, above all, such men as the problem limits us to. In one passage, he gives expression to a thought which has been expanded into the beautiful and eminently original work of Paley, entitled *Horæ Paulinæ*. He says, "The style of the gospel is admirable in many respects, and amongst others, in this—that there is not a single invective against the murderers and enemies of Jesus Christ. . . . If the modesty of the evangelical historians had been affected, and, in common with so many other traits of so beautiful a character, had been affected only that they might be observed, then, if they had not ventured to advert to it themselves, they would not have failed to get their friends to remark on it, to their advantage. But as they acted in this way without affectation, and from a principle altogether disinterested, they never provided any one to make such a criticism. And, in my judgment, there are many points of this character which have

never been noticed hitherto; and this testifies to the simplicity with which the thing was done."—(Tom. ii., p. 370.)

He has also, with characteristic comprehensiveness, condensed into a single paragraph the substance of the celebrated volume of "Bampton Lectures," on the contrasts between Mahometanism and Christianity. "Mahomet founded his system on slaughter; Jesus Christ by exposing his disciples to death; Mahomet by forbidding to read; the Apostles by commanding it. In a word, so opposite is the plan of one from that of the other, that if Mahomet took the way to succeed according to human calculation, Jesus Christ certainly took the way to fail; and instead of arguing, that since Mahomet succeeded Jesus Christ might also succeed, we ought rather to say, that since Mahomet succeeded it is impossible but that Jesus Christ should fail."—(Tom. ii., p. 337.)

On the subject of the External Evidences, we doubt whether he would have been equally successful,—partly because the spirit of accurate historic investigation had not yet been developed, and partly from the character of his own mind. On the subject of Miracles, too, he scarcely seems to have worked his conceptions clear; and, in relation to that of Prophecy, he was evidently often inclined to lay undue stress on analogies between events recorded in the Old Testament, and others recorded in the New, where Scripture itself is silent as to any connexion between them;—analogies in one or two cases as fanciful as any of those in which the Fathers saw so many types and prefigurations of undeveloped truths. This disposition to forget the limits between the analogies which may form the foundation of a logical argument, and those which, after all, can yield only poetical illustrations, has too often obtruded itself even into the domain of physical science; and is one from which the most philosophic minds, if they have much imaginativeness, are by no means exempt. Even Bacon, in several instances, has been the dupe of this delusion—one of the *idola tribus* which he was so anxious to expose.

There is one subject on which, after reading the *Pensées*, one would fain have seen a treatise from the hand of Pascal. If he had enjoyed leisure, health, and an unclouded mind, there is probably no man who could have written more profoundly or more wisely on the *Prima Philosophia*—the first principles of all knowledge—the limits

within which man can hopefully speculate—and the condition and principles of belief. On all these subjects he had reflected much and deeply. His remarks on the position of man between "the two infinities," which he has so finely illustrated—on the Dogmatists and Pyrrhonists—on the influence of the affections and passions on the understanding—and his observations entitled, *De l'Art de Persuader* and *De l'Esprit Geometrique*;—these all show how deeply he had revolved principal topics of such a work.

We have before alluded to the charge preferred against Pascal by M. Cousin, of no less universal and hopeless scepticism;—from which, as is said, he took refuge in faith by a blind effort of will, without evidence, and in utter despair of obtaining it.

M. Cousin even goes the length of saying that Pascal's religion "was not the solid and pleasant fruit which springs from the union of reason and feeling—*de la raison et du cœur*—in a soul well constituted and wisely cultivated; it is a bitter fruit, reared in a region desolated by doubt, under the arid breath of despair."* He also tells us, that "the very depth of Pascal's soul was a universal scepticism, from which he could find no refuge except in a voluntarily blind credulity."

These are certainly charges which, without the gravest and most decisive proof, ought not to be preferred against any man; much less against one possessing so clear and powerful an intellect as Pascal. It is in fact the most degrading picture which can be presented of any mind; for what weakness can be more pitiable, or what inconsistency more gross, than that of a man who, by a mere act of will—if indeed such a condition of mind be conceivable—surrenders himself to the belief of the most stupendous doctrines, while he at the same time acknowledges that he has no proof whatever of their certainty?

We have great respect for M. Cousin as a philosopher and historian of philosophy, and we willingly render him the homage of our thanks for his liberal and enlightened survey of the intellectual philosophy of Scotland; but he must excuse us for dissenting from, and freely examining, his startling view of the scepticism of Pascal. That charge we not hesitate to pronounce unjust, for the following reasons:—

1. It appears to us that M. Cousin has

* Rapport, p. 162.

forgotten that Pascal by no means denies that there is sufficient evidence of the many great principles to which scepticism objects; he only maintains that we do not arrive at them by *demonstration*. He has powerfully vindicated the certainty of those intuitive principles which are not ascertained by reasoning, but are presupposed in every exercise of reasoning. Let us hear him:—"The only strong point," says he, "of the Dogmatists is, that we cannot consistently with honesty and sincerity doubt our own intuitive principles. . . . We know the truth, not only by reasoning, but by feeling and by a vivid and luminous power of direct comprehension; and it is by this last faculty that we discern first principles. It is vain for reasoning, which has no share in discovering these principles, to attempt subverting them. . . . The Pyrrhonists who attempt this must try in vain. . . . The knowledge of first principles, as ideas of space, time, motion, number, matter, is as unequivocally certain as any that reasoning imparts. And, after all, it is on the perceptions of feeling and common sense, that reason must at last sustain itself, and base its argument. . . . Principles are perceived, propositions are deduced: each part of the process is certain, though in different modes. And it is as ridiculous that reason should require of feeling and perception proofs of these first principles before she assents to them, as it would be that perception should require from reason an intuitive impression of all the propositions at which *she* arrives. This weakness, therefore, ought only to humble that reason which would constitute herself the judge of all things, but not to invalidate the convictions of common sense, as if reason* only could be our guide and teacher." Can he who thus speaks be a "universal sceptic" when it is the peculiar characteristic of Pyrrhonism—that is, universal scepticism—to controvert the certainty of principles perceived by intuition, and to plume itself upon having successfully done this, when it has shown that they cannot be demonstrated by reasoning?

But let us hear him still more expressly on the subject of Pyrrhonism. "Here, then, is open war proclaimed amongst men.

* It is true that, in these and many similar passages, Pascal, as M. Cousin rightly observes, often employs the word *reason* as if it were synonymous with *reasoning*. But this only respects the *propriety* of his expressions; his *meaning* is surely tolerably clear.

Each must take a side; must necessarily range himself with the Pyrrhonists or the Dogmatists; for he who would think to remain neuter is a Pyrrhonist *par excellence*. He who is not against them is for them. What, then, must a person do in this alternative? Shall he doubt of everything? Shall he doubt that he is awake, or that he is pinched and burned? Shall he doubt that he doubts? Shall he doubt that he is? We cannot get so far as this; and I hold it to be a fact, that there never has been an absolute and perfect Pyrrhonist." M. Cousin must suppose Pascal to have made an exception in favor of himself, if it be indeed true that he was an "universal sceptic."

2. It does not appear to us that M. Cousin has sufficiently reflected, that in those cases in which conclusions truly involve processes of reasoning, Pascal would not deny that the preponderance of proof rested with the truths he believed, though he denies the *demonstrative* nature of that proof. And he applies this with perfect fairness to the evidences of Christianity, as well as to the truths of natural theology. It may well be, that minds so differently constituted as those of Pascal and Cousin may form different conclusions as to the *degree* of success which may attend the efforts of human reasoning; but a man is not to be straightway branded with the name of a universal sceptic, because he believes that there are very few subjects on which evidence can be said to be *demonstrative*. The more deeply a man reflects, the fewer will he think the subjects on which this species of certainty can be obtained; and the study neither of ancient nor of modern philosophy, will convince him that he is far wrong in this conclusion. But he will not, for all that, deny that there is sufficient evidence on all the more important subjects to form the belief and determine the conduct of man—evidences of precisely the same nature with that which *does* form the one, and *does* determine the other, in all the ordinary affairs of life. And this alone, where he rejects such evidence, is sufficient to condemn him; for what right has he to decline, in the more important instances, a species and degree of evidence which he never hesitates to *act* upon in all other cases?

Now, that Pascal believed that there was sufficient evidence of this character, for all the fundamental truths of religion, is mani-

fest from many express declarations. "There is light enough," says he, "for those whose sincere wish is to see; and darkness enough to confound those of an opposite disposition."* Of Christianity, he says,—“It is impossible to see all the proofs of this religion combined in one view, without feeling that they have a force which no reasonable man can withstand.”† “The proofs of our religion are not of that kind that we can say they are *geometrically convincing*. . . . But their light is such that it outshines, or at least equals, the strongest presumption to the contrary: so much so, that *sound reason* never can determine not to accept the evidence, and probably it is only the corruption and depravity of the heart that do.” It is not without reason that M. Faugère says, in reference to the charge of scepticism urged against Pascal:—“Faith and reason may equally claim him. If they sometimes appear to clash in his mind, it is because he wanted time not only to finish the work on which he was engaged, but even to complete that internal revision—*son œuvre intérieure*—which is a kind of second creation of genius; and to melt into one harmonious whole the diverse elements of his thoughts.

Amongst the inedited fragments of Pascal, we find these remarkable lines:—“Il faut avoir ces trois qualités; Pyrrhonien, géomètre, Chrétien soumis; *et elles s'accordent et se tempèrent en doutant où il faut, en assurant où il faut, en se soumettant où il faut.*” These bold words comprise the entire history of Pascal, and express in brief the state of his mind.”‡

3. While we admit that the severely geometrical cast of Pascal's mind, as well as his gloomy temperament, have led him at times into extravagant expressions on this subject, so accomplished a critic as M. Cousin needs not be told, that it is not fair to take such expressions alone, and in their utmost strictness, if they can be confronted with others which modify or explain them. The former, in common candor, are to be interpreted only in connexion with the latter. This is the course we always pursue in interpreting the language of writers who have indulged in unlimited propositions; and if it be found even impossible to harmonize certain expressions—if they be absolutely contradictory—all we feel at liberty to do is to affirm the inconsistency of the writer; not to assume that he meant *all* that

could possibly be implied in the one class of expressions, and *nothing* by the other. We know it is so natural for an author of much imagination or sensibility to give an inordinately strong expression to a present thought or feeling, and to forget the judge in the advocate, that he must be taken in another mood, or rather in several, if we wish to ascertain the *true mean* of his sentiments. Pascal has in one of his *Pensées* indicated this only reasonable method of procedure.

Now, M. Cousin is surely aware of the fact, that the expressions to which he has given such an unfavorable interpretation, may be easily confronted with others of a different tendency. He himself, indeed, proclaims it. He even says, no man ever contradicted himself more than Pascal. “*Jamais homme ne s'est plus contredit.*” “Confounding,” says he, “reasoning and reason, forgetting that he has himself judiciously discriminated primary and indemonstrable truths, discovered to us by that spontaneous intuition of reason—which we also with him call instinct, sentiment, feeling—from truths which are deduced from them by the method of reasoning, or which we draw from experience by induction;—forgetting that he has thus himself replied beforehand to all the attacks of scepticism, Pascal demands all these principles from experience and reasoning, and by that means, without much trouble, confounds them all.”* Now, we do not stay to inquire here into the justness of the latter part of this representation; but we simply ask, why should all “the replies” which, as our author admits, “Pascal has *himself* made to scepticism,” go for nothing, and only the sentences in which he appears to favor it be remembered; and not only remembered, but taken as the sole exponents of his opinions? Surely a sceptic might as well take the opposite side, and say, “Alas! after Pascal seems in many expressions to have conceded much to scepticism, he forgets all he had said; and shows, by his whole talk of ‘intuitive truths,’ and ‘sentiment,’ and ‘feeling,’ that he is no better than a dogmatist.” Might we not say to the two objectors, “Worthy friends! you are the two knights in the fable;—one is looking on the golden, and the other on the silver side of the same shield.”

4. Nor is it to be forgotten, that while such a mode of interpretation as that of M. Cousin would hardly be just in the case of

* Tom. ii., p. 151.

† Tom. ii., p. 365.

‡ Tom. i., p. lxxvii. Introduction.

* Rapport, p. 157.

any work of any author, it is especially unfair to apply it to such a work, or rather mere materials of a work, as the *Pensées*. They were, we are to recollect, mere notes for Pascal's own use, and were never intended to be published as they are. Many of them are altogether imperfect and undeveloped; some scarcely intelligible. It is impossible to tell with what modifications, and in what connexion, they would have stood in the matured form which the master-mind, hastily recording them for private reference, would have ultimately given them. Nay, there can scarcely be a doubt, that many of them were mere objections which Pascal noted for refutation—not opinions to be maintained by him; and this in many places may be not obscurely inferred: some, again, are mere quotations from Montaigne and other authors, extracted for some unknown purpose, but not distinguished in these private memoranda from the writer's own expressions; so that the first editors of the *Pensées* actually printed them in some cases as his. And lastly, some were dictated, in moments of sickness and pain, to an old domestic, who has scrawled them in a fashion which sufficiently shows that it is very possible that some errors may lie with the amanuensis.* Yet M. Cousin, while straining every expression on which he founds his charge of scepticism, to its utmost strictness of literal meaning, never seems to have adverted to one of these very reasonable considerations.

5. The weight which any deliberate opinion of M. Cousin must reasonably possess, may in this case well be confronted with that of Bayle; whose notorious scepticism would have been but too glad to find an ally in so admired a genius as Pascal, had there been any plausible pretext on which to claim him. Yet that subtle and acute critic declares, that Pascal knew perfectly well what to render to faith, and what to reason.

6. In our judgment, Pascal's projected work is itself a sufficient confutation of M. Cousin's supposition. For, did ever man before meditate an elaborate work on the "evidences" of truths for which he believed no evidence but a blind faith could be given?

7. We maintain, lastly, that even if it

* Of one of these expressions, on which M. Cousin has founded much, M. Faugère says, "Tout ce morceau, dicté à une personne visiblement fort peu lettrée, présente çà et là des obscurités qui viennent sans doute de l'inexpérience du secrétaire." —Tom. ii., p. 114.

were proved (which is, doubtless, very true) that Pascal, at different periods and in different moods of mind, formed varying estimates of the evidence on behalf of the great truths in which he was so sincere a believer; or even (which may possibly be true) that for transient intervals he doubted the conclusiveness of that evidence altogether, these variations would be far from justifying a charge of "universal and habitual scepticism;"—such momentary differences of thought and mood having been notoriously experienced by many of the greatest minds. With some remarks on this subject, which may possibly be serviceable to minds peculiarly liable to attacks of scepticism, and calculated to teach all of us charity in judging of others, we shall close the present article.

We confess, then, that it by no means appears to us that a momentary invasion of doubt, or even of scepticism, is inconsistent with a *prevailing* and *habitual* faith, founded on an intelligent conviction of a preponderance of reasons to justify it; though those reasons may be felt to fall far short of absolute demonstration. There may be a profound impression that the reasons which justify habitual belief in any truth established only on moral evidence, or on a calculation of probabilities, are so varied and powerful—so vast in their sum—as to leave, in ordinary moods of mind, no doubt as to the conclusions to which they point, and the practical course of conduct which alone they can justify. And yet it is quite true, that from the infirmities of our nature—from the momentary strength which the most casual circumstances may give to opposing objections—from the depressing influence of sorrow—of a trivial indisposition—of a transient fit of melancholy—of impaired digestion—even of a variation of the weather—(for on all these humiliating conditions does the boasted soundness of human reason depend)—a man shall for an hour or a day really doubt of that of which he never doubted before, and of which he would be ashamed to doubt to-morrow. And especially is this the case in those who, like Pascal, possess exquisite sensibility, or are liable to fits of profound depression. As they look upon truth through the medium of cheerful or gloomy feelings, truth herself varies like a landscape, as seen in a bright sunshine or on a cloudy day. Pascal himself, in those reveries in which he loved to indulge on the mingled "greatness and misery of man,"

has frequently depicted the dependence of the most powerful mind, even in the bare exercise of its exalted faculties, on the most insignificant circumstances. We have cited, in the early part of this article, one striking passage to this effect. In another place he says, "Place the greatest philosopher in the world on a plank, wider than is absolutely necessary for safety, and yet, if there is a precipice below him, though reason may convince him of his security, his imagination will prevail. There are many who could not even bear the thought of it without paleness and agitation."* Another very powerful representation, to the same effect, may be found on the same page, where, after describing a "venerable judge," who may seem "under the control of a pure and dignified wisdom," and enumerating several petty trials "of his exemplary gravity," Pascal declares, that, let any one of these befall him, "and he will engage for the loss of the judge's self-possession."

Nor are the causes which disturb the exercise of the reason merely physical: moral causes are yet more powerful; as we wish, hope, fear, humiliating as the fact is, so do we proceed to judge of evidence. Reason, that vaunted guide of life, nowhere exists as a pure and colorless light, but is perpetually tinctured by the medium through which it passes; it flows in upon us through painted windows. And thus it is, that perhaps scarcely once in ten thousand times, probably never, does man deliver a judgment on evidence simply and absolutely judicial. "The heart," says Pascal, with great truth, "has its reasons, which reason cannot apprehend." "The will," says he, in another place, is one of the principal instruments of belief; not that it creates belief, but because things are true or false according to the aspect in which we regard them. The will, which is more inclined to one thing than another, turns away the mind from the consideration of those things, which it loves not to contemplate; and thus the mind, moving with the will, stops to observe that which it approves, and forms its judgment by "what it sees."

Most emphatically is this the case, where the moral state is habitually opposed to the conclusions to which the preponderance of evidence points. This is so notorious, in relation to the fundamental truths of morals and religion, that there are probably few who really disbelieve them, or profess to do

so, who (if they examine themselves at all) are not conscious that the "wish is father to the thought." And what is true of habitual states of moral feeling, is also, in proportion, true of more transient states.

Certain, however, it is, that from one or other of the above causes, or from a combination of several, neither has the understanding the absolute dominion in the formation of our judgments, nor does she occupy an "unshaken throne." A seditious rabble of doubts, from time to time, rise to dispute her empire. Even where the mind, in its habitual states, is unconscious of any remaining doubt,—where it reposes in a vast preponderance of evidence in favor of this or that conclusion,—there may yet be, from one or other of the disturbing causes adverted to, a momentary eclipse of that light in which the soul seemed to dwell; a momentary vibration of that judgment which we so often flattered ourselves was poised for ever. Yet this no more argues the want of habitual faith, than the variations of the compass argue the severance of the connexion between the magnet and the pole; or, than the oscillations of the "rocking stone" argue that the solid mass can be heaved from its bed. A child may shake it, but a giant cannot overturn it.

And, as a matter of fact, there are, we apprehend, very few who have not been conscious of sudden and almost unaccountable disturbances of the intellectual atmosphere, unaccountable even after the equilibrium has been restored, and the air has again become serene and tranquil. In these momentary fluctuations, whether arising from moral or physical causes, or from causes of both kinds—from nervous depression, or a fit of melancholy, or an attack of pain, or harassing anxieties, or the loss of friends, or their misfortunes and calamities, or signal triumphs of baseness, or signal discomfitures of virtue, or, above all, from conscious neglect—a man shall sometimes feel as if he had lost sight even of those primal truths on which he has been accustomed to gaze as on the stars of the firmament,—bright, serene, and unchangeable; even such truths as the existence of God, his paternal government of the world, and the divine origin of Christianity. In these moods, objections which he thought had long since been dead and buried, start again into sudden existence. They do more; like the escaped genius of the *Arabian Nights*, who rises from the little bottle in which he had been imprisoned, in the shape of a thin smoke, which finally assumes

* *Tom. ii., p. 49.*

gigantic outlines, and towers to the skies, these flimsy objections dilate into monstrous dimensions, and fill the whole sphere of mental vision. The arguments by which we have been accustomed to combat them seem to have vanished, or, if they appear at all, look diminished in force and vividness. If we may pursue the allusion we have just made, we even wonder how such mighty forms should ever have been compressed into so narrow a space. Bunyan tells us, that when his pilgrims, under the perturbation produced by previous terrible visions, turned the perspective glass towards the Celestial City from the summits of the Delectable Mountains, "their hands shook so that they could not steadily look through the instrument;" "yet they *thought* they saw something like the gate, and also some of the glory of the place." It is even so with many of the moods in which other "pilgrims" attempt to gaze in the same direction; a deep haze seems to have settled over the golden pinnacles and the "gate of pearl;" they, for a moment, doubt whether what others declare they have seen, and what they flatter themselves they have seen themselves, be anything else than a gorgeous vision in the clouds; and "faith" is no longer "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen."

And as there are probably few who have profoundly investigated the evidences of truth, who have not felt themselves for a moment at least, and sometimes for a yet longer space, as if on the verge of universal scepticism, and about to be driven forth without star or compass, on a boundless ocean of doubt and perplexity, so these states of feeling are peculiarly apt to infest the highest order of minds. For if, on the one hand, these can best discern and estimate the evidence which proves any truth, they on the other, can see most clearly and feel most strongly the nature and extent of the objections which oppose it; while they are, at the same time, just as liable as the vulgar to the disturbing influences already adverted to. This liability is of course doubled, when its subject, as in the case of Pascal, labors under the disadvantage of a gloomy temperament.

A circumstance which in these conflicts of mind often gives *sceptical* objections an undue advantage, is, that the great truths which it is more especially apt to assail, are generally the result of an accumulation of proof by induction, or are even dependent on quite separate trains of argument.

The mind, therefore, cannot comprehend them at a glance, and feel at once their integrated force, but must examine them in detail by successive acts of mind,—just as we take the measurement of magnitudes too vast to be seen at once in successive small portions. The existence of God, the moral government of the world, the divine origin of Christianity, are all truths of this stamp. Pascal in one of his *Pensées* refers to this infirmity of the logical faculties. He justly observes—"To have a series of proofs incessantly before the mind, is beyond our power."

From the inability of the mind to retain in perpetuity, or to comprehend at a glance a long chain of evidence, or the total effect of various lines of argument, Pascal truly observes, that it is not sufficient for the security of our convictions, and their due influence over our belief and practice, that we have proved them once for all by a process of reasoning;—they must be, if possible, tintured and colored by the imagination, informed and animated by feeling, and rendered vigorous and practical by habit. His words are well worth citing:—"Reason acts slowly, and with so many views upon so many principles which it is necessary should be always present, that it is perpetually dropping asleep, and is lost for want of having all its principles present to it. The affections do not act thus; they act instantaneously, and are always ready for action. It is necessary, therefore, to imbue our faith with feeling, otherwise it will be always vacillating."*

It will not, of course, be imagined that, in the observations we have now made, we are disposed to be the *apologists* of scepticism; or even, so far as it is yielded to, of that transient doubt to which we affirm even the most powerful minds are not only liable, but liable in defiance of what are ordinarily their strong convictions. So far as such states of mind are involuntary, and for an instant they often are, (till, in fact, the mind collects itself, and repels them,) they are of course the object not of blame but of pity. So far as they are dependent upon fluctuations of feeling, or upon physical causes which we can at all modify or control, it is our duty to summon the mind to resist the assault, and reflect on the nature of that evidence which has so often appeared to us little less than demonstrative.

* Vol. ii., pp. 175, 176.

We are not, then, the apologists of scepticism, or anything approaching it; we are merely stating a psychological fact, for the proof of which we appeal to the recorded confessions of many great minds, and to the experience of those who have reflected deeply enough on any large and difficult subject, to know what can be said for or against it.

The asserted fact is, that *habitual* belief of the sincerest and strongest character is sometimes checkered with transient fits of doubt and misgiving; and that even where there is no actual *disbelief*—no, not for a moment—the mind may, in some of its moods, form a very diminished estimate of the evidence on which belief is founded, and grievously understate it accordingly. We believe that both these states of mind were occasionally experienced by Pascal—the latter, however, much more frequently than the former; and hence, as we apprehend, are we to account for those passages in which he speaks of the evidence for the existence of a God, or for the truth of Christianity, as less conclusive than he ordinarily believed, or than he has at other times declared them. At such times, the clouds may be supposed to have hung low upon this lofty mind.

So little inconsistent with a *habit* of intelligent faith are such transient invasions of doubt, or such diminished perceptions of the evidence of truth, that it may even be said that it is only those who have in some measure experienced them, who can be said, in the highest sense, to believe at all. He who has never had a doubt, who believes what he believes for reasons which he thinks as irrefragable (if that be possible) as those of a mathematical demonstration, ought not to be said so much to *believe* as to *know*; his belief is to him knowledge, and his mind stands in the same relation to it, however erroneous and absurd that belief may be. It is rather he who believes—not indeed without the exercise of his reason, but without the full satisfaction of his reason—with a knowledge and appreciation of formidable objections—it is this man who may most truly be said intelligently to believe.

While it is true that we are called upon to receive the great truths of Theology, whether natural or revealed, on evidence which is less than demonstrative, we are not to forget that no subjects out of the sciences of magnitude and number, admit of any such demonstration. We are re-

quired to do no more in religion, than we are in fact necessitated to do in all the affairs of common life—that is, to form our conclusions upon a sincere and diligent investigation of moral evidence. And, after all, such an arrangement is not only in harmonious analogy with all the conditions of our ordinary life, but, if the present world be indeed a state of moral probation—if it be designed to test our diligence and sincerity, to teach us what is so suitable in a finite and created being, a submissive and confiding posture of mind towards the Infinite Creator—such an arrangement is essential to our course of moral discipline and education. If we are required to believe nothing but what it is impossible that we should doubt—that is, nothing but what it would be a contradiction to deny—where would be the proof of our willingness to believe on the bare assurance of wisdom and knowledge superior to our own? Wise men assuredly consider it as a most important element in the education of their own children, not indeed that they should be taught to believe what they are told, without any reason, (and if they have been properly trained, a just confidence in the assurances of their superiors in knowledge will on many subjects be reason sufficient,) yet upon evidence far less than demonstration; indeed, upon evidence far less than they will be able to appreciate, when the lapse of a few brief years has transformed them from children to men. We certainly expect that they will believe many things as *facts* which as yet they cannot fully comprehend—nay, which they tell us are, in appearances, paradoxical; and to rest satisfied with the assurance, that it is in vain to attempt to explain the evidence till they get older and wiser. We are accustomed even to augur the worst results as to the future course and conduct of a youth who has not learned to exercise thus much of practical faith, and who flippantly rejects, on the score of *his* not being able to comprehend them, truths of which he yet has greater evidence, though not *direct* evidence, of their being truths, than he has of the contrary. Now, “if we have had earthly fathers, and have given them reverence” after this fashion, and when we have become men have applauded our submission as appropriate to our condition of dependence, “shall we not much rather be subject to the Father of spirits, and live?” If, then, the present be a scene of moral education and discipline, it seems fit in itself that the evidence

of the truths we believe should be checkered with difficulties and liable to objections;—not strong enough to force assent, nor so obscure as to elude sincere investigation. God, according to the memorable aphorism of Pascal already cited, has afforded sufficient light to those whose object is to see, and left sufficient obscurity to perplex those who have no such wish. All that seems necessary or reasonable to expect is, that as we are certainly not called upon to believe anything *without* reason, nor with a *preponderance* of reason, so the evidence shall be such as our faculties are capable of dealing with; and that the objections shall be only such as equally baffle us upon any other hypothesis, or are insoluble only because they transcend altogether the limits of the human understanding; which last circumstance can be no valid reason, apart from other grounds, either for accepting or rejecting a given dogma. Now, we contend, that it is in this equitable way that God has dealt with us as moral agents, in relation to all the great truths which lie at the basis of religion and morals; and, we may add, in relation to the divine origin of Christianity. The evidence is all of such a *nature* as we are accustomed every day to deal with and to act upon; while the objections are either such as re-appear in every other theory, or turn on difficulties absolutely beyond the limits of the human faculties. Take, for example, the principal argument which proves the existence of God; the argument which infers from the traces of intelligent design in the universe, the existence of a wise and powerful author. In applying this principle, man only acts as he acts every day of his life in other cases. He acts on a principle which, if he were to doubt, or even affect to doubt, he would be laughed at by his fellow-men as a ridiculous pedant or a crazy metaphysician. Whether indications of design, countless as they are inimitable, with which the whole universe is inscribed, are likely to be the result of chance, is a question which turns on principles of evidence with which man is so familiar that he cannot adopt the affirmative without contradicting all his judgments in every other analogous, or similar, or conceivable case. On the other hand, the objections to the conclusion that there is some Eternal Being of illimitable power and wisdom are precisely of the nature we have mentioned. A man makes a difficulty, we will suppose, (as well he may,) of conceiving that which has existed from eter-

nity; but, as something certainly exists now, the denial of the existence of such a Being does not relieve from that difficulty, unless the objector plunge into another equally great,—that of supposing it possible for the universe to have sprung into existence without a cause at all. This difficulty, then, is one which re-appears under any hypothesis. Again, we will suppose him to make a difficulty of the ideas of self-subsistence, of omnipresence without extension of parts—of power which creates out of nothing, and which acts simply by volition,—of a knowledge cognizant of each thing and of all its relation—actual and possible, past, present, and to come—to every other thing, at every point of illimitable space, and in every moment of endless duration. But, then, these are difficulties, the solution of which clearly transcends the limits of the human understanding; and to deny the doctrines which seem established by evidence which we *can* appreciate, because we cannot solve difficulties which lie altogether beyond our capacities, seem like resolving that nothing shall be true but what we can fully comprehend—a principle again which, in numberless other cases, we neither can nor pretend to act upon.

It is much the same with the evidences of Christianity. Whether a certain amount and complexity of testimony are likely to be false; whether it is likely that not one but a number of men would endure ignominy, persecution, and the last extremities of torture, in support of an unprofitable lie; whether such an original fiction as Christianity—if it be fiction—is likely to have been the production of Galilean peasants; whether anything so sublime was to be expected from fools, or anything so holy from knaves; whether illiterate fraud was likely to be equal to such a wonderful fabrication; whether infinite artifice may be expected from ignorance, or a perfectly natural and successful assumption of truth from imposture;—these and a multitude of the like questions are precisely of the same *nature*, however they may be decided, with those with which the historian and the advocate, judges, and courts of law are every day required to deal. On the other hand, whether miracles have ever been, or are ever likely to be admitted in the administration of the universe, is a question on which it would demand a far more comprehensive knowledge of that administration than we can possibly possess to justify an *a priori* decision. That they are possible is all that

is required; and that, no consistent theist can deny. Other difficulties of Christianity, as Bishop Butler has so clearly shown, baffle us on every other hypothesis; they meet us as much in the "constitution of nature," as in the pages of revelation, and cannot consistently be pleaded against Christianity without being equally fatal to Theism.

There are two things, we will venture to say, at which the philosophers of some future age will stand equally astonished; the one is, that any man should have been called upon to believe *any* mystery, whether of philosophy or religion, without a preponderance of evidence of a nature which he can grasp, or on the mere *ipse dixit* of a fallible creature like himself; the other, that where there is such evidence, man should reject a mystery, merely because it is one. This last, perhaps, will be regarded as the more astonishing of the two. That man, who lives in a dwelling of clay, and looks out upon the illimitable universe through such tiny windows—who stands, as Pascal sublimely says, between "two infinitudes"—who is absolutely surrounded by mysteries, which he overlooks, only because he is so familiar with them; should doubt a proposition (otherwise well sustained) from its intrinsic difficulty, does not seem very reasonable. But when we further reflect that

that very mind which erects itself into a standard of all things, is, of all things, the most ignorant of that which it ought to know best—itsself, and find there the most inscrutable of all mysteries;—when we reflect that when asked to declare what itself is, it is obliged to confess that it knows nothing about the matter—nothing either of its own essence or its mode of operation—that it is sometimes inclined to think itself material, and sometimes immaterial—that it cannot quite come to a conclusion whether the body really exists or is a phantom, or in what way (if the body really exist) the intimate union between the two is maintained;—when we see it perplexed beyond expression, even to conceive how these phenomena can be reconciled,—proclaiming it to be an almost equal contradiction to suppose that Matter can think, or the Soul be material, or a connexion maintained between two totally different substances, and yet admitting that one of these must be true, though it cannot satisfactorily determine which;—when we reflect on all this, surely we cannot but feel that the spectacle of so ignorant a being refusing to believe a proposition merely *because* it is above its comprehension, is of all paradoxes the most paradoxical, and of all absurdities the most ludicrous.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

"*Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second.* By HORACE WALPOLE." Edited by the late Lord Holland. 3 vols. Colburn: London.

WALPOLE, in giving his history to the world, renounces the title of an historian. He proclaims himself simply a compiler; his volumes, *Memoires pour Servir*; and his chief purpose, simply to give his own recollections, day by day, of the men and things passing before his eyes. Yet what historian has ever told his story with more spirit, ever sketched his characters with more living truth, or led our curiosity onward through the labyrinth of political intrigue, parliamentary struggle, and national vicissitude, with so light and yet so leading a hand? A part of this charm arises from the interest which he himself took in his performance. He evidently delighted in the revival of those scenes in which he had

once figured, and the powerful portraiture which, in his study, realized the character of the eminent men whom he had seen successively depart from the political world. In this lies the spell which makes Walpole the favorite of all the higher order of readers in our age, and will make him popular to the last hour of the English language.

We read Gibbon like a task. We are astonished at his learned opulence, his indefatigable labor, and his flood of rich and high-wrought conception; but we grow as weary of him, as if we walked through an Indian treasury, and rested the eye only on heaps of gold. With all our great historical writers, the mind feels a sense of their toil, and, however it may be endured for the sake

of its knowledge, *our* toil, too, is inevitable, and the crop must be raised only by the sweat of our own brow.

But the pages of Walpole give us the knowledge without the toil, and, instead of bending to the tillage, we pluck the fruit from the tree as we pass along. When he, too, is heavy, his failure arises simply from his attempt to assume the style of his contemporaries. He is not made for their harness, however it may be plated and embroidered. He cannot move in their stately and measured pace. His genius is volatile and vivid; he moves by bounds: and his display is always the most effective when, abandoning the beaten tracts of authorship, he speeds his light way across the field, and exhibits at once the agility of his powers and the caprice of his will.

What infinite gratification have we lost, by the want of such a writer in the days of classical antiquity! With what interest would the living world follow a Greek or a Roman Walpole! With what delight should we contemplate a Greek Council, with Pericles for its president, sketched by the hand of a spectator, and shown in the brilliant contests, intellectual intrigue, and ardent ambition of these sons of soul! What a scene would such a writer make of Cicero confronting Catiline, with the supremacy of Rome trembling in the scale, and the crowded senate house preparing to hear the sentence of life or death! We might have wanted the strong historic phraseology of Sallust; or, in a subsequent age, the gloomy grandeur of Tacitus, that Caravaggio of ancient Rome; we might have lost some of the classic beauty, and all the theatric dexterity, but we should have had a clearer, more emphatic, and more faithful picture than in the severe energy of the one, or the picturesque mysticism of the other. We should have *known* the characters as they were known to the patrician and the populace of two thousand years ago; we should have seen them as they threw out all their stately and muscular strength; we should have been able to recover them from the tomb, make them move before us "in their armor, as they lived," and gather from their lips the language of times and things, now passed away from man.

Still we must acknowledge that Walpole's chief excellence is in his letters. His sportive spleen, his polished sarcasm, and his keen insight into the ways of men, place him at the head of all epistolary authorship. He has had but two competitors for this

fame,—It is remarkable that they were both women,—De Sevigné in France, and Lady Wortley Montague in England; yet, how utterly inferior are De Sevigné's feeble sketches of court life, and vapid panegyrics on the "adorable Grignan;" or the Englishwoman's rambling details of travels and tribulations, to the pungent pleasantry and substantial vigor of Walpole! The Frenchwoman's sketches are like her artificial flowers, to the freshness of the true. Lady Mary's slipshod sentences and coarse voluptuousness are equally inferior to the accurate finish and fashionable animation of the man who combined the critic with the courtier, and was the philosopher even more than he was the man of fashion.

Walpole is now an English classic. It is striking to see a man of talent thus vindicating his genius in the grave, making a posthumous defence of his character, and compelling posterity to acknowledge the distinctions of which he was defrauded by the petulance of his time. His example and his success administer a moral which ought not to be thrown away. There are many individuals in our own time, who might thus nobly avenge themselves on the injustice of their age. The Frenchman's maxim, *Il n'y a que bonheur, et malheur*, is unanswerably true; and not only men of the finest faculties are often ill used by fortune, but they are often the worst used. Their conscious superiority renders them fastidious of the lower arts of success; their sense of honor disqualifies them for all those services which require flexibility of conscience; and their sensibility to injustice makes them retort public injury, by disdainfully abandoning the struggle, and retiring from the vulgar bustle of the world.

Let such men, then, glance over the pages of Walpole, and see how productive may be made the hours of obscurity; how vigorously the oblivion of one generation may be redeemed by the honors of another; and how effectively the humble man of genius may survive the glaring favorites of an ephemeral good fortune.

Walpole, in his lifetime, was either pitied as a disappointed official, or laughed at as a collector of cracked china; but who either pities or laughs at him now? Posterity delights in the products of his study, while the prosperous tribe of his parliamentary day are forgotten, or remembered only through those products of his study. The Pulteneys, Granvilles, Lyttletons, and Wyndhams, are extinguished, and their

chief interest now arises from Walpole's fixing their names in his works; as an architect uses the busts and masks of antiquity to decorate the gates or crown the buttresses of his temple.

Lord Holland's preface contains the following brief statement relative to the present publication.

Among the papers found at Strawberry Hill, after the death of Lord Orford, was the following memorandum, wrapped in an envelope, on which was written, "Not to be opened till after my will."

"In my library at Strawberry Hill, are two wainscot chests or boxes, the larger marked with an A, the lesser with a B. I desire that, as soon as I am dead, my executor and executrix will cord up strongly and seal the larger box marked A, and deliver it to the Honorable Hugh Conway Seymour; to be kept by him unopened and sealed, till the eldest son of Lady Waldegrave, or whichever of her sons, being Earl of Waldegrave, shall attain the age of twenty-five years, when the said chest, with whatever it contains, shall be delivered to him for his own."

The rest of the order refers simply to the keeping of the key in the interim. The date is August 19, 1796.

Lord Holland then argues, with a rather unnecessary waste of argument, that the history contained within this chest was intended for publication, which, of course, it must have been.

In his private correspondence, Walpole frequently alludes to his preparation of the present work. In a letter to Mr. Montague, in 1752, he tells him, that "his memoirs of last year are quite finished," but that he means to add some pages of notes, "that will not want anecdotes;" and in answer to Montague, who had ludicrously menaced him with a messenger from the Secretary's office, to seize his papers, he says, "I have buried the memoirs under the oak in my garden, where they are to be found a thousand years hence, and taken, perhaps, for a Runic history in rhyme."

In another part of his memoirs of 1758, he says, with reference to the different stages of his work, "During the former part I lived in the centre of business, was intimately acquainted with many of the chief actors, was eager in politics, and indefatigable in heaping up materials for my work. Now, detached from those busy scenes, with many political connexions dropped or dissolved; indifferent to events and indolent; I shall have fewer opportunities of informing my-

self or others." And in this supposed indolence and ignorance, he sits down to his work without delay, and fills his volumes with information, inaccessible to nine-tenths of the ablest and most active in his generation.

But it is not our purpose to give a consecutive view of the contents of those volumes. Their nature is the reverse of consecutive. They are as odd, irregular, and often as novel, as the changes of a kaleidoscope. Nothing can be less like a picture, with its background, and foreground, its middle tints and its *chiaroscuro*. Their best emblem perhaps would be the "Dissolving views," where a palace has scarcely met the eye, before it melts into an Italian lake; or the procession to a Romish shrine is metamorphosed into a charge of cavalry. The volumes are a *melange* of characters, anecdotes, and reflections. We shall open the pages at hazard, and take, as it comes first, in those "Sortes Wolpolianæ," a Westminster election.

There is "nothing new under the sun." What the Irish cry for "Repeal" is now, the cry for the "Stuarts" was a hundred years ago. Faction equally throve on both; and the tribe who live by faction in all ages uttered both cries with equal perseverance—the only distinction between them being, that as the Jacobite cry was an affair of the scaffold, it was uttered with a more *judicious* reserve.

Yet, it is only justice to the men of the older day, to acknowledge that their motives were of a much higher order than the stimulants of the modern clamor. With many of the Scottish Jacobites, the impulse was a sense of honor to their chieftains, and a gallant devotion to their king: with many of the English, it was a conscientious belief that they were only doing their duty to the lawful throne in resisting the claims of the Prince of Orange. It is remarkable, that of the "seven bishops" sent to trial by James, but one, Trelawney, could be prevailed on to take the oath of allegiance to William; yet, unfounded and extravagant as were these conceptions, they showed manliness and conscience. Later times have had motives, unredeemed by the chivalry of the Scotch, or the integrity of the English; but the cause of both has been marked with a similarity of operation, which makes Solomon still "an oracle."

The elections became the chief scenes of display. The efforts to return Jacobite members were of the most pertinacious kind, and sometimes proceeded to actual

violence. In one of the Westminster elections, the court candidate had been furiously attacked by a hired mob; and one Murray, a man of family, and marked, by his name, for an adherent of the Stuarts, had exhibited himself as a leader, had been captured, and consigned to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms.

After a period of confinement, pardon was tendered to him, if he would ask it. He refused contemptuously, and obtained popularity by playing the hero.

Murray was brought to the bar of the House of Commons to be heard in his own defence. He asserted his innocence, smiled when he was taxed with having called Lord Trentham and the High Bailiff rascals, desired counsel, and was remanded. Another character then comes on the tapis by way of episode. This was Sir William Yonge. It has been said of the celebrated Erskine, that in the House he was a natural, out of the House he was a supernatural; and certainly nothing could be less like, than the orator of the bar, and the prattler of the House of Commons. Yonge's characteristics were just the reverse. He was always trifling out of the House, and sometimes singularly effective in it. Walpole says of him, that his Parliamentary eloquence was the more extraordinary, as it seemed to come upon him by inspiration. Sir Robert Walpole frequently, when he did not choose to enter early into the debate himself, gave Yonge his notes as the latter came into the House; from which he could speak admirably, though he had missed all the preceding discussion.

Sir Robert Walpole said of him, with a pungency worthy of his son, that "nothing but Yonge's character could keep down his parts, and nothing but his parts support his character;" but, whatever might be his character it is certain that his parts served him well, for though but four and-and-twenty years in Parliament, he was twice a Lord of the Treasury, a Lord of the Admiralty and Secretary at War, finishing with the then very lucrative situation of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. For the more honorary part of his distinctions, he had the Ribbon of the Bath, was a Privy Councillor, and was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Carnarvonshire.

We now return to Murray. It was moved that he should appear before the House on his knees. Walpole's description is very graphic.

"He entered with an air of confidence, com-

posed of something between a martyr and a coxcomb.

"The Speaker called out, 'Your obeisances, sir, your obeisances, and then, sir, you must kneel.' He replied, 'Sir, I beg to be excused; I never kneel but to God.' The Speaker repeated the command with great warmth. Murray answered, 'Sir, I am sorry I cannot comply with your request: I should in anything else.' The Speaker cried, 'Sir, I call upon you again to consider of it.' Murray answered, 'Sir, when I have committed a crime, I kneel to God for pardon; but I know my own innocence, and I cannot kneel to any one else.' The Speaker ordered the Serjeant to take him away and secure him. He was going to reply, but the Speaker would not suffer him. The Speaker then made a representation to the House of his contemptuous behavior; and said, 'However you may have differed in the debate, I hope you will be unanimous in the punishment.'

"Then ensued a long, tedious, and trifling succession of speakers, finishing by an adjournment at two in the morning."

Then comes another character passing through the magic lantern. The Mutiny Bill is the back-ground for this caricature. The front figure is Lord Egmont. John Percival, second Earl of Egmont, seems to have been an extraordinary compound of the fanatic and the philosopher. He was scarcely of age, before he had a scheme of assembling the Jews and making himself their king. His great talent was, indefatigable application. He was never known to laugh. He was once, indeed, seen to smile; but *that was at chess*. His father had trained him to history and antiquities; and he early settled his own political genius by scribbling pamphlets. Towards the decline of Sir Robert Walpole's power, he had created himself a leader of the Independents, a knot of desperate tradesmen, many of them converted to Jacobinism, by being fined at the custom-house for contraband practices. One of their chiefs was Blackistone, a grocer in the Strand, detected in smuggling, and forgiven by Sir Robert Walpole; detected again, and fined largely, on which he turned patriot and became an alderman of London.

At the beginning of this parliament, rejected by Westminster, and countenanced no where, he bought what Walpole pleasantly calls, the loss of an election at Weobly, for which place, however, on a petition, Fox procured his return to parliament, and immediately had the satisfaction to find him declare against the court. At the Westminster election, his indefatigability against the ministerial favorite came amply into play. All the morning he passed on

the hustings, then came to the House, where he was a principal actor, and the rest of the day he spent at hazard, not to mention the hours spent in collecting materials for his speeches, or in furnishing them to his weekly mercenaries.

We then have a touch of the pencil at Lord Nugent.

"This Irishman's style was florid bombast; his impudence as great as if he had been honest. He affected unbounded good-humor, and it was unbounded, but by much secret malice, which sometimes broke out into boisterous railing, but oftener vented itself in still-born satires. Nugent's attachments were to Lord Granville; but all his flattery was addressed to Mr. Pelham, whom he mimicked in candor, as he often resembled Granville in ranting. Nugent had lost the reputation of a great poet, by writing works of his own, after he had acquired fame by an ode that was the joint production of several others."

Walpole certainly had an aversion to the wits of his day, with the exception of Geo. Selwyn; on whom he lavished a double portion of the panegyric that he deserved, as a sort of compensation for his petulance to others. His next portrait was Lord Chesterfield, the observed of all observers, "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form," a man of talent unquestionably, and a master of the knowledge of mankind, but degrading his talent by the affectation of coxcombry, and turning his knowledge into a system of polished profligacy.

Chesterfield, though not the first who had made a study of the art of *nothings*, was the first who publicly prided himself on its study; and while France owed her fashionable vice to a hundred sources, all England looked up to Chesterfield as the high priest of that shrine, in which time and reputation were equally sacrificed, and in which fame was to be acquired alone by folly.

Walpole's sketch was struck off when Chesterfield was sinking into the vale of years, and he exhibits that celebrated peer under the character, at once melancholy and ridiculous, of a superannuated politician and an old beau. Chesterfield, since he had given up the seals in 1748, had retired from politics; in that spirit of resignation, which, in extinguished politicians, is only a decent disguise for despair.

He had published what he called an apology for his resignation, which, as Walpole says, excited no more notice than the resignation itself. "From that time he had lived at White's, gaming and pronounc-

ing witticisms among the boys of quality." He then proceeds to examine the noble lord's construction, pretty much in the style of an anatomist with the subject on the table, and cuts him up with all the zeal of angry science.

"Chesterfield, early in life, announced his claim to wit, and the women believed in it. He had besides given himself out for a man of great intrigue, and the world believed in that, too. It was not his fault if he had not wit, for nothing exceeded his efforts in that point. His speeches were fine, but as much labored as his extempore sayings. His writings were everybody's; that is, whatever came out good was given to him, and he was too humble ever to refuse the gift. But besides the passive enjoyment of all good productions in the present age, he had another art of reputation, which was, either to disapprove of the greatest authors of other times, or to patronize whatever was too bad to be ascribed to himself."

We then have a slight glance at his public life. His debut in diplomacy was as ambassador to Holland, where, as Walpole says, "he courted the good opinion of that economical people," by losing immense sums at play. On his return, he attached himself to Lord Townshend, an unlucky connexion; but what did him more harm still, was the queen's seeing him one Twelfth Night after winning a large sum of money at hazard, cross St. James's Court, "to deposit it with my Lady Suffolk, until next morning." The queen never pardoned an intimacy there, and well she might not, Lady Suffolk's royal intimacies being perfectly notorious.

His next employment of note was the vice-royalty of Ireland; in which Walpole acknowledges that he was the most popular governor which that luckless country ever had. "Nothing was cried up but his integrity. He would have laughed at any man who had any confidence in his morality."

But Chesterfield's vice-royalty deserves better treatment than this. In Ireland he was an able governor. The man had something to do, and he did it. The lounge of the London clubs could not dawdle through the day in the midst of a fiery people full of faction, bleeding with the wounds of civil war, and indignant at the supremacy of the "Saxon."

Jacobitism, in England a fashion, was in Ireland a fury. In England a phantom of party, it was in Ireland a fierce superstition. In England a fading recollection of

power lost, and a still feeble hope of favors to come, it was in Ireland a hereditary frenzy embittered by personal suffering, exalted by fantastic notions of pedigree, and sanctioned by the secret but powerful stimulants of Rome. This was no place for a man to take his rest, unless he could contrive to sleep on thorns.

Chesterfield was thus forced to be vigorous and vigilant; to watch every symptom of disaffection, to suppress every incipient turbulence, to guide without the appearance of control, and to make his popularity the strength of a government, almost wholly destitute of civil reputation or military force. But the highest panegyric is to be found in the period of his thus preserving the peace of Ireland. It was in 1745, when the Pretender was proclaimed in Edinburgh, when the Highland army was on its march to London, and when all the hopes of hollow courtiership and inveterate Jacobitism were turned to the triumph of the ancient dynasty. Yet, Ireland was kept in a state of quietude, and the empire was thus saved from the greatest peril since the Norman invasion.

An Irish insurrection would have largely multiplied the hazards of the Brunswick throne; and though we have firm faith in the power of England to extinguish a foreign invader, yet, when the question came to be simply one of the right to the crown, and the decision was to be made by civil conflict, the alienation, or the insurrection, of Ireland might have thrown an irresistible weight into the scale.

It is not our purpose, nor would it be becoming, to more than allude to the private life of this showy personage. His was not the era of either public or private morality. His marriage was contemptible, a connexion equally marked by love of money and neglect of honor; for his choice was the niece of the Duchess of Kendal, the duchess being notoriously the king's mistress, and Chesterfield obviously marrying the niece as being a probable heiress of her aunt, and also of bringing to her husband some share of the royal favor. He was disappointed, as he deserved, in the legacy; and seems to have been not much happier in the wife, who brought him no heir, and was apparently a compound of pride and dullness. He was more fortunate, however, in earning the political favor of the old Duchess of Marlborough, who left him £20,000 in her will.

Still with all the political chicanery, and

all the official squabbles of parliament, those were sportive times; and Walpole records the delay of the debate on the bill for naturalizing the Jews, as arising from the adjournment of the house, to attend private theatricals at Drury Lane, where Delaval had hired the theatre to exhibit himself in *Othello*! Walpole, in his pleasant exaggeration, says, that "the crowd of people of fashion was so great, that the footman's gallery was hung with blue ribands."

For some reason, which must now sleep with the author, he had an inveterate aversion to Secker, then Bishop of Oxford, and afterwards translated to Canterbury. "The king," said he, "would not go to chapel because the Bishop of Oxford was to preach before him. The ministers did not insist upon his hearing the sermon, as they had lately upon his making him Dean of St. Paul's."

Character and popularity do not always depend upon the circumstances which alone ought to fix either. He then proceeds to hew the right reverend lord in pieces. "This bishop," says he, "who had been bred a Presbyterian and man-widwife, which sect and profession he had dropt for a season, while he was President of a Free-thinking Club, had been converted by Bishop Talbot, whose relation he married, and his faith settled in a prebend of Durham, whence he was transplanted by the queen, and advanced by her (who had no aversion to a medley of religions, which she always compounded into a scheme of heresy of her own) to the living of St. James's, vacant by the death of her favorite *Arian*, Dr. Clarke, and afterwards to the bishoprics of Bristol and Oxford."

Then, probably for the purpose of relieving the dark hues of this desperate portrait, he throws in a touch of praise, and tells us that Secker grew surprisingly popular in his parish of St. James's, and was especially approved of in the pulpit.

Secker's discourses, with his charges and lectures, still remain; and it is impossible to conceive anything more commonplace in style, weaker in conception, or more thoroughly marked with mediocrity of mind. And yet it is perfectly possible to conceive such a man popular. What the multitude call eloquence, in the pulpit, is palpably different from eloquence anywhere else. At the bar, or in the legislature, it evidently consists in a mixture of strong sense and powerful feeling. It must exhibit some

knowledge of the subject, and more knowledge of human nature. But the "sermons" which then achieved a passing popularity were characterized by nothing but by the most shallow notions in the most impotent language. The age of reasoners had passed away with Barrow, South, and Sherlock; and a studied mingling of affected simplicity and deliberate nonsense constituted the sole merits of the pulpit in the middle of the eighteenth century. Then, according to the proverb, that "when things come to the worst, they must mend," came the gentle enthusiasm of Wesley and the fierce declamation of Whitefield, both differing utterly in doctrine, practice, and principle, yet both regarding themselves as missionaries to restore Christianity, and both evidently believed by the multitude to be all but inspired. Their example, however, infused some slight ardor into the established pulpit, and its sermons were no longer dull *rechauffés* of Epictetus, and substitutes for the Gospel, taken from the school-boy recollections of Plato. Secker reigned in this middle-age of the pulpit, and his performances are matchless as models of words without thought, doctrine without learning, and language that trickled through the ear without the possibility of reaching the understanding.

But Secker's faults were those of nature, which alone is to be blamed; unless we are to join in the blame the ministers who placed such a twinkling taper as a "shining light" in the church.

We do not believe in the story of his freethinking, though Walpole strongly repeats it, and gives his authority. Secker's was obviously a commonplace mind, wholly destitute of all pretensions to ability, yet as obviously not disinclined to make use of those means which often constitute court favor, but which high minds disdain. He had been made Dean of St. Paul's by the Chancellor's interest, though he had been for some time in the shade at court, from being strongly suspected of cultivating the Prince's connexions at the same time; however, he achieved Canterbury at last, and, once sheltered in Lambeth, he might laugh at the jealousies of courtiers.

Walpole now bursts out into indignant virtue; exclaims that even the church has its renegades in politics, and almost compassionates the king, "who was obliged to fling open his *asylum* to all kinds of deserters; revenging himself, however, by not

speaking to them at his levee, or listening to them in the pulpit."

In the meantime, the great source of all opposition, the dread of the successful, the hope of the defeated, the thorn in the royal side, or, to take a higher emblem, the tree of promise, to all that contemptible race who trade in conscience and live on faction, disappeared in a moment. The heir-apparent died! The Prince of Wales had suffered from a pleurisy, but was so much recovered as to attend the king to the House of Lords. After being much heated in the atmosphere of the house, he returned to Carlton House to unrobe, put on only a light frock, went to Kew, where he walked some time, returned to Carlton House, and lay down upon a couch for three hours on a ground floor next the garden. The consequence of this rashness or obstinacy was, that he caught a fresh cold, and relapsed that night.

After struggling with this illness for a week, he was suddenly seized with an increase of his distemper. Three years before, he had received a blow on the breast from a tennis ball, from which, or from a subsequent fall, he often felt great pain. Exhausted by the cough, he cried, "Je sens la mort," and died in the arms of his valet.

The character of this prince, who was chiefly memorable as the father of George III., had in it nothing to eclipse the past age, conciliate the present, or attract honor from the future. Walpole, in his keen way, says, "that he resembled the Black Prince in nothing, but in dying before his father." "Indeed," he contemptuously adds, "it was not his fault if he had not distinguished himself by warlike achievements." He had solicited the command of the army in Scotland in the rebellion of 1745, which was of course given to his brother; "a hard judgment," says Walpole, "for what he could do, he did." When the royal army lay before Carlisle, the prince, at a great supper which he gave his court and favorites, had ordered for the dessert a model of the citadel of Carlisle, in paste, which he in person, and the maids of honor, *bombarded with sugar plumbs!*

The Prince had disagreed with the king and queen early after his coming to England, "not entirely," says Walpole, "by his own fault." The king had refused to pay his debts in Hanover, and it ran a little in the blood of the family to hate the eldest son! The queen exerted more authority than he liked, and "the Princess Emily, who had been admitted into

his greatest confidence, had not," the historian bitterly observes, "forfeited her duty to the queen, by concealing any of his secrets that *might do him prejudice*."

Gaming was one of his passions; "but his style of play did him less honor than even the amusement." He carried this *dexterity* into practice in more essential points, and was vain of it. "One day at Kensington that he had just borrowed £5000 of Doddington, seeing him pass under his window, he said to Hedges, his secretary, 'that man is reckoned one of the most sensible men in England; yet, with all his parts, I have just tricked him out of £5000!'" A line from Earl Stanhope summed up his character,—“He has his father's head and his mother's heart.”

A smart hit is mentioned of Pelham, who, however, was not remarkable for humor. One Ayscough, who had been preceptor to Prince George, and who had "not taught him to read English, though eleven years old," was about to be removed from the preceptorship. Lyttleton, whose sister he had married, applied to Pelham to save him. Pelham answered, "I know nothing of Dr. Ayscough—Oh, yes, I recollect, a very worthy man told me in this room, two years ago, that he was a *great rogue*." This very worthy man happened to be *Lyttleton himself*, who had then quarrelled with Ayscough about election affairs. Walpole abounds in sketches of character, and they are generally capital. Here is a kit-cat of Lord Albemarle, then ambassador in Paris. "It was convenient to him to be anywhere but in England. His debts were excessive, though he was ambassador, groom of the stole, governor of Virginia, and colonel of a regiment of guards. His figure was genteel, his manner noble and agreeable. The rest of his merit was the interest Lady Albemarle had with the king through Lady Yarmouth. He had all his life imitated the French manners since he came to Paris, where he never conversed with a Frenchman. If good breeding is not different from good sense, Lord Albemarle at least knew how to distinguish it from good nature. He would bow to his postilion, while he was ruining his tailor."

The prince's death had all the effect of the last act of a melo-drama. It had blown up more castles in the air, than any explosion in the history of paint and pasteboard. All the rejected of the court had naturally flocked round the heir-apparent, and never was worship of the rising sun more mortified

by its sudden eclipse. Peerages in embryo never came to the birth, and all sorts of ministerial appointments, from the premier downwards, which had been looked upon as solid and sure, were scattered by this one event into thin air. Drax, the prince's secretary, who "could not write his own name;" Lord Baltimore, who, "with a great deal of mistaken knowledge, could not spell;" and Sir William Irby, the princess' Polonius, were to be barons; Doddington, it was said, had actually kissed hands for the reversion of a dukedom!

The whole work is a picture gallery. Doddington, whose "Diary" has placed him among those authors whose happiest fate would have been to have been prohibited the use of pen, ink, and paper, is sketched to the life in a few keen and graphic lines.

"This man, with great knowledge of business and much wit, had, by mere absurdity of judgment, and a disposition to finesse, thrown himself out of all estimation, and out of all the views which his large fortune and abilities could not have failed to promote, if he had preserved but the least shadow of steadiness. He had two or three times gone all lengths of flattery, alternately with Sir Robert Walpole and the prince. The latter keenly said, 'that they had met again, at last, in a necessary connexion, for no party would have anything to do with either.'"

Why has not some biographer, curious in the dissection of human vanity, written the real life of Doddington? There could be no richer subject for a pen contemptuous of the follies of high life and capable of dissecting that compound of worldly passion and infirm principle which, in nine instances out of ten, figures in the front ranks of mankind.

Doddington had begun public life with higher advantages than most men of his time. He had figure, fortune, and fashion; he was employed early in Spain, with Sir Paul Methuen, our ambassador; where he signed the treaty of Madrid. He then clung to Walpole, whom he panegyricized in verse and adulated in prose. But Walpole thwarted his longing for a peerage, and the refusal produced his revolt. He then went over to the Opposition, and flattered the prince. But the prince had a favorite already; and Doddington failed again. He then returned to Walpole, who made him a lord of the treasury. But Walpole himself was soon to feel the chances of power; and Doddington, who was never inclined to prop a sinking cause, crossed the

House again. There he was left for a while, to suffer the penalties of a placeman's purgatory, but without being purified; and, after some continuance in opposition, a state for which he was as unfit as a shark upon the sea-shore, he crossed over again to the court, and was made treasurer of the navy. But he was now rapidly falling into ridicule; and, determining to obtain power at all risks, he bowed down before the prince. At this mimic court he obtained a mimic office, was endured without respect, and consulted without confidence. Even there he had not secured a final refuge.

The prince suddenly died; and Dodding-ton's hopes, though not his follies, were extinguished in his grave. Such was the fate of a man of ability, of indefatigable labor, of affluent means, and confessedly accomplished in all the habits and knowledge of public life. He wanted, as Walpole observes, "nothing for power but constancy." Under a foreign government he might have been minister for life. But in the free spirit and restless parties of an English legislature, though such a man might float, he must be at the mercy of every wave.

We then have the most extraordinary man in England in his day, under review, the well-known Duke of Newcastle, minister, or possessing ministerial influence, for nearly a quarter of a century! Of all the public characters of his time, or perhaps of any other, the Duke of Newcastle was the most ridiculed. Every act of his life, every speech which he uttered, nay, almost every look and gesture, became instantly food for burlesque. All the scribblers of the empire, with some of the higher class, as Smollett, were pecking at him day by day; yet, in a parliament where Chatham, with his powerful eloquence, Bedford with his subtle argument, Townshend with his wit, and the elder Fox with his indefatigable intrigue, were all contending for the mastery; this man, who seemed sometimes half-frenzied, and at other times half-idiotic, retained power, as if it belonged to him by right, and resigned it, as if he had given it away.

Walpole thus describes his appearance.

"A constant hurry in his walk, a restlessness of place, a borrowed importance, gave him the perpetual air of a solicitor. His habit of never finishing, which proceeded from his beginning everything twenty times over, gave rise to the famous bon-mot of Lord Wilmington: 'The Duke of Newcastle always loses half an hour in the

morning, which he is running after for the rest of the day.' But he began the world with advantages:—an estate of £30,000 a year, great borough and county interest, the heirship of his uncle, the old Duke of Newcastle, and a new creation of the title in his person."

Walpole curiously describes the temperament of this singular man.

"The Duke of Newcastle had no pride, though infinite self-love. He always caressed his enemies, to enlist them against his friends. There was no service that he would not do for either, till either was above being served by him.

"There was no expense to which he was not addicted, but generosity. His houses, gardens, table, and equipage, swallowed immense treasures. The sums which he owed were exceeded only by those which he wasted. He loved business immoderately, yet was always only doing it, never did it. His speeches in council and parliament were copious of words, but unmeaning. He aimed at everything, yet endeavored nothing. A ridiculous fear was predominant in him; he would venture the overthrow of the government, rather than dare to open a letter that might discover a plot. He was a secretary of state without intelligence, a man of infinite intrigue without secrecy or policy, and a minister despised and hated by his master, by all parties and ministers, without being turned out by any."

This faculty of retaining office is evidently the chief problem in Walpole's eyes, and was as evidently the chief source of wrath, in the eyes of his crowd of clever opponents.

But the duke must have had some qualities, for which his caricaturists will not give him credit. He must have been shrewd, with all his oddity, and well acquainted with the science of the world, with all his trifling. He must have known the art of pulling the strings of parliament, before he could have managed the puppet show of power with such unfailing success. He must also have been dexterous in dealing with wayward tempers, while he had to manage the suspicious spirit, stubborn prejudices, and arrogant obstinacy of George II. It may be admitted that he had great assistance in the skill and subtlety of his brother Pelham; but there were so many occasions on which he must have trusted to himself alone, that it may well be doubted, whether to be constantly successful, he must not have been singularly skilful, and that the personal dexterity of the minister was the true secret of his prolonged power.

We now come to Walpole's summary of the career of the two most celebrated men of his early life—his father and Bolingbroke.

Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Bolingbroke had begun, as rivals at school, lived a life of competition, and died much in the same manner, "provoked at being killed by empirics, but with the same difference in their manner of dying as had appeared in the temper of their lives,—the first with a calmness which was habitual philosophy, the other with a rage which his affected philosophy could not disguise. The one had seen his early ambition dashed with imprisonment, from which he had shot into the sphere of his rival. The other was exiled, recalled, and ruined. Walpole rose gradually to the height of power, maintained it by his single talents against Bolingbroke, assisted by all the considerable men of England; and when driven from it at last, resigned it without a stain or a censure; retiring to private life without an attempt to re-establish himself, and almost without a regret for what he had lost."

Though this was the tribute of a son to a father, it is, in all its essentials, the tribute of truth; for Walpole was, beyond all doubt, a man of great administrative abilities, remarkably temperate in the use of power, and, though violently assailed both within and without the house, neither insolent in the one instance, nor vindictive in the other. It was equally beyond a doubt, that to him was in a great degree owing the establishment of the Hanover succession. The peaceful extinction of Jacobitism, whose success would have been the renewal of despotism and popery; and that system of finance and nurture of the national resources which prepared the country for the signal triumphs of the reign, were the work of Walpole.

Bolingbroke, with talents of the highest brilliancy, wanted that strength of judgment without which the most brilliant talents are only dangerous to their possessor. After tasting of power, only to feel the bitterness of disappointment—after rising to the height of ambition, only to be cast into the lowest depths of disgrace, after being driven into exile, and returning from it only in the humiliation of a pardon under the hand of his rival;—Bolingbroke died in retirement, without respect, and in the obscurity, without the peace of a private station. It must be acknowledged that, in this instance, ill-fortune was only another name for justice: that the philosopher, whose pen was employed in defaming religion, was punished in the politician, who felt the uncertainty of human power; and

that a life expended in treachery to the religion in which he was born, was well punished by his being forced in public life to drink the bitterest dregs of political shame, live with an extinguished reputation, and be buried in national scorn, long before his body was consigned to the tomb.

At this period, the king, far advanced in years, was destined to feel the heaviest pressure of domestic calamity. His queen, a woman of sense and virtue, to whom, notwithstanding the grossness of his vices, he could not help paying public respect, died from the effects of an accident, which had grown into a confirmed disease. Her death was followed by that of his youngest daughter, the Queen of Denmark, a woman "of great spirit and sense," who died of an accident resembling her mother's. She, too, like the Queen of England, had led an unhappy life,—for, like her, she had the vice and scandal of royal mistresses to contend with.

The king, on the news of this death, broke into unusual expressions of sorrow and fondness. "This," said he, "has been a fatal year to my family; I lost my eldest son, but I was *glad of it*. Then the prince of Orange died, and left everything in confusion. Poor little Edward has been cut open (for an imposthume in his side), and the Queen of Denmark is gone. I know I did not love my children when they were young, I hated to have them running about my room; but now I love them as well as most fathers."

The contrast between the Walpole and the Pelham administrations is sketched with great force and fidelity. In our days the character of a cabinet depends upon the party. In those days the character of the cabinet depended upon the premier. Walpole was bold, open, steady, and never dejected: Pelham was timorous, reserved, fickle, and apt to despair. Presumption made Walpole many enemies: want of confidence in himself estranged from Pelham many friends. Walpole was content to have one great view, and would overlook or trample on the intermediate degrees: Pelham could never reach a great view, through stumbling at little ones. Walpole loved power so much, that he would not endure a rival: Pelham loved it so much, that he would endure anything. Walpole would risk his administration by driving every considerable man from court, rather than venture their rivalry: Pelham would employ any means to take able men out of the

opposition, though he ventured their engrossing his authority and outshining his capacity; but he dreaded abuse more than competition, and always bought off his enemies, to avoid their satire, rather than to acquire their support.

The historian, on the whole, regards Pelham's conduct on this point, though the less bold, as the more prudential. He acknowledges that the result of Sir Robert's driving away all able men from him was, to gain for himself but weak and uncertain assistance, while he always kept up a formidable opposition. But he might have grounded Sir Robert's failure on insulted justice, as well as on mistaken policy; for, by depriving able men of their natural right to official distinction, he did more than enfeeble himself,—he deprived the country of their services. Walpole's was the more daring plan, and Pelham's was palpably and abjectly pusillanimous; but the result of the one was, to reduce the government to a solitary minister, while the result of the other was always to form an effective cabinet. The former plan *may* subsist, during a period of national peril; but the return of public tranquillity, which, in England, is always the severest trial of governments, invariably shows the superior stability of the other.

Both were valued in private life.

"Walpole was fond of magnificence, and was generous to a fault: the other had neither ostentation nor avarice, and yet had but little generosity. The one was profuse to his family and friends, liberal indiscriminately, and unbounded to his tools and spies: the other loved his family and his friends, and enriched them as often as he could *steal an opportunity* from his extravagant bounty to his enemies and antagonists. Walpole was forgiving to a fault, if forgiveness be a fault. Pelham *never* forgave, but when he durst not resent! The one was most appreciated while he was minister; the other most, when he ceased to be minister. All men thought Pelham honest, *until* he was in power. Walpole was never thought so, until he was out."

Such is the lecture which this dexterous operator gives, knife in hand, over the corpses of the two most powerful men of their age.

Is it to be supposed that Ireland was doing nothing during this bustling period of English faction; Quite the contrary. It was in a flame, yet the subject was as insignificant as the indignation was profuse. One Jones, the court architect, was charged by the opposition with irregularities in his conduct, and was defended by the ministry. On the first division ministers had a ma-

jority, but it was almost a defeat, the majority amounting to but three. All Ireland resounded with acclamation. The "national cause" was to live, only with the expulsion of Jones from his office: and to perish irrecoverably, if he should draw another quarter's salary. His protectors were anathematized, his assailants were the models of patriotism. The populace made "bonfires of reproach" before the primate's house, a tolerably significant sign of what might happen to himself; and stopped the coaches in the streets, demanding of their passengers a pledge "whether they were for Ireland or England." Even the hackney coachmen exhibited their patriotic self-denial by the heroism of refusing to carry any fare to the Castle, the residence of the viceroy. The passion became even more powerful than duelling. A Dr. Andrews, of the Castle party, challenging Lambert, a member, at the door of the Commons, on some election squabble, Lambert said, "I shall go *first* into the House, and vote against that rascal Neville Jones." Andrews repeating the insult, and, as it seems, not allowing time for this patriotic vote, Lambert went in and complained; in consequence of which Andrews was ordered into custody; Carter, the Master of the Rolls,—for even the lawyers had caught fire on the occasion,—exclaiming of Andrews, "What! would that man force himself into a seat here, and for what? only to prostitute his vote to a man, the sworn enemy of his country" (Lord George Sackville, then Secretary for Ireland). The Speaker, too, was equally hostile. The government were finally defeated by 124 to 116. Never was ridiculous triumph more ridiculously triumphant. The strangers in the gallery huzzaed, the mob in the streets huzzaed. When Lord Kildare returned to his house (he had been the leader of the debate), there was a procession of some hours. All the world was rejoicing, Neville Jones was prostrated, Ireland had cast aside her sackcloth, and was henceforth to be rich, loyal, and happy. The triumph lasted during the night, and was forgotten in the morning. Jones covered his retreat with a pleasantry, saying—"So, after all, I am not to be In-igo, but Out-igo Jones," a piece of wit, which disposed many in that wit-loving land to believe, that he was not so very much a demon after all. But the revenge of government was longer lived than the popular rejoicing. The first intention was a general casting out of all who

had foiled them in the debate: a two-handed slaughter of officials—a massacre of the innocents. But the wrath cooled, and was satisfied with turning off Carter, master of the rolls; Malone, prime serjeant; Dilks, the quarter-master general; and abolishing the pension of Boyle, a near relative of the obnoxious speaker.

But a powerful man was now to be snatched away from the scene: Pelham died. He had been for some time suffering under the great disease of high life,—high living. His health had given way to many feasts, many physicians, and the Scarborough waters. He died on the 8th of March, 1754.

France next supplies the historian with another display. The two countries differ, even in the nineteenth century, by characteristics wholly irreconcilable; and they are both of a sterner order as time advances with both. But, in the eighteenth century, each country in its public transactions approached nearer to the propensities and passions of the drama. The rapid changes of the English cabinet—the clever circumventions of courtiers—the bold developments of political talent, and the dexterous intrigues of office—bore some resemblance to the graver comedy. On the other hand, the Court life of France was all a ballet, of which Versailles was the patent theatre. There all was show and scene-shifting, the tinsel of high life, and the frolic of brilliant frivolity. The minister was eclipsed by the mistress; the king was a buffoon in the hands of the courtier; and the government of a powerful nation was disposed of in the style of a flirtation behind the scenes.

Louis XV. had at this period grown weary of the faded graces of Madame de Pompadour, and selected for his favorite a woman of Irish extraction, of the name of Murphy. The monarch had stooped low enough, for his new sultana was the daughter of a shoemaker. The royal history was scarcely more profligate, than it was ridiculous. His Majesty, though the husband of a respectable queen, had seemed to regard every abomination of life as a royal privilege. He had first adopted the society of a Madame de Mailly, a clever coquette, but with the disqualification of being the utter reverse of handsome. Madame, to obviate the known truantry of the King, introduced her sister, Madame de Vintimille, as clever, but as ordinary as herself. The latter died in child-birth, supposed to

have been poisoned! The same family, however, supplied a third sultana, a very pretty personage, on whom the royal favor was lavished in the shape of a title, and she was created Duchess de Chateauroux.

But this course of rivalry was interrupted. The king was suddenly seized with illness. Fitzjames, Bishop of Soissons, came to the royal bedside, and remonstrated. The mistress was dismissed, with a kind of public disgrace, and the queen went in a sort of public pomp, to thank the saints for the royal repentance.

“But,” says Walpole, “as soon as the king’s health was re-established, the queen was sent to her prayers, the bishop to his diocese, and the duchess was recalled—but died suddenly.” He ends the narrative with a reflection as pointed and as bitter as that of any French chamberlain in existence:—“Though a jealous sister may be disposed to despatch a rival, can we believe that *bishops and confessors* poison?”

Madame de Pompadour had reigned paramount for a longer period than any of those Medæas and Circes. Walpole describes her as all that was charming in person and in manners. But nearer observers have denied her the praise of more than common good looks, and more than vulgar animation. She, however, evidently understood the art of managing her old fool, and of keeping influence by the aid of his ministers. Madame mingled eagerly in politics, purchased dependants, paid her instruments well, gave the gayest of all possible entertainments—a resistless source of superiority in France—had a purse for many, and a smile for more; by her liveliness kept up the spirits of the old king, who was now vibrating between vice and superstition; fed, fêted, and flattered the noblesse, by whom she was libelled, and *worshipped*; and with all the remaining decencies of France exclaiming against her, but with all its factions, its private licentiousness, and its political corruption, rejoicing in her reign; she flourished before the eyes of Europe, the acknowledged ruler of the throne.

Can we wonder that this throne fell—that this career of glaring guilt was followed by terrible retribution—that this bacchanalian revel was inflamed into national phrensy—that this riot of naked vice was to be punished and extinguished by the dungeon and the scaffold?

Walpole, though formed in courts, fashioned in politics, and a haunter of high life to the last, now and then exhibits a

feeling worthy of a manlier vocation, and an honest time. "If I do not forbid myself censure," says he, "at least I shall shun that poison of histories, flattery. How has it predominated in writers! My Lord Bacon was almost as profuse of his incense to the memory of dead kings, as he was infamous for clouding the memory of the living with it. Commynes, an honest writer, though I fear, by the masters whom he pleased, not a much less servile courtier, says that the virtues of Louis XI. preponderated over his vices. Even Voltaire has in a manner purified the dross of adulation which contemporary authors had squandered on Louis XIV. by adopting and refining it after the tyrant was dead."

He then becomes courageous, and writes in his castle of Strawberry Hill, what he never would have dared to breathe in the circle of St. James's. "If anything can shock one of those mortal divinities, and they must be shocked before they can be corrected, it would be to find, that the truth would be related of them at last. Nay, is it not cruel to them to hallow their memories? One is sure that they will never hear truth; shall they not even have a chance of reading it?"

In all great political movements, where the authority of a nation has been shaken, we are strongly inclined to think that the shock has originated in mal-administration at home. Some of the most remarkable passages in these volumes relate to our early neglect of the American colonies. In the perpetual struggles of public men for power, the remote world of the West seemed to be wholly forgotten, or to be remembered only when an old governor was recalled, or a new creature of office sent out. Those great provinces had been in the especial department of the Secretary of State, assisted by the Board of Trade. That secretary had been the Duke of Newcastle, a man whose optics seem never to have reached beyond Whitehall. It would scarcely be credited what reams of papers, representations, memorials, and petitions from that quarter of the world lay mouldering and unopened in his office. He even knew as little of the geography of his province, as of the state of it. During the war, while the French were encroaching on the frontier, when General Ligonier hinted some defence for Annapolis, he replied in his evasive, lisping hurry, "Annapolis. Oh, yes, Annapolis must be defended—Where is Annapolis?"

But a more serious impolicy was exhibited in the neglect of American claims to distinctions and offices. No cabinet seems ever to have thought of attaching the rising men of the colonies, by a fair and natural distribution of honors. Excepting a few trifling offices, scarcely more than menial, under the staff of the British governors, or commissions in the provincial militia, the promotion of an American was scarcely ever heard of. The result was natural,—the English blood was soured in the American veins; the original spirit of the colonist became first sullen, and then hostile. It was natural, as the population grew more numerous; while individual ability found itself thwarted in its progress, and insulted by the preference of strangers to all the offices of the country, that the feelings of the people should ponder upon change. Nothing could be more impolitic than this careless insult, and nothing more calamitous in its consequences. The intelligent lawyer, the enterprising merchant, the hardy soldier, and America had them all, grew bitter against the country of their ancestors. It would scarcely be believed, that the Episcopal Church was almost wholly abandoned to weakness, poverty, and unpopularity, and even no bishop was sent to superintend the exertions, or sustain the efficacy, or cement the connexion of the Church in America with the Church in England. The whole of the united provinces were, by the absurd fiction of a sinecure law, "in the diocese of London!" Of course, in the first collision, the Church was swept away like chaff before the wind. An Episcopal Church has since risen in the room: but it has now no further connexion with its predecessor than some occasional civilities offered to its tourist bishops on presenting their cards at Lambeth, or the rare appearance of a volume of sermons transmitted to our public libraries.

Another capital fault was committed in the administration of those great colonies: they had been peopled chiefly by emigrants of the humbler order. Leaving England chiefly in times of national disturbance, they had carried with them the seeds of republicanism; but all men love public honors, and Englishmen love them as much as any others. Hereditary honors, too, are the most valuable of all, from their giving a certain rank to those objects of our regard, which every honest and high-minded man values most, his children. To be the founder of a family is the most honor-

able, the most gratifying, and the most permanent reward of public talents. The Americans of our day affect to abhor a peerage; though no people on earth are more tenacious of the trifling and temporary titles of office. Nothing could have been easier at this period, than the creation of an aristocracy in America; and nothing could have been wiser. The landed proprietors, and there were some of vast possessions; the leading men of commerce, and there were some of great wealth; and the principal lawyers, and there were men of eloquence and ability among them—would have formed the *nucleus* of an aristocracy purely English, closely connected with the English throne as the fountain of honor, and not less strongly bound to English allegiance. An Episcopacy, of all ties the most powerful, required only a word for its creation. And in this manly, generous, and free-spirited connexion, the colonies would have grown with the growth of England; have shunned all the bitter collisions of rival interests; have escaped the actual wars which inflicted disaster on both; and, by the first of all benefits to America, she would have obtained the means of resisting that supremacy of faction, which is now hurrying her into all the excesses of democracy.

In Canada we are still pursuing the same system, inevitably to be followed by the same fruits. We are suffering it to be filled with men of the lowest order of society; with the peasant, the small dealer, the fugitive, and the pauper. Those men no sooner acquire personal independence, than they aim at political. But who ever hears of a title of honor among even the ablest, the most gallant, or the most attached of the Canadian colonists? The French acted more rationally. Their Canadians have a noblesse, and that noblesse to this moment keep their station, and keep up the interest of France in Canada. Our obvious policy would be, to conciliate the leading men by titles of honor, to conciliate the rising generation by giving them the offices of their own country, and make it a principle of colonial government, that while the command of the forces, or the governor-generalship, should be supplied from home, every office below those ranks should be given to those brave and intelligent individuals of the colony who had best earned them. We should then hear of no factions, no revolts, and no republicanism in Canada.

It is a curious contrast to the present

state of things, that during the long reign of George II., government was simply a game. Half a dozen powerful men were the players. The king was merely the looker-on, the people knew no more of the matter than the passers-by through Pall-Mall know of the performances going on within the walls of its club-houses. It must shock our present men of the mob to hear of national interests tossed about like so many billiard balls by those powdered and ruffled handlers of the cue. Yet everything is to be judged of by the result. Public life was never exhibited on a more showy scale. Parliament never abounded with more accomplished ability. England never commanded higher influence with Europe. If her commerce has since become more extensive, it was then more secure, and if the victories of our own time have been on a scale of magnitude which throws the past into the shade, our fleets and armies then gave proofs of a gallantry which no subsequent triumphs could transcend.

It cannot be doubted, that the habits of that rank to which the statesmen of that day were born, naturally influenced their views of political transactions. Though party unquestionably existed in all its force among them, there was no faction. If there was a strong competition for power, there was little of the meanness of modern intrigue; and a minister of the days of George II. would no more have stooped to the rabble popularity than he would have availed himself of its assistance or dreaded its alienation.

We now come to one of those negotiations which, like a gust of wind against a tree, while they seemed to shake, only strengthened the cabinet. A violent attack had been made in the house upon Sir Thomas Robinson, a great favorite with the king. Walpole strikes off his character with his usual spirit. Sir Thomas had been bred in German courts, and was rather restored, than naturalized to the genius of Germany. He had German honor, loved German politics, and "could explain himself as little" as if he spoke "only German." Walpole attributes Sir Thomas's political distinctions simply to Newcastle's necessity for finding out men of talents inferior to his own, "notwithstanding the difficulty of the discovery." Yet if the duke had intended to please his master, he could not have done it more happily than by presenting him with so congenial a servant. The king, "with such a secretary in his closet, felt himself in the very Elysium of Heren-hausen."

Then follows a singular conversation between the king and Fox. The Duke of Newcastle saw this power tottering, and had begun to look out for new allies. His first thought was to dismiss Pitt, the next and more natural was to "try to sweeten Fox." Accordingly, on the morning of the 29th, the king sent for Fox, reproached him for concurring to wrong Sir Thomas Robinson, and asked him if he had united with Pitt to oppose his measures. Fox assured him he had not, and that he had given his honor that he would resign first. Then, said the king, will you stand up and carry on my measures in the House of Commons, as you can do with spirit. Fox replied, I must know, sir, what means I shall have. "It would be better for you," said the king, "you shall have favor, advantage, and confidence," but would not explain particulars, only asking if he would go to the Duke of Newcastle.

"I must, if you command me," said Fox, "go and say I have forgot everything."

"No," replied the king, "I have a good opinion of you. You have abilities and honesty, but you are too warm. I will send a common friend, Lord Waldegrave. I have obligations to you that I never mentioned. The prince tried you, and you would not join him, and yet you made no merit of it to me."

Mingled with these memoirs are appendices of anecdote, and those anecdotes generally of remarkable characters. Among the rest is a sketch of the famous Count Bruhl, one of these men who figured in Europe as the grand burlesque of ministerial life, or rather of that life, which in the East raises a slave into the highest appointments of the state, and after showing him as a slipper-bearer, places him beside the throne. The extravagances of the court of Saxony at that period were proverbial, the elector being King of Poland, and lavishing the revenues of his electorate alike on his kingdom and person. While the court was borrowing at an interest of ten per cent. the elector was lavishing money as if it rained from the skies. He had just wasted £200,000 sterling on two royal marriages, given £100,000 sterling for the Duke of Modena's gallery of pictures, given pensions in Poland amounting to £50,000 sterling above what he received, and enabled Count Bruhl personally to spend £60,000 a year.

This favorite of fortune, originally of a good family, was only a page to the late king, and had the education of a page. By

his assiduity, and being never absent from the king's side, he became necessary to this marvellously idle monarch; he himself, next to the monarch, being, probably, the idlest man in his dominions. The day of a German prime minister seems to have been a succession of formal idleness. Bruhl rose at six in the morning, the only instance of activity in his career. But he was obliged to attend the king before nine, after having read the letters of the morning. With the king he stayed until the hour of mass, which was at eleven. From mass he went to the Countess Moyensha, where he remained till twelve. From her house he adjourned to dinner with the king, or to his own house, where he was surrounded by a circle of profligates, of his own choosing. After dinner he undressed, and went to sleep till five. He then dressed, for the second time in the day, each time occupying him an hour. At six he went to the king, with whom he stayed till seven. At seven he always went to some assembly, where he played deep, the Countess Moyensha being always of the party. At ten he supped, and at twelve he went to bed. Thus did the German contrive to mingle statesmanship with folly, and the rigid regularities of a life not to be envied by a horse in a mill, with the feeble frivolities of a child in the nursery. His expenses were immense; he kept three hundred servants, and as many horses. Yet he lived without elegance, and even without comfort. His house was a model of extravagance and bad taste. He had contracted a mania for building, and had at least a dozen country seats, which he scarcely ever visited. This enormous expenditure naturally implied extraordinary resources, and he was said to sell all the great appointments in Poland without mercy.

Frederick of Prussia described him exactly, when he said, that "of all men of his age he had the most watches, dresses, lace, boots, shoes, and slippers. Cæsar would have put him among those well dressed and perfumed heads of which he was not afraid." But this mixture of prodigality and profligacy was not to go unpunished, even on its own soil. Bruhl involved Saxony in a war with Frederick. Nothing could be more foolish than the beginning of the war, except its conduct. The Prussian king, the first soldier in Europe, instantly out-maneuvred the Saxons, shut up their whole army at Pirna, made them lay down their arms, and took possession of Dresden. The king and his minister took to flight.

This was the extinction of Bruhl's power. On his return to Dresden, after peace had been procured, he lost his protector, the king. The new elector dismissed him from his offices. He died in 1764.

Some scattered anecdotes of Doddington are characteristic of the man and of the time. Soon after the arrival of Frederick Prince of Wales in England, Doddington set up for a favorite, and carried the distinction to the pitifulness of submitting to all the caprices of his royal highness; among other instances, submitting to the practical joke of being rolled up in a blanket, and trundled down stairs.

Doddington had been already spoken of as a wit; and even Walpole, fastidious as he was, gives some instances of that readiness which delights the loungers of high life. Lord Sunderland, a fellow commissioner of the treasury, was a very dull man. One day as they left the board, Sunderland laughed heartily about something which Doddington had said, and, when gone, Winnington observed, "Doddington, you are very ungrateful. You call Sunderland stupid and slow, and yet you see how quickly he took what you said." "Oh no," was the reply, "he was only now laughing at what I said last treasury day."

Trenchard, a neighbor, telling him, that though his pinery was extensive, he contrived, by applying the fire and the tan to other purposes, to make it so advantageous that he believed he got a shilling by every pineapple he ate, "Sir," said Doddington, "I would eat them for half the money." Those are but the easy pleasantries of a man of conversation. The following is better:—Doddington had a habit of falling asleep after dinner. One day, dining with Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, &c., he was reproached with his drowsiness. He denied having been asleep, and to prove his assertion, offered to repeat all that Cobham had been saying. He was challenged to do so. In reply, he repeated a story; and Cobham acknowledged that he had been telling it. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I did not hear a word of it. But I went to sleep because I knew that, about this time of day, you would tell that story."

There are few things more singular than the want of taste, amounting to the ludicrous, which is sometimes visible in the mansions of public men, who have great opulence at their disposal. Walpole himself, when he became rich, was an instance of this bad taste in the laborious frivolity of

his decorations at Strawberry hill. But in Doddington we have a man of fashion, living, during his whole career, in the highest circles, familiar with everything that was graceful and classical in the arts, and yet exhibiting at home the most ponderous and tawdry pomp. At his mansion at Eastbury, in the great bed-chamber, hung with the richest red velvet, was pasted on "every panel of the velvet of his crest, a hunting horn, supported by an eagle, cut out in gilt leather, while the footcloth round his bed was a mosaic of the pocket flaps and cuffs of all his embroidered clothes."

He was evidently very fond of this crest, for in his villa at Hammersmith (afterwards the well known Brandenburg House) his crest in pebbles was stuck in the centre of the turf before his door. The chimney-piece was hung with spars representing icicles round the fire, and a bed of purple lined with orange was crowned by a dome of peacock's feathers. The great gallery, to which was a beautiful door of white marble, supported by two columns of lapis lazuli, was not only filled with busts and statues, but had an inlaid floor of marble, and all this weight was above stairs. One day showing it to Edward, Duke of York (brother of George III.), Doddington said, Sir, some persons tell me, that this room ought to be on the ground. "Be easy, Mr. Doddington," said the prince, "it will soon be there."

At length this reign, which began in doubt of the succession, and was carried on in difficulties both political and commercial, came to a close in the memorable prosperity. The British arms were triumphant in every quarter, and the king had arrived at the height of popularity and fortune, when the sudden bursting of a ventricle of the heart put an end to his life in October, 1760, in his seventy-seventh year, and the thirty-third of his possession of the throne.

A general glance at the reigns of the first three Georges, might form a general view of the operations of party. In other kingdoms, the will of the monarch or the talents of the minister alone stand before the eye of the historian. In England, a third power exists, more efficient than either, and moulding the character of both, and this is party, the combination of able members of the legislature, united by similarity of views, and continuing a systematic struggle for the supremacy. This influence makes the minister, and directs even the sitter on the throne. And this influence,

belonging solely to a free government, is essential to its existence. It is the legitimate medium between the people and the crown. It is the peaceful organ of that public voice which, without it, would speak only in thunder. It is that great preservative principle, which, like the tides of the ocean, purifies, invigorates, and animates the whole mass, without rousing it into storm.

The reign of George the First was a continual effort of the constitutional spirit against the remnants of papistry and tyranny, which still adhered to the government of England. The reign of the second George was a more decided advance of constitutional rights, powers, and feelings. The pacific administration of Walpole made the nation commercial; and when the young Pretender landed in Scotland, in 1745, he found adherents only in the wild gallantry and feudal faith of the clans. In England Jacobitism had already perished. It had undergone that death from which there is no restoration. It had been swept away from the recollections of the country, by the influx of active and opulent prosperity. The brave mountaineer might exult at the sight of the Jacobite banner, and follow it boldly over hill and dale. But the Englishman was no longer the man of feudalism. The wars of the Roses could be renewed no more. He was no longer the fierce retainer of the baron, or the armed vassal of the king. He had rights and possessions of his own, and he valued both too much to cast them away in civil conflict, for claims which had become emaciated by the lapse of years, and sacrifice freedom for the superstitious romance of a vanished royalty.

Thus the last enterprise of Jacobitism was closed in the field, and the bravery of the Highlander was thenceforth, with better fortune, to be distinguished in the service of the empire.

The reign of the third George began with the rise of a new influence. Jacobitism had been trampled. Hanover and St. Germans were no longer rallying cries. Even Whig and Tory were scarcely more than imaginary names. The influence now was that of family. The two great divisions of the aristocracy, the old and the new, were in the field. The people were simply spectators. The fight was in the Homeric style. Great champions challenged each other. Achilles Chatham brandished his spear, and flashed his divine armor against the defenders of the throne, until

he became himself the defender. The Ajax, the Diomed, and the whole tribe of the classic leaders, might have found their counterparts in the eminent men who successively appeared in the front of the struggle; and the nation looked on with justified pride, and Europe with natural wonder, at the intellectual resources which could supply so noble and so prolonged a display of ability. The oratorical and legislative names of the first thirty years of the reign of George the Third have not been surpassed in any legislature of the world.

But a still more important period, a still more strenuous struggle, and a still more illustrious triumph, was to come. The British parliament was to be the scene of labors exerted not for Britain alone, but for the globe. The names of Pitt, Fox, Burke, and a crowd of men of genius, trained by their example, and following their career, are cosmopolite. They belong to all countries and to all generations. Their successors not only swept the most dangerous of all despotisms from the field, but opened that field for an advance of human kind to intellectual victories, which may yet throw all the trophies of the past into the shade.

TOO MUCH ANXIETY.—Of the causes of disease, anxiety of mind is one of the most frequent and important. When we walk the streets of large commercial towns, we can scarcely fail to remark the hurried gait and careworn features of the well-dressed passengers. Some young men, indeed, we may see with countenances possessing natural cheerfulness and color; but these appearances rarely survive the age of manhood. Cuvier closes an eloquent description of animal existence and change with the conclusion that "life is a state of force." What he would urge in a physical view, we may more strongly urge in a moral. Civilization has changed our character of mind as well as of body. We live in a state of unnatural excitement; because it is partial, irregular, and excessive. Our muscles waste for *want* of action; our nervous system is worn out by *excess* of action. Vital energy is drawn from the operations for which nature designed it, and devoted to operations which it never contemplated.—*Thackeray.*

EFFECT OF LIGHT UPON HEALTH.—There is a marked difference in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect in regard to the sun. Those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to direct light. It is well known that epidemics attack the inhabitants of the shady side of a street, and totally exempt those of the other side.—*Dr. Moore.*

From the North British Review.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR AND THE ANGLO-NORMANS.

Biographia Britannica Literaria. A Literary History of the United Kingdom. By THOMAS WRIGHT, M. A., &c.
Second Volume. Anglo-Norman Period. Parker, London. 1846.

"THE study of liberty is almost entirely contained in the study of history." One of the greatest proficient in this study has made the following emphatic statement: "Liberty—the first social want and condition—has yielded nowhere but to force and an armed conquest. It is terror alone which has made slaves among men of every race. Open history at any part you will, take at hazard the climate and epoch, if you meet with a colony of men, whether enlightened or still savage, living under a system of servitude, be certain that in looking back you will find a conquest, and that these men are the conquered. Similarly, if you remark a population quartered in some inaccessible place, who have preserved it against the invasion of a foreign race, be sure that on visiting it, you will find liberty there. This perpetual distinction is the key of social history."*

A key, however, with which few historians are acquainted. The standing-point with writers of this class, in general, is not the field or the street where the vanquished population, despoiled of their property and their rights, toil and suffer, but the castles and palaces of their masters. Attracted by physical power—dazzled by the false splendour of courts—their heroes are not patriots struggling for freedom, the dearest possession and the divine right of man—but the royal or imperial robbers who have made flourishing nations desolate. Armies, battles, victories, confiscations, court intrigues, and the fortunes of royal families—often vicious imbeciles, who never uttered a thought or performed a deed with the design of benefiting mankind—these are the themes of popular and school histories. According to them man, as man, is essentially ignoble. His intellect, his virtue, his divine likeness go for nothing. If he is socially unfortunate, he is morally degraded. Successful wickedness alone can elevate him so as to give him a prominent place on the page of history, and a niche in the temple of fame.

The English nation consists of complex elements. To know it truly it must be ana-

lysed; and this cannot be done while these elements flow on together in the mighty stream of modern society. We must go back to the past, examine the confluent forces at the moment of their meeting, and trace their conflict downward, yielding more and more as they advance to a peaceful homogeneousness and a patriotic unity. It was thus that Sir Walter Scott, whom a high authority has pronounced "the greatest master of historical divination that ever existed," was enabled to produce his *Ivanhoe*. In this splendid creation of his unrivalled genius, he exhibits the Normans and Saxons, conquerors and conquered, still trembling before one another 120 years after the Conquest.

"The novel of *Ivanhoe* places us four generations after the invasion of the Normans. At this period the historian Hume can only present to us a King of England, without telling us what a king is or what he means by *England*; while Walter Scott, entering profoundly into the examination of events, shows us classes of men—distinct interests and conditions—two nations—a double language—customs which repel and combat each other;—on one side tyranny and insolence, on the other misery and hatred—real developments of the drama of the Conquest, of which the battle of Hastings was only the prelude. Many of the vanquished have perished, many yielded to the yoke, but many still protest against it. The *Saxon slave* has not forgotten the liberty of his fathers, nor found repose in bondage. To him his masters are still foreign usurpers. He feels his dependence, and does not believe it to be a social necessity. He knows what were his rights to the inheritance which he no longer possesses. The conqueror, on his side, does not yet disguise his domination under a vain and false appearance of political aristocracy. He calls himself *Norman*, not gentleman. It is as a Norman soldier he reigns over those who submitted to the sword of his ancestors. We find in him the vain and distrustful conqueror, attributing the origin of his fortune to the superiority of his nature; believing himself of a better race and purer blood; qualifying his race with the epithet of *noble*; employing, on the contrary, the name of *Saxon* as an injurious epithet—saying that he kills the Saxon without scruple, and *ennobles* a Saxon woman by disposing of her against her will; pretending that his Saxon subjects possess nothing that is not his; and threatening, if they become rebellious, to scalp them."—(THIERRY.)

* A. Thierry's Historical Essays. Ess. XV.

Hume relates that when Count de Varenne, who possessed 28 towns and 288 manors, was questioned as to his right of property, he drew his sword and said, "These are my titles. William the Bastard was not alone when he took possession of this soil; my ancestor was of the expedition." Let us, then, take a rapid view of the most striking and interesting features of this great revolution, which has left such deep traces in our national character, and in the political constitution of our country. We may thus learn more real history in a few pages than in many volumes of dry details, unpervaded by the influence of great primitive and vital facts.

William Duke of Normandy was in his park near Rouen, trying a new bow and arrows, when he received tidings of the death of Edward King of England, and of the elevation of Harold, son of Godwin, to the vacant throne. He suddenly became thoughtful, passed the bow to one of his men, crossed the Seine, and repaired to his hotel at Rouen. There he paced the great hall backwards and forwards, now sitting down, now hastily rising again, agitated by a mighty thought which would not let him rest anywhere. "Sire," said one of his officers most familiar with him, "why should you conceal from us your news? It is commonly reported in the city that the King of England is dead, and that Harold, breaking his faith with thee, has seized the kingdom."—"They say true; my chagrin is caused by Edward's death, and the wrong done me by Harold."—"Well, Sire, do not be angry about a thing which can be mended: For Edward's death there is no remedy; but for Harold's wrong there is. Your's is the good right and you have valiant knights. Undertake boldly; that which is boldly undertaken is half accomplished."

Soon after this a messenger from Normandy addressed King Harold in these words:—"William, Duke of the Normans, sends to remind thee of the oath which thou hast sworn to him with thy mouth and with thy hand upon good and holy relics."—"Tis true," replied the Saxon king, "that I took an oath to William; but I took it under constraint. I promised what did not belong to me—a promise which I could not in any way perform. My royal authority is not my own. I could not lay it down against the will of the country; nor can I against the will of the country take a foreign wife. As for my sister, whom the Duke claims that he may marry her to one

of his chiefs, she has died within the year: Would he have me send her corpse?"

The first step William took for the establishment of his claim to the crown of England, was to arraign the King for sacrilege before the Roman court, demanding that England should be laid under an interdict, and declared the property of him who should first take possession, subject to the Pope's approval. Though Harold disdained to defend himself before a foreign tribunal against one who had violated hospitality and converted holy things into a snare, the question was solemnly adjudicated by the cardinals, at that time guided and controlled by Hildebrand, to whose gigantic scheme of universal temporal as well as spiritual domination this quarrel might be made subservient. The sentence pronounced was, that William Duke of Normandy had a right to enter England, and bring it into obedience to the Holy See, and to re-establish for ever the tax of *Peter's pence*. Harold and all his adherents were excommunicated by a papal bull, which was transmitted to William by the hands of his envoy, with the gift of a banner, which had received the "Apostolic" blessing.

In the meantime, say the Chronicles, William convoked a great assembly of the men of all classes in Normandy, of warriors, priests, and merchants, who possessed the greatest wealth and consideration. To them he unfolded his project, and solicited their assistance. Having retired for deliberation, there arose among them violent difference of opinion, and words ran high. The majority declared—"Whatever he has to perform in his own country we will assist him in, as it is our duty to do; but we are not bound to aid him in conquering the country of others. Besides, if we were once to offer him double knight's service, and to follow him beyond the sea, he would make it a custom and right for the future, and would use it to oppress our children. It cannot and it shall not be so!" Groups of ten, twenty, and thirty, began to collect together and dispute; the tumult became general, and the meeting separated without coming to any decision.

William, though surprised and enraged at this result, suppressed his feelings, and adopted a plan which has rarely failed in the hands of men in power to overcome popular resistance. He sent for the leaders of the opposition, and conversed with them separately, entreating them as a personal favor to assist him in the expedition, and

promising them rich rewards. No one had heart, when thus solicited, to refuse his sovereign in such an emergency. One subscribed for vessels, another for well-appointed men-at-arms; and many promised to accompany him in person. The priests gave their money, the merchants their stuffs, the country people their provisions. At this juncture the consecrated banner, authorizing the invasion, arrived from Rome. This visible token of what that age considered divine sanction, added sacredness to the cause, and kindled the enthusiasm of the multitude. Mothers now sent their sons to enlist for the salvation of their souls. William had his proclamation of war speedily published in the neighboring countries, offering good pay and the plunder of England to every tall and stout man who would serve him with a spear, sword, or cross-bow. A multitude came by all roads from far and near—from Maine, Anjou, Poitou, Brittany, France, Aquitaine, Burgundy, Piedmont, and the banks of the Rhine. "All the adventurers by profession, all the outcasts of Western Europe, came eagerly and by forced marches. Some were cavaliers; others simply foot soldiers. Some asked for pay in money—others only for a passage and all the booty they could make. Many stipulated for land among the English—a demesne, a castle, or a town, while others would be satisfied with some rich Saxon woman for a wife. William rejected no one, but promised favors to all, according to his ability." One Remi of Fescamp fancied a Saxon bishopric, and William gave him one in prospect on his furnishing a ship and twenty men-at-arms.

The fleet assembled at the mouth of the Dive, where it was detained a month by unfavorable winds. During this dispiriting delay, sickness and death began to thin the Norman ranks. The soldiers murmured and repented of the enterprise—exclaiming, "Mad and foolish is the man who seeks to possess himself of another's kingdom; God is offended at such designs, and shows his displeasure by refusing us a fair wind." Even the strong mind of the Duke became the prey of anxiety. He had the dead secretly buried at night, and added ardent spirits to the rations of the men. Policy also suggested the expediency of a grand procession of relics, in order to revive the drooping faith of his followers. By a lucky coincidence the wind suddenly changed—the sun shone out through the clouds in splendor, and the fleet put out to sea, led

on by the Duke's vessel, bearing at the mast-head the banner of the Pope, and having the Norman ensign, of three lions, painted on the many-colored sails.

On the 28th of September, 1066, William reached the English shore with 700 ships, and 60,000 fighting men. They landed at Pevensey, near Hastings, three days after king Harold's victory over their friends the Norwegians. First came forth the archers with their short habits and shorn heads. The cavaliers appeared next, clad in coats of mail, and wearing helmets of polished iron, nearly of a conical shape, armed with long and heavy lances, and straight two-edged swords. After these came the workmen of the army, pioneers, carpenters and smiths; and, last of all, the destined conqueror himself, who, in setting his foot on the land, made a false step, and fell on his face. "God preserve us! a bad omen!" cried the multitude. "What is the matter with you?" promptly demanded the Duke; "I have seized on this land with both my hands, and, by the splendor of God, as much as there is of it, it is yours!" The army then marched to the town of Hastings, near which they encamped, erected their tents and wooden castles, and furnished them with provisions. In the meantime, bodies of soldiers overran all the neighboring country, plundering and burning as they went. The English fled from their homes, concealed their furniture and cattle, and flocked to the churches and church-yards, which they naturally thought the most secure asylums from enemies who were Christians like themselves. But they found the sanctity of places a poor defence against the cupidity of the human heart.

Harold, though weary and wounded after his victory, hastened from York to defend his country, which he rashly resolved to risk in a battle with an army four times as numerous as his own. Against this, several of his chiefs remonstrated, advising him to retire to London, ravaging the country by the way, in order to reduce the enemy by famine. But the generous Harold answered, "Shall I ravage the country which has been intrusted to my care? Upon my faith, it would be an act of treason! I will rather try the chances of a battle, with the few men I have, and trust to my own valor and the goodness of my cause." One of his officers said, "We *must* fight; they come not only to ruin us, but to ruin our descendants also; and to take from us the country of our ancestors." The English

promised, by an unanimous oath, to make neither peace, nor truce, nor treaty with the invader, but either to die or expel the Normans.

On the ground which henceforward bore the name of *Battle*, the Anglo-Saxon lines occupied a long chain of hills, fortified with a rampart of stakes and osier hurdles. In the night of the 13th of October, William announced, that next day would commence the battle. The priests and monks, in great numbers, attracted like the soldiers with the hope of booty, began to say prayers and sing litanies, while the fighting men were preparing their arms. This done, they confessed their sins, and received the sacrament. On the other side, the English diverted themselves with great noise, singing their old national songs around their watch-fires, and drinking freely of wine and beer. In the morning, the Bishop of Bayeux, who was the Duke's half-brother, celebrated mass in the Norman camp, and solemnly blessed the soldiers. He then mounted a large white horse, seized a baton of command, and drew up the cavalry in line of battle. William, mounted on a Spanish charger,—the most venerated of the relics, sworn on by Harold, suspended from his neck, and the standard consecrated by the Pope borne by his side—thus addressed the troops when about to advance to the charge:—

“Remember to fight well, and put all to death; for if we conquer, we shall all be rich. What I gain, you will gain. If I conquer, you will conquer. If I take this land, you shall have it. Know, however, that I am not come here only to obtain my right, but also to avenge our whole nation for the felonies, perjuries, and treacheries of these English. They put to death the Danes, men and women, on St. Brice's night. They decimated the companions of my kinsman, Alfred, and took his life. Come on, then, and let us, with God's blessing, chastise them for all these misdeeds.” The priests then retired to a neighboring height to assist in the pious homicide with their prayers.

At first, the Normans were repeatedly driven back—a report went through the ranks that the duke was dead, and a panic seized the army, which began to retreat; but with his accustomed presence of mind, he threw himself before them, pulled off his helmet, assured them of his safety, and promised them victory. Then, by a skillful manœuvre, he threw the English off

their guard, drew them from their strongholds, and won the day. King Harold, and his two brothers, were found dead at the foot of the national standard, which was instantly plucked up, and the Roman banner planted in its stead. The remains of the small English army, without chief or standard, prolonged the struggle till night, and fought on in the dark, when the combatants could recognise one another only by their language, while the French shouts of victory resounded from hill to hill. Having thus done for their country all that valor could accomplish, the patriot soldiers dispersed. Many died on the roads, from their wounds and the fatigues of the day. The rest were pursued hotly by the Norman cavalry, who gave quarter to none.

Thus perished in one day the Anglo-Saxon sovereignty, and the rich realm of England became the possession of strangers. The Anglo-Saxon chroniclers refer to this fatal day in the most mournful strains:—“England,” exclaims one, “what shall I say of thee to our descendants? That thou hast lost thy national king, and hast fallen under the domination of foreigners—that thy sons have perished miserably,—that thy councillors and chieftains are vanquished, slain, or disinherited!” Long after this, patriotic superstition discerned traces of fresh blood on the battle-ground; and, according to the religion of the times, William, who was pious in his way, made a vow that he would erect a monastery on this spot, to the Holy Trinity and St. Martin!

After dividing the spoils of the dead, the conquerors marched towards London, desolating the country as they advanced. In the meantime, Norman intrigues were busy in that city, taking advantage of the divisions which they fomented among the Saxon authorities. These intrigues were skillfully conducted by the prelates, some of whom advised submission to him who came with the banner of St. Peter, and the Bull of the Pope, yielding a blind obedience to ecclesiastical power, or actuated by political cowardice. Others, of foreign origin, gained over beforehand by the Norman pretender, were playing the part for which they had been paid in money or in promises. Alarmed for the safety of the city, the *hanseward*, or mayor, recommended that terms should be made with the ravaging invader. They sent a deputation to the camp, whom William outwitted and blinded with gifts—promising everything, but

pledging himself to nothing. A vain confidence in his justice and clemency speedily took the place of stupifying terror. The highest dignitaries in church and state, went forth and formally made their submission, taking the oaths of peace and allegiance. He assured them, upon his honor, that he would treat them mildly; yet, on his way to London, he allowed all that lay in his course to be devastated. At St. Albans, he noticed some large trees across the road, evidently designed to obstruct his progress. He summoned the abbot, and sternly demanded why he allowed his timber to be thus cut down. "I have but done my duty," answered the Saxon monk, "and if all my order had done the same, as they might, and ought to have done, perhaps thou wouldst not have penetrated so far into our country."

On Christmas day, William the Conqueror was crowned in Westminster Abbey, by the archbishop of York. As soon as London and the southern and eastern coasts were secured, the soldiers applied themselves to the dividing of the booty. Commissioners were sent through the whole extent of the garrisoned country. They made exact inventories of all the estates, public and private, registering them with great care and minuteness in a record which was expressively called *Doomsday Book* by the Saxons. Of all who died in battle, of all who survived their defeat, and of all who intended to fight, but were prevented, the property of every kind was confiscated. The latter class, however, were permitted to hope, that by strict obedience to their new masters, not themselves, but their children might obtain some portion of their paternal inheritance. Such was the law of conquest.

By this confiscation, an immense amount of property was placed at the disposal of the new-comers. William, of course, kept to himself the lion's share. This embraced all the treasures of the ancient kings, and everything rare and precious that could be found in the shops. A part of these he sent to Pope Alexander, together with Harold's standard. All the churches abroad in which psalms had been sung and tapers burned for the success of the invasion, received, in recompense, crosses, chalices, and stuffs of gold. After the king and the priests, the warriors came in for their portion, each according to his rank and engagement. The barons and knights got extensive domains, castles, town lands, and even

entire towns. Some took their pay in money; others were married to noble Saxon ladies, heiresses to great possessions, whose husbands had been slain in battle. "One alone among all the warriors in the conqueror's train, claimed neither land, nor gold, nor women, and would accept no part of the spoils of the vanquished. His name was Guilbert. He said he had accompanied his lord, because it was his duty, but he would not take any of the fruits of robbery."

Citadels and fortified castles soon covered the conquered territory. The disinherited natives were also disarmed, and compelled to swear allegiance to the new government by which they had been plundered. The lot of the men was servitude and poverty; that of the women, insults and violence. Such as were not taken *par mariage*, were taken *par amours*—the sport of foreign masters, whose low origin was indicated by their names. But the meanest of them was master in the house of the vanquished. "Ignoble squires, impure vagabonds," said the old annalists, "disposed, at their pleasure, of young women of the best families, leaving them to weep and to wish for death. Those despicable men, yielding to unbridled licentiousness, were themselves astonished at their villany. They became mad with pride at finding themselves so powerful. Whatever they had the will, they believed they had the right to do: they shed blood in wantonness. They snatched the last morsel of bread from the mouths of the unfortunate; they seized everything—money, goods, and lands."

The man who had crossed the sea with quilted cassock and the black wooden bow of the French soldier, now appeared to the astonished eyes of the new recruits who came after him, mounted on a war-horse and bearing the military baldrick. He who had arrived as a poor knight, soon lifted his banner (as it was then expressed), and commanded a company whose rallying cry was his own name. The herdmen of Normandy and the weavers of Flanders, with a little courage and good fortune, soon became in England men of consequence—illustrious barons; and their names, ignoble and obscure on one side of the Straits, became noble and glorious on the other. The servants of the Norman man-at-arms became *gentlemen* in England, whilst the once wealthy and titled Saxon was expelled from the home of his fathers, and had not where to lay his head. In

this new nobility, after the royal style and title of William, was classed the dignity of the governor of a province, as a count or earl; next to him that of lieutenant, as vice-count or viscount; and then the rank of the warriors, whether as barons, knights, esquires, or serjeants-at-arms, *all* reputed to be *noble*, whether by right of their victory or their foreign extraction.

William, according to his chaplain and biographer, carried with him into Normandy, more gold and silver than had ever before been seen in Gaul. The regular and secular clergy rivalled one another in their efforts to celebrate, by religious festivals, the return of the conqueror of the English; and, says the historian, neither monks nor priests went without their reward. He gave them gold in coins, lin-gots and chalices; and what was also highly acceptable, cloths embroidered with gold and silver to spread over the altars, which especially excited the admiration of travellers. It appears that in that age, embroidery in gold with the needle was an art in which the women of England excelled. The commerce of the island, also, already very extensive, brought to it many costly articles of merchandise, unknown to the north of Gaul. Among the special objects of admiration were the drinking vessels of the Saxons, made of large buffalo-horns, and tipped with metal at the two extremities. The French wondered also at the beauty and long flowing hair of the young English who were captives or hostages in the hands of the Norman king.

Meantime the new lords of the Saxons, like all conquerors suddenly enriched, and placed in absolute authority over those whom they have most cruelly wronged,—behaved themselves towards the subjugated people with unbounded license and insolence. The most brutal oppressor was lauded by his superiors, and those who complained of injury were laughed to scorn. This led to insurrectionary movements and combinations, in which Celts and Saxons forgot their ancient animosity in love for their common country. After the surrender of Exeter, and the establishment of the Conquest in the West, these two races were involved in the same ruin, mingled together in the general mass of the enslaved population, destined to struggle on through ages of servitude and suffering, thence to rise slowly and laboriously to the predominant power and unrivalled glory which are now the portion of the English people.

Famine closely followed the footsteps of the Conquest. From the year 1067 it had been desolating those provinces which had up to that period been subdued; but in 1070 it extended itself to the whole of England, and appeared in all its horrors in the places last conquered. The inhabitants of the province of York, and the country to the north of it, after feeding on the flesh of dead horses, which the Normans had abandoned on the road, devoured human flesh. More than 10,000 people of all ages died of want in these countries. "It was a frightful spectacle," says an old annalist, "to see on the roads, in the public places, and at the doors of the houses, human bodies a prey to the worms; for there was no one left to throw a little earth over them." The famine, however, was confined to the natives. The foreign soldier lived in plenty. He had in the fortresses vast heaps of corn and other provisions, and supplies purchased for him abroad with English money. Moreover, this famine was his friend; for it assisted him in thoroughly securing his prey. Often for the remnant of the meal of one of the meanest followers of the army, the Saxon, once illustrious among his countrymen, but now wasted and depressed by hunger, would come and sell himself and all his family to perpetual slavery. "Then was the shameful treaty inscribed on the blank pages of an old *missal*, where these monuments of the miseries of another age, in characters nearly effaced by the worm of time, are to be traced even at this day, and supply fresh matter for the sagacity of antiquarians." Such was the holy work accomplished wherever the banner of St. Peter waved over this Catholic land! The Pope and the Cardinals of that day were willing that England should be desolated from one end to the other, and become one vast scene of lust, rapine, agony, and despair, in order that the tax of Peter's pence should be established for ever.

Five years after the battle of Hastings, there was no longer any freedom in England, except among a few scattered bands of soldiers without leaders, or chiefs without followers, who lived in the recesses of the country, solemnly banned and outlawed as rebels. When the Normans seized any of them, they either made slaves of them to till their estates, or slew them amidst such circumstances of barbarity, that history has shrunk from giving the inconceivably horrible details. Those who had the means of ex-

patriating themselves, embarked from the ports of Scotland, and sailed to Denmark, Norway, and other countries, where the Teutonic dialects were spoken. Some directed their course to the south of Europe, and cast themselves on the pity of men of another race and a strange tongue. There were young Englishmen who went so far as Constantinople, and enlisted in the *Varings*, or body-guard of the Greek emperor. Those Saxons who could not or would not emigrate, and yet struggled against the fate of their country, retired to the forests and marshes, and carried on the war by robbery and assassination,—viewed by the vanquished without compunction as lawful reprisals;—by the victors as infamous crimes, resulting from the natural villany of the people. Hence the popular admiration of Robin Hood, with his brave and merry men, leading a life of wild freedom in the greenwoods and glades and wolds of Old England. He sometimes paid his dreaded visits under the very walls of Norman castles, disturbing the repose of the proudest barons. This was especially the case in the north, where national life survived longer than in any other part of the country. In consequence of the oppressions and murders perpetrated, or allowed with impunity by the Bishop of Durham, the ancient spirit of Northumbria was aroused; and on a certain day a number of Saxons assembled, with concealed arms, in the court of justice, and slew the bishop, together with a hundred men, French and Flemish. In consequence of this outrage, the Bishop of Bayeux marched on the city with a great army, massacred or mutilated the innocent inhabitants, plundered the church, and carried off what remained of the sacred ornaments. He renewed throughout the province the ravages of his brother in 1070,—and this second infliction left on the face of the country traces of desolateness so deep, that they were visible for a century afterwards. “Thus,” says an old historian, “were cut the sinews of that province formerly so flourishing. Those once famous cities, those high towers that rose into the clouds, those smiling meadows fertilized by springs and streams, the stranger now beholds with a sigh,—the old inhabitant scarce knows them again.”

Over this country, where tyranny encountered the most terrible and obstinate resistance, a population half-Saxon and half-Danish long maintained its ancient,

proud, and wild spirit of independence. When the successors of the Conqueror felt secure in the southern provinces, they did not set foot, without apprehension, on the territory beyond the Humber, whither they never ventured without an army of veteran soldiers. There the bands of outlaws were recruited for two centuries or more, the patriotic successors of the refugees of the camp of Ely. “History,” says Thierry, “names them not, or else, following the language of the legal acts of the time, it brands them with epithets calculated to withdraw from them all feeling of sympathy, naming them seditious, malcontents, robbers and bandits. But let us not be imposed upon by these titles, odious to the ear. They are those which, in every country under foreign subjection, have been borne by brave men, who, though few in number, take up their abodes in mountains and forests, leaving the cities to those who can brook slavery.” Though the people had not courage to imitate them, they admired them, and accompanied them with their earnest good wishes. While ordinances drawn up in the French language were prescribing to every inhabitant of the towns and villages, to track the outlaw—the *forester*—like a wolf, and to pursue him with the hue and cry from county to county, the English, in their vernacular songs, delighted to honor the bold enemy of their foreign rulers,—who drew upon the purse of earls as his treasury, and upon the king’s flocks for his venison. The popular poets of the time celebrated his victories and applauded his stratagems, against the agents of the Norman government. They sang of his tiring the mounted officers of the viscount in their pursuit of him—of his capturing the bishop, imposing a ransom of 1000 marks, and compelling his most reverend lordship to dance in his pontifical cassock and robes.

However we may lament and condemn such a lawless state of society, it must be confessed that the conduct of the Government was not such as to inspire respect for the rights of property. According to the chronicles of the time, its officers were worse than robbers. They plundered both the farmers’ barns and the tradesmen’s warehouses. Wherever the Norman king passed in his progress through England, the servants and soldiers in his train were accustomed to ravage the country. When they could not wholly consume the provisions found in their houses, they had them carried by the owner to the neighboring

market,* and sold for their benefit. At other times they would burn them in sport; and when they found an overplus of strong drink, they used it for washing their horses' feet. Their ill-usage of the fathers of families, their insults to the wives and daughters, were shameful to relate. So that, on the first rumor of the royal approach, every one would fly from his dwelling, with whatever he could save, to the depths of the forests and desert places. The history of the times is a gloomy and monotonous narration of the continued miseries of the people. For instance, when Henry I. was departing for Normandy, to dispossess his brother Robert of the dukedom, he ordered a levy of money in England to defray the expenses of the expedition, and his tax-gatherers practised the most cruel violence towards the Saxon burgesses and farmers. Such as had nothing to give, they drove from their poor and ruinous dwellings. They tore away the doors and windows, and seized the most common articles of furniture. Against such as seemed to have property, charges were invented. Not daring to go to trial, their goods and chattles were confiscated.

Seventy years after the Conquest, was formed and defeated the last general conspiracy of the Saxons. By this time the links of nationality which had bound them together as a people were broken. There remained no longer a pervading hope of throwing off the yoke. The old English cry of "*No Normans*" here ceases to resound in the records of history. Later insurrections had for their rallying cry some exclamation expressive of their local grievances, as "*No Gentlemen*!"—"No proud Lords or rotten-hearted Bishops!" Ere a century passed, the Normans had come to regard themselves as the legitimate possessors of the country; they had effaced from their minds all remembrance of their anterior condition and their violent usurpation, imagining that their now noble families had never exercised any other occupation than that of ruling men. But the memories of the Saxons were more retentive; and in the complaints forced from them by the hard hearts of their conquerors, they said of more than one arrogant earl or prelate,— "He torments us; he goads us as his grandfather used to goad the oxen at the other side of the water."

"The priesthood suffered less from the Conquest than the people. Their lands had not all been seized; their sanctuaries had

not all been violated; but their doom was only postponed. When time permitted, inquisition was made into all the convents. For this the pretext was, that some of them had harbored the insurgents. But a more powerful motive was found in the fact, that there the rich English had deposited their treasures for safety. These were all seized by royal authority, as were most of the precious vessels, shrines and ornaments. The charters, also, containing fallacious promises of justice and protection, granted when the invader was not sure of final victory, were recalled in the Lent of 1070. At the same time arrived in England three legates from the conqueror's faithful ally, the Pope. They were sent to carry into effect a grand scheme of state policy which the king had formed. This was nothing less than *Normanizing* the Church. So long as *this* remained Saxon, it was feared the Conquest would be insecure, and the royal power deprived of its most efficient agents, as well as of the ample ecclesiastical funds which it coveted.

William kept the legates near him a whole year, "honoring them," says the annalist, "as if the equals of God." In the midst of the famine which was then wasting the Saxon Catholics by thousands, brilliant festivals were held in the fortified palace of Winchester. There the Roman cardinals placed the crown afresh on the head of the conqueror, and effaced the maledictions which patriotic bishops had uttered against him.

This holy league between the crown and the tiara, for the purpose of spoliation, was, as usual, disguised under a religious mask. Accordingly, a great assembly of the Normans, laymen and priests, who had been inordinately enriched by confiscation, was convened at Winchester. There the Saxon bishops were summoned to appear, and were haughtily informed by the legates that they had been sent to inspect their morals and way of life, and to "plant things profitable for the body and the soul." This was the game which Rome formerly played with the British bishops, and which she played a century later with the Irish.

Under the auspices of Rome, William effected a church reform sufficiently radical, of which Lanfranc, the new primate, was the all-powerful instrument.* He rooted

* Lanfranc was a native of Lombardy of a noble family, and one of the most eloquent and learned men of the age. Having obtained the best education that the universities of Italy could afford, he prac-

out of the Church almost every man of English birth, to make way for foreigners of every nation. Crowds of Continental adventurers filled the monasteries and churches. Some of these were able men, but many were infamous for their debaucheries and gluttony. Nearly all the Norman bishops disdained to live in the ancient capitals of the dioceses, which were mostly small towns. Then it was that Coventry, Lincoln, Chester, and Salisbury became Episcopal cities. In general, the thirst of gain raged more fiercely among the priests than even in the soldiers of the Conquest. The tyranny of the former, mixed with open cowardice, was more disgusting than the brutality of the latter. The new abbots wielded the sword, but it was against unarmed monks. More than one Convent was the scene of military executions. *A moi, mes hommes d'armes*—"hither, my men-at-arms!"—was the frequent cry of one of them when his monks proved refractory.

Complaints of the degradation of the Saxon bishops and abbots reached Rome, and were re-echoed on the Continent. A deputation from England, loaded with rich presents, soon enabled Gregory to see and decide, that the Norman Church system was perfectly canonical. Not so thought

ticed as a lawyer in his native city of Pavia. But, quitting the bar for a profession which offered far higher rewards, he passed the Alps, settled in Normandy, and opened a school at Avranches. Learning was then notoriously in a very low condition in Normandy; but the talents and fame of Lanfranc soon filled its schools with men distinguished for their literary attainments. In the midst of his brilliant success as a professor, he suddenly disappeared from Avranches, without giving any intimation of the reason of his departure, or of the direction he had taken. After three years, he was discovered in the small and poor monastery of Bec, where he had become a monk, and risen to the office of prior. He then opened a school there, was quickly surrounded with scholars, while his fame as a teacher enriched the monastery. His natural arrogance and deep policy were shown in an incident which occurred on the occasion of a visit made him by Bishop Herfast, with a numerous company of the Duke William's courtiers. When they appeared in his lecture-room, he had the audacity to hand the bishop a spelling-book. This insult was resented—complaint was made to William—the farm of the monastery was burned, and Lanfranc was ordered to fly from Normandy. He mounted on a poor lame horse, rode to the Court, and told the Duke he was most willing to obey his orders, but that it was plain he could not with the animal on which he was now mounted, and begged the favor of a good horse. William laughed heartily at the figure he cut, took him into favor, and made him Abbot of Caen. Such was the history of the conqueror of the Anglo-Saxon Church.—*Biographia Britannica Literaria*, vol. ii., pp. 1-6.

Guimond, an honest monk from Normandy. Homilies in French, delivered before Saxon slaves by men who were evidently strangers to the fear of God, had so little effect, that even William thought it desirable to procure his subjects some more suitable instruction. Accordingly, Guimond was summoned over to England, and was offered a high ecclesiastical office, with a view to the fulfilment of this object. But he boldly answered the king thus:—"Various motives induce me to decline ecclesiastical dignity and power. I will not declare them all. I will only say, that I cannot conceive how it is possible for me worthily to become the religious superior of men whose language and whose manners are alike unknown to me, whose fathers, brothers, and friends have been slain by your sword, or stripped of their inheritance, banished, imprisoned or reduced by you to slavery. Turn to the Holy Scriptures, and see if they contain any law which tolerates the imposition of a pastor on God's flock by the choice of an enemy. Can you innocently share with me that which you have gained by war and the blood of thousands? It is the law of all religious orders to abstain from rapine, and to accept no part of what has been obtained by plunder, not even as an offering at the altar. When I call to mind these precepts of God, I feel troubled with fear. Your England seems one vast prey, and I dread to touch it or its treasures, as I should a heated brazier." The noble-minded Guimond, of whom the world was not worthy, returned to his cloister; but his words gave offence, and he was obliged to quit Normandy.

William had sworn on the Gospels and the relics of the saints to observe the laws of King Edward, as if it were possible that the mild administration of a native government could exist under rulers imposed by a conquest. The laws were published; but the days of King Edward did not return. The burgesses enjoyed no more their municipal freedom, nor the countrymen their territorial franchise. Thenceforward, as before, every Norman had the privilege of killing an Englishman without being criminal in the eye of the law, or sinful in the eye of the Church. Yet the Saxons seem not to have lost all hope of their country, so long as they beheld one of their own race invested with great power, even though under the authority of foreigners. But the execution of Waltheoff, the son of Siward, completed their depression. There was no

longer to be found in England, among those invested with public authority and ennobled with honors, a single man native to the country, nor any but those who looked upon the Anglo-Saxons in the light of enemies and of brutes.

All the *religious* authority had likewise passed into the hands of men of foreign extraction; and of all the ancient Saxon prelates, there remained only Wulfstan, bishop of Worcester. He was a man of weak and simple mind, who had early made his peace with the conquerors, and rendered them important services in the pacification of the insurgent provinces. But he was a Saxon, and his day had come. In the year 1076, just ten years after the invasion, the old bishop was cited before a council of the Norman prelates and chiefs in Westminster Abbey, at which the king and the primate presided. He was unanimously pronounced incapable of exercising the Episcopal functions in England, seeing that he was illiterate, and could not speak *French*! On account of this deficiency, he was required to deliver up his crozier and his ring. With an energy superior to his character, he rose, and, bearing his pastoral staff in his hand, walked straight up to the tomb of Edward the Confessor, and exclaimed—"Edward, from thee I received this staff; to thee, therefore, I return and confide it." Then turning to the Normans—"I received it from hands more worthy than yours. I have replaced it therein; do you, if you have the power, take it therefrom." As he uttered these last words, the Saxon struck the tombstone forcibly with the end of his crozier. His solemn demeanour and energetic action made on the minds of the assembly a strong impression, not unmixed with a kind of superstitious dread. The king and the primate did not repeat the demand, and *ultimus Anglorum*, the last of the English bishops, retained his staff, and was ever afterwards treated kindly.

The demolition of the "Church of Augustine" was speedily accomplished by William and Lanfranc, but the monasteries held out longer. Their struggles were vain; for, after repeated humiliations, they were obliged to surrender the last vestiges of independence. By virtue of the Conquest, the English had wholly changed their nature in the eyes of their masters, sinking into brutes or darkening into demons, and becoming altogether unworthy of human sympathies. This has been the invariable effect of conquest followed by confiscation;

and nothing can more clearly show its diabolical turpitude. As to the Normans, the clergy and the laity differed only in their garb. Whether under the helmet or the cowl, they were the same merciless oppressors. Jean de la Villette, bishop of Wells, formerly a physician of Tours, pulled down the houses of the canons of his church, in order to build himself a palace of the materials. The prelates, as well as the nobles, passed the day in playing at dice or drinking. Knyghton relates that one of them, in an idle hour of gaiety, had a repast served up to Saxon monks in the great hall, in which he compelled them to eat of dishes forbidden by their order, attended by young women half-naked and dishevelled hair (*Mulieres vultu et veste procaces, sparsis post tergum crinibus*). Such of the English as retired, or turned away their eyes from this sight, were ill-treated and jeered as hypoerites by the bishops and their boon companions.

Among these mitred libertines, Odo, bishop of Bayeux, the King's brother, was famous as a tamer of the wild English. His office as *Grand Justiciary** of the kingdom gave him ample facilities for tormenting them. The renown which he thus acquired among his countrymen raised his natural arrogance to the utmost pitch, insomuch that his inflated ambition aspired to the Papacy, for which he prepared the way with rich presents, having filled the wallets of several pilgrims to Rome with despatches for men of influence there. In the midst of his pompous preparation for a visit to the eternal city, William, who, for some cause, did not relish the scheme, met him in the Isle of Wight, and charged him before the barons with having maltreated the Saxons beyond measure to the great danger of the common cause.

"Considering those grievances," said the King to the assembly, "tell me how I ought to act towards such a brother?" No one dared to answer. "Let him be seized and kept in safe custody," resumed William. No one ventured to lay his hand on the bishop,—when the King advanced and seized him by the robes. "I am a clerk," exclaimed Odo—"I am God's minister; none but the Pope has a right to

* Under the Norman kings this was the highest office under the Crown, not only the chief administration of the laws, but the command of the army, and the government of the realm in the absence of the king, being lodged in the hands of him who held it.

judge me." But William, without letting go his hold, replied—"I am not passing judgment on a clerk: this is my count and vassal whom I arrest."

The brother of the Conqueror was conveyed into Normandy and imprisoned in a fortress. On the death of the latter, Odo was released, and he immediately put himself at the head of an army in England to secure the Crown for Duke Robert. His opponent, William Rufus, found it expedient to appeal to the Saxons, and 30,000 of them assembled under his banner, and were furnished with arms. Odo was besieged and compelled to surrender; whereupon a great clamor arose among the English troops of the Royal army:—"Ropes—ropes—bring ropes! and let us hang the traitor of a bishop and his accomplices. O king, why dost thou let him retreat in safety.—He is not worthy to live, the crafty villain! the murderer of so many thousands of men!" On hearing these and similar imprecations, the haughty prelate, who had said high mass at Hastings, and blessed the Norman host, hastened out of England, never to return.

The historian of the Conquest draws the following picture of England when William had done his work:—

"In terminating the recital of the events which have just been laid before the reader, the chroniclers of English birth give way to deep and touching lament over the miseries of their nation:—'It cannot be doubted,' some of them exclaim, 'that it is God's will that we shall no longer be a people—that we shall no longer possess our national honor and security.' Others complain that the name Englishman has become opprobrious. Nor was it from the pens of contemporaries alone that such complainings escaped;—the remembrance of a heavy calamity and of a great national disgrace is constantly recurring, from time to time, in the works written by descendants of the Anglo-Saxons, although in a less impressive manner as the all-involving tide of ages swept past. Even so recently as the fifteenth century, the distinction of ranks in England is declared to have sprung from the Conquest; and a monastic writer who has not been charged with entertaining revolutionary theories, wrote the following remarkable words:—If there is among us so great a difference of conditions, it is not to be wondered at; for there is a diversity of races; and if there is among us so little mutual confidence and affection, it is because we are not of one blood. Finally, a writer who flourished in the beginning of the seventeenth century, recalls to mind the Norman Conquest by the exclamation—*Memorie of Sorrow*. He speaks in terms of compassion of the disinherited and despoiled families who had then sunk into the class

of artisans, of peasants, and many of them of paupers. This is the last sorrowful glance cast back, through the mist of ages, on that great event which established in England a race of kings, nobles and warriors of foreign extraction.

"If, collecting in his own mind all the facts detailed in the foregoing narration, the reader wishes to form a just idea of England upon its conquest by William of Normandy, he must figure to himself, not a mere change of political rule, not the triumph of one of two competitors, but the intrusion of a nation into the bosom of another people, which it came to destroy, and the scattered fragments of which it retained as an integral portion of the new system of society, in the *status* merely of personal property, or to use the stronger language of records and deeds, of a *clothing to the soil*. He must not picture to himself, on the one hand, William, the King and despot; on the other, simply his subjects, high and low, rich and poor, all inhabiting England, and, consequently, all English. He must bear in mind that there were two distinct nations—the old Anglo-Saxon race and the Norman invaders, dwelling intermingled on the same soil; or rather he might contemplate two countries—the one possessed by the Normans, wealthy and exonerated from capitation and public burdens; the other, that is, the Saxon, enslaved, and oppressed with a land tax: the former full of spacious mansions, of walled and moated castles; the latter scattered over with thatched cabins and ancient walls in a state of dilapidation: this, peopled with the happy and the idle, with soldiers and courtiers, knights and nobles; that, with men in misery and condemned to labor,—with peasants and artisans. On the one, he beholds luxury and insolence,—on the other, poverty and envy—not the envy of the poor at the sight of the opulence of those born to opulence; but that malignant envy, although justice be on its side, which the despoiled cannot but entertain in looking upon the spoilers. Lastly, to complete the picture, these two lands are in some sort interwoven with each other; they meet at every point; and yet they are more distinct, more completely separated, than if the ocean rolled between them. Each has its language, and speaks a language foreign to the other. French is the Court language, used in all the palaces, castles, and mansions, in the abbeys and monasteries,—in all places where wealth and power offer their attractions; while the ancient language of the country is heard only at the firesides of the poor and the serfs. For a long time these two idioms were propagated without intermixture,—the one being the mark of noble, the other of ignoble birth."—(*Thierry*, B. vi., at the end.)

Before the Conqueror left England for the last time, he established two important ordinances, which had permanent effects on the history of the nation—the first regarded "the Presentment of Englishry," and the second exempted the clergy from secular jurisdiction. This increased to an enormous degree the power of the bishops, but it must be recollected that they were all

Normans,—that they used all their power and official influence for the advantage of the Conquest, to establish and legalize which, their learning and political address were of the greatest importance. Besides, they were all chosen from among the chaplains, the immediate dependants or intimate friends of the King, though installed by the common council of all the Norman barons and knights. As William never met a bishop who had any other will but his, he could not foresee that he was laying the foundation of an over-vaulting church independence which would greatly trouble his descendants, nor that he was establishing *ecclesiastical courts*, which should perpetuate their anomalies to the middle of the nineteenth century,—where men are still judged “not according to the laws of the country (to adopt William’s own words), but according to the canons and episcopal decrees;” and if any one, “through an excess of pride, refuse to repair to the bishop’s court, he shall be excommunicated, and if need be, the strength and justice of the King, or of the viscount, shall be employed against him.” Thus was a complete revolution effected in the civil jurisdiction of the country. “It was the Conqueror, who, breaking through the ancient practice of civil equality, raised the higher clergy of England to the power of holding tribunals in their own houses, and of disposing of the public force to drag thither those under their jurisdiction. He thus subjected the kingly power to the obligation of executing the sentences given by the ecclesiastical authorities, according to a code which was alien to the land. William imposed these shackles on his successors, knowingly and willingly, from political motives, not through devotion, nor through fear of the bishops, who were entirely subservient to him. Nor had fear of Gregory VII. any greater influence in determining the Norman King to this measure. For, notwithstanding the services which the Court of Rome had formerly done him, he denied with harshness all the requests which Gregory made to him that did not suit his own views.” As in this letter, for example—“The legate has notified to me from thee that I have to send money to the Roman Church; and that I must swear fidelity (allegiance) to thee and thy successors. The first of these demands I admit (Peter’s pence); as for the second, I neither do nor will admit it; I will not swear fidelity to

thee, for I never promised it; nor did any of my predecessors ever swear fidelity to thine.”

A natural curiosity leads us to follow the Conqueror and some of the most distinguished of his successors, to their latter end. Were they happy? Did they die in peace, calmly reviewing the past, and joyfully anticipating the future? Could we answer these questions in the affirmative, it would doubtless strengthen the faith of some in the justice of another world, which is neither blind nor lame; but others might be led to distrust a superintending Providence. They need not do so; for national crimes, at all events, are followed in this life by an unfailing retribution. The Royal family of the Norman conquerors remarkably illustrate the saying of the Psalmist:—“The wicked are driven away in their wickedness.”

While reposing at Rouen, William was ordered by his physicians to live very abstemiously in order to reduce his excessive corpulence. He was then engaged in settling an old dispute about some territory with Philip I. of France. That monarch one day jestingly observed to his courtiers: “By my faith the King of England is long lying in. There will doubtless be a ceremonious churching.” William, hearing this, swore by his greatest oaths, namely, “the splendor and nativity of God,” that he would go and be churching in Notre Dame in Paris, with 10,000 lances for tapers. He then rose like a tiger from his lair, entered the territory of France, galloped his cavalry over the fields of wheat, cut down the vines and other trees laden with fruit, and set fire to the first town he met on his way. While riding through the smoking ruins in furious exultation, his horse stumbled and fell on some burning coals, concealed in the ashes, and his royal rider was seriously wounded in that too prominent part of his person which had been the subject of Philip’s joke. The king was carried back to Rouen and lodged outside of the city, the noise of which he could not bear. He languished for six weeks surrounded by doctors and priests. Feeling that his end was approaching, he sent money to build the churches he had destroyed, and some also to the poor of England, “to purchase remission for all the robberies he had committed.” He also ordered the opening of the prisons to those whom he had bound.

“As to the kingdom of England,” said the dying-Conqueror, “I bequeathe the in

heritance of it to none; for the inheritance thereof was not bequeathed to me. I acquired it by force, and at the cost of blood. I leave it in the hands of God, only wishing that my son William, who has been submissive to me in all things, may obtain it, if he please God, and prosper." "And what do you give *me*, father?" eagerly asked his youngest son Henry. "I give thee 5000 pounds of silver from my treasury." "What shall I do with the silver, father, if I have neither lands nor habitation?" "Be quiet, my son, and trust in God; let the elder brothers go before thee. Thy turn will come after theirs." Henry immediately withdrew to have his silver carefully weighed, after which he secured it in a strong chest. While he was thus occupied, Red William hurried off to England to seize the crown, leaving his father alone with the physicians of soul and body.

On the 10th of September, 1087, the aged monarch was awakened by the sound of bells, and asked what it meant. Being answered that they were singing matins in St. Mary's church, he lifted up his hands, saying, "I commend myself to my Lady Mary, the holy Mother of God"—and almost immediately expired. His attendants then instantly mounted their horses and rode off to take care of their property. The inferior officers and servants seized the arms, plate, clothes, linen, and other movables, and fled likewise, leaving the corpse nearly naked on the floor, where it remained in that shocking state for several hours. Neither sons nor relatives of any kind, nor servants, were there to take charge of the obsequies. In the presence of death all the pomp and power of royalty had in a moment vanished. He who had strewed the earth with so many unburied corpses, and had made so many children portionless orphans, was thus abandoned in the last awful hour, by all who had been accustomed to tremble at his word. At last some humane gentleman, "for the love of God," undertook the trouble and expense of the burial; the monks and priests arranged a procession; the corpse was placed on a cart, and thus conveyed to the banks of the Seine, and thence in a barge down the river to the city of Caen.

Just as the body was about to be lowered into the grave, a man came forward, crying out, "Clerks and Bishops! this ground is mine. Upon it stood the house of my father. The man for whom you pray wrested it from me to build thereon his church. I

have neither sold my land nor mortgaged it, nor have I forfeited it, nor made any grant whatsoever of it. It is my right, and I claim it. In the name of God I forbid you to lay the body of the spoiler therein, or to cover it with my clay!" All present confirmed the truth of the man's words. The bishops told him to approach, and making a bargain with him, delivered him sixty sols, as the price of the sepulchre only, engaging to indemnify him equitably for the rest of the ground.

The corpse had been dressed in the royal habit and robe, but it was not in a coffin. On its being placed in a grave, whose sides consisted of masonry, and which was found to be narrow, it became necessary to force it down, which caused it to burst. Incense and perfumes were burned in abundance, but without avail. The crowd dispersed in disgust, and the priests themselves, hurrying the ceremony, soon deserted the church.

The New Forest, Hants, for the making of which sixty parishes had been "*cleared*," extending thirty miles in length between Salisbury and the sea, and which no Saxon might enter but at the peril of his life (for these Normans were the authors of the Game-Laws), was peculiarly fatal to the Conqueror's family. It was there in the year 1081 Richard, his eldest son, had been mortally wounded. In 1100, Richard, son of Duke Robert, and nephew of William Rufus, was killed there by an arrow; and it is a singular coincidence that the Red King himself perished there in like manner the same year. On the morning of the fatal day the king and his courtiers had a grand entertainment in the castle of Winchester, after which he prepared for the hunt. While putting on his garters, and joking with his guests, a workman presented him with a bow and six new arrows. He kept four for himself, and gave the other two to Sir Walter Tirel, saying, "A good marksman should have good arrows!" This Sir Walter, or Gaultier Tirel de Poix, was the king's most familiar friend and constant attendant. At the moment of departure, a monk from St. Peter's convent, Gloucester, put into William's hand despatches from the abbot, a man of Norman birth. He stated that one of his monks (probably a Saxon) had a dream of ill augury. He had seen Jesus, sitting on a throne, and at his feet a woman supplicating him in these terms: "Oh Saviour of the world! look down with pity on thy

people groaning under the yoke of William."

On hearing this message, the king laughed aloud: "Do they take me for an Englishman with their visions? Do they think me one of those fools who leave their business because an old woman dreams or sneezes. Come, Gaultier De Poix, to horse!" His brother Henry and several lords accompanied him to the Forest. When arrived there, they dispersed in various directions; but Sir Walter remained with the King, and their dogs coursed in company. They had taken their stations opposite to each other, each with his arrow on the crossbow, and his finger on the trigger, when a large stag, tracked by the attendant beaters, advanced between William and his friend. The King's bowstring breaking, his shaft sped not, while the stag, startled by the sounds, stood at bay looking round him.

"Shoot! Walter, shoot! in the Devil's name, shoot!" cried the King. That instant an arrow entered his breast: he fell without uttering another word, and expired. Sir Walter ran over, but finding that he did not breathe, mounted his horse, reached the sea-shore, and embarked with all speed for Normandy. On the rumor of this event, all the hunters immediately quitted the Forest, every one intent on securing what he could for himself. Henry flew to Winchester to seize the royal treasures, which were surrendered to him by the guards after some resistance. In the meantime, the corpse lay on the ground in the Forest till some charcoal burners accidentally found it, with the arrow still in the wound. They placed it on their cart, wrapped in some old linen, through which the blood dripped along the entire road. In this condition were the remains of the second Norman King removed to the castle of Winchester.

Our last obituary notice shall be of Henry II., the conqueror of Ireland, and great-grandson of the first William. Being engaged in an unnatural warfare with his son, whose cause was espoused by the King of France, he was induced to hold a conference with that monarch. They met on the plain between Tours and Azay-sur-cher. Both were on horseback in the open field, and while they were talking together, mouth to mouth, it suddenly thundered, though the sky was without a cloud. The lightning fell between them without doing them any harm. They immediately departed,

both greatly frightened, and met again after a short interval. But a second peal of thunder, louder than the first, was heard almost on the instant. The king of England, owing to the mortifying circumstances in which he was placed, and the weak state of his health, was so much agitated that he let the reins fall from his hand, appeared unsteady in his saddle, and would have fallen, but for the aid of those around him. The conference was broken up, and as he was too ill to appoint another interview, the articles of peace were sent to his quarters for signature. They were read to him while lying in his bed by the ministers of the French King. When they came to the article which referred to the parties engaged either secretly or openly on the side of his son Richard, Henry asked their names, that he might know how many there were whose faith and allegiance he was obliged to relinquish. The first that was mentioned to him was John, his youngest son. On hearing this name, being seized with an almost convulsive motion, he rose half up, and casting round him a piercing and haggard look, exclaimed—

"Is it then true that John, my heart's pride, the son of my predilection, he whom I have cherished more than the rest, and for the love of whom I have brought upon myself all my misfortunes, has also separated from me?" They assured him that nothing was more true. Then falling back upon the bed and turning his face to the wall, he said, "Thenceforth let all things go as they may, I have no further care for myself nor for the world." A few minutes after Richard appeared at the bedside, and asked his father to give the kiss of peace in execution of the treaty. The king gave it with a look of apparent calmness; but as Richard was retiring, he heard his father murmuring in a low tone:—

"Oh that God would grant me not to die till I had revenged myself on thee!" On arriving at the French camp, the son repeated these awful words to Philip and his courtiers, who all laughed heartily, and amused themselves with jesting about the good peace that had been made.

In his last moments the unhappy king was heard uttering imprecations on himself and his children, exclaiming, "Shame, shame on a conquering king! Cursed be the day when I was born! The curse of God be on the sons I leave behind me!" The religious men who were about him used all their endeavors to induce him to retract

this curse, but in vain: he persisted in it to his last breath. When he expired his body was treated like that of the first conqueror. After stripping him of his last clothes, they carried off all that was valuable in the chamber and in the house. With difficulty any persons were found to wrap the corpse in a shroud, or horses to carry it to its resting-place, in an abbey of nuns a few leagues from Chinon, where he died. Count Richard came to the church, and found his father lying in a coffin with his face uncovered: his features still exhibited the signs of a violent agony. Richard shuddered. He fell on his knees and prayed before the altar; but scarcely remained, says Gerald Cambrensis, "for the space of a paternoster." We are assured that, during his stay, blood did not cease to flow from both the nostrils of the king. When the funeral ceremonies were performed next day, it was wished to decorate the body with some of the ensigns of royalty. The keepers of the treasury of Chinon refused them; and after many supplications, they sent only an old sceptre and a ring of little value. For want of a crown, the monarch's head was dressed in a sort of diadem made of the golden embroidery of a woman's garment; and in this sad attire, Henry, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, King of England, Duke of Normandy, Aquitaine and Brittany, Count of Anjou and Maine, Lord of Tours and Amboise, descended to his last abode. Gerald, the Welsh historian, thought he could trace the divine vengeance in pursuit of the Norman tyrants who had conquered and enslaved his country; and in this judgment, Saxons, Britons, and Irish, were perfectly agreed.

The romantic history of Thomas Becket throws great light on the relative condition of the two races in the 12th century, and it is only from this point of view that the conduct of this extraordinary man can be rightly understood. He was the first of the English race who arrived at great power under the Norman dynasty; and he rose by thoroughly adopting the manners and habits of his masters, and manifesting contempt and aversion for everything national. He was sent to France, while young, to receive a liberal education, and to lose the English accent, whose hateful vulgarity would have rendered his association with respectable people impossible. He returned from his travels fully accomplished, capable of conversing with the most refined of the ruling nation, without shocking their ears or taste by any word or gesture indicative of his

Saxon origin. He promptly made use of his talents, and insinuated himself into the familiarity of one of the wealthy barons residing near London; he became his every day guest and the companion of his pleasures—rode out on his patron's horses—hunted and hawked with his dogs and his birds—passing the day in sports forbidden to every Englishman, who did not happen to be the servant or table companion of a foreigner. Thomas had all the arts of pleasing which his position required—gay, subtle, fawning, polite, obsequious—he soon acquired a great reputation among the high nobility. Hence, Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, was induced to attach him to his person, and afterwards, to make him his archdeacon, and employ him in several delicate negotiations with the court of Rome.

Having served the cause of the king also, he made him his chancellor—keeper of the great seal of the three lions, the emblem of the power founded by the Conquest. He was also intrusted with the education of the King's eldest son, and, for remuneration, received the prebend of *Hastings*, the keeping of the castle of *Berkhamstead*, and the government of the *Tower of London*. This was a very singular combination of offices to be held by a Saxon, under the strict regime of the Conquest. For a season, Becket did not disappoint his royal patron, of whom he was the most intimate and assiduous companion, sharing in his most worldly pleasures, and his most frivolous amusements. Elevated in power above all the Normans in England, he affected to surpass them in lordly pomp and luxury. He kept in his pay 700 horsemen completely armed. The harness of his own horses was embossed with gold and silver; his service of plate excelled in richness and splendor, and he kept an open table for men of the most exalted rank. Earls and barons esteemed it an honor to visit him, and foreigners received from him the most costly presents. Lords sent their sons to serve in his household; these he maintained for some time, then equipped them as knights and military officers at his own expense. All his vast influence was employed in upholding and increasing the personal power of the king, which he maintained against all gainsayers, whether lay or clerical. He sternly rebuked the bishops when they dared assert their independence of the civil power, assuring them that they were bound to obedience by their oath of vassalage, in

the same manner as laymen. Such rebukes were indeed sometimes called for. The law of William bore its bitter fruits in the insolent and troublesome conduct of ecclesiastics, exempt from secular jurisdiction. This exemption had a very bad effect on their characters. The clergy committed a great number of murders, rapes, and robberies, and as none but priests could judge priests, they were rarely and inadequately punished. In the first years of Henry II. there were reckoned nearly 100 homicides committed by priests then living. The only remedy for this evil was, the abolition of the privilege granted by the conqueror.

For this purpose the primacy of Canterbury, so long considered as a kind of ecclesiastical royalty, was to be secured. It was necessary that its possessor should be thoroughly devoted to the king, having as little as possible of the priestly temper, and no sympathy whatever with the *native English*; for, by a remarkable anomaly in the social condition of the Saxons, they were now zealous for this very privilege of the clergy, originally conferred with a view to the more effectual depression of their forefathers. This strange and unlooked for result was brought about in this manner:—Every young serf who succeeded in getting himself into holy orders, became thenceforward for ever exempt from servitude. No action brought against him as a fugitive slave could force him to appear before a civil court; and no ecclesiastical court would suffer those to return to the spade or plough, who had become the anointed ministers of Christ. The ills of national enslavement, often, no doubt, exciting compassion in the clergy for youths of promising talents, had greatly multiplied the number of these emancipated priests, who, though appointed to no church, and often subsisting on alms, were so far favored above their countrymen, that they were no longer attached to the soil, nor imprisoned within the walls of the royal towns. The feeble hope of this poor refuge from foreign oppression was then, next to the miserable successes of cringing and adulation, and of base renunciation of kind and country—the most brilliant prospect that presented itself to an Englishman by birth. Doubtless, such prospects widened more and more as the settlers became more assured of their possessions—as the natives became less formidable, and the sentiments of humanity were less controlled by the imperative claims of interest, or the dictates of revenge. The

clergy too, coming into continual contact with the people, must have gradually relented towards them, and the more so in proportion as they were thrown on their offerings for support. As the Church opened the only outlet from bondage, it was natural that many should have availed themselves of it; and equally so, that the clerks and monks thus made, should have added their share to the crimes which were laid at the door of the clerical order—for if not prompted by idleness and fullness of bread, like the Normans, they were less restrained by education, and the self-respect which property generally inspires.

This influx of Saxon freedmen in the monasteries and parishes of England, animated by patriotism, and wielding the influence of learning and religion over the popular mind, must have rendered it a great point with the king and his barons, to abolish the privileges of the clergy, and bring them under the control of the civil magistrate. Considering all these circumstances, who was so likely to effect this desired reform, as Thomas a Becket, if invested with the powers of the primacy? His youth having been spent among persons of the most exalted rank, he seemed entirely divested of the sympathy for English *subjects* and their plebeian priests. His friendly connexions were all among laymen; he was the king's special favorite, and he had always been a stickler for the royal power, as opposed to the claims of the church.

Accordingly, when the old primate died in 1161, the king recommended his chancellor to the bishops, who had never failed to elect in the name of the Holy Ghost, the candidate so patronized. But on this occasion they opposed an unwonted resistance. They declared that their consciences would not allow them to raise to the primacy, to the seat of the blessed Lanfranc, a hunter and a soldier, by profession—a noisy man of the world. On the other hand, among the Norman chiefs who lived out of the court intimacy, especially beyond sea, there was a violent antipathy to this promotion. An undefined dread of beholding a Saxon in possession of such great power, moved them to remonstrate against it. In this they were earnestly joined by the king's mother. But as his confidence was unbounded, he would hear of no objection. The court was in Normandy, when Henry told Thomas at one of their private conferences, that he must prepare to cross the

strait on an important mission. The other replied, "I will obey as soon as I have received my instructions." "What!" returned the king in an expressive tone, "Doeest thou not guess what the matter is? Doeest thou not know that I am firmly resolved that thou shalt become archbishop?" Thomas smiled thereat, and lifting up one corner of his rich habit, said, "Such then is the learned man to whom you would commit such sacred functions! besides, you have views concerning the affairs of the Church to which I would not lend myself. I feel that if I were to become archbishop, we should soon cease to be friends." This answer was received as a mere piece of raillery.

Thomas Becket, the fifth primate from the Conquest, and the first of English race, was consecrated at Pentecost in 1162. A few days after, no one recognised him for the same man. A metamorphosis so sudden and complete is not to be found in history. He laid aside his rich apparel, unfurnished his sumptuous establishment, dismissed his armed retainers, forsook the intimacy of his noble guests, and opened his house to the poor, the mendicants, and especially to the Saxons. Like them he was clothed in a coarse habit; he lived on herbs and water, and assumed an air of profound humility and gravity. For his poor countrymen alone his banqueting hall was now furnished; on them alone his silver was lavished. This change produced a great sensation through the kingdom; among the Normans it excited anger and indignation; among the English, an intoxicating enthusiasm. The former regarded him as an odious traitor; the latter, as a glorious deliverer sent from God. The low in station, the undignified monks and inferior clergy, as well as the great body of the nation, hailed him as a protector and a father. On Henry's return to England, his old favorite presented himself at the palace, not splendidly arrayed as a Norman courtier, with the dagger at his side, the cap and plume on his head, and shoes, with long points, curled like rams' horns on his feet; but attired in a simple monk's frock. The king viewed him with disgust and scorn, and thenceforth assumed towards him an attitude of unmitigable hostility.

His rights as primate were assailed by appealing to old Anglo-Saxon laws. The same laws were invoked, in retaliation, in such a way as to threaten the new settlement of property. The alarm thus excited,

made his ruin seem necessary to all who were interested in that settlement. Summoned before a council at Northampton, he was treated with the greatest indignities, which he bore in a manly spirit. He escaped with difficulty to France, where he opposed spiritual weapons to the power which sought to crush him, carrying on a war of excommunications against his enemies. He remained in exile for seven years, during which the contest was carried on, the king sparing no expense or intrigue in the effort to hunt him down, in order that another might take his bishopric. The conduct of the court of Rome, on this occasion, presents an astonishing exhibition of duplicity, perfidy, and venality. Whatever were Becket's motives in the course he adopted, whether personal ambition, religious conviction, a spirit of nationality—an inspiration of spiritual heroism acting on the instinct of race—or all these combined, it is certain that his conduct, though rash and violent in the extreme, was transcendently noble, when contrasted with the baseness of Pope Alexander III. In his indignation at the treatment he had received while battling and suffering in the cause of the Church, he wrote to a Roman cardinal, named Albert, as follows:—

"I know not how it happens that, in your court of Rome, it is always the cause of God that is sacrificed: so that Barabbas is saved, Christ put to death. The seventh year is now arrived, in which, by the authority of that court, I am still proscribed, and the Church is still suffering; the unfortunate—the exiled—the innocent, are condemned before you, for no other reason than that they are weak—that they are the poor of Jesus Christ, and that they abide by justice. I know that the king's envoys distribute or promise my spoils to the cardinals or courtiers; but let the cardinals rise up against me as they will—let them arm against me not only the King of England, but the whole world, for my ruin, I will never swerve from the fidelity due to the Church, either in life or in death, placing my cause in the hands of God, for whom I am suffering proscription and exile. It is my firm purpose never more to importune the pontifical court. Let those repair thither who seek profit from their iniquities, and return thence glorious, for having opposed the righteous cause, and made innocence captive."

Though Henry's policy led him to ply the same court with arguments more powerful than those of truth and justice, it is evident he thought as little of the sanctity of its decisions as his antagonist. The Roman legates having declined to comply with his request upon one occasion, he exclaimed,

"By the eyes of God! never more, while I live, will I hear speak of the Pope. So then, you may go over to England in order that the excommunication may be taken off with the greatest possible solemnity?" The legates hesitated. "Well," resumed the king, sharply, "do what you please; but know that I make no account of either you or your excommunications. I care no more for them than I do for an egg." So saying, he suddenly mounted his horse; but the Norman Bishops and archbishops ran after him, crying out, to persuade him to dismount, and renew the conference. "I know as well as you all what it is in their power to do," he said, still riding on: "they will lay my territories under an interdict; but think you that I, who can reduce a strong fortress in a single day, shall not make any priest answer for daring to proceed to my kingdom to lay it under an interdict?"

The primate at length returned to England, with the Pope's authority, to excommunicate his enemies at Canterbury. On landing at Sandwich, he would have been slain by the Norman authorities, had not the English there, and at Dover, risen up to defend the long-recognised and idolized champion of their rights. On the whole of the way from Sandwich to Canterbury, the peasants, the artisans, and the tradesmen, came to meet the archbishop, flocking together in great numbers, joyously saluting and cheering him: but not one man of wealth or distinction—not one man of Norman origin—congratulated the distinguished exile on his return; on the contrary, they removed from the places through which he passed; they shut themselves up in their strongholds, and circulated from castle to castle the alarm, that Thomas à Becket was setting free the serfs of the fields, and the inhabitants of the towns, and parading them in his train, drunk with joy and frenzy. He met with a similar reception from the commonalty of London; and on the day of his murder in the cathedral, by Norman knights, the Saxon inhabitants of Canterbury, on hearing the news, assembled tumultuously in the streets. But there were to be seen among them neither wealthy men nor nobles: all these remained pent up in their houses, and seemed intimidated by the outburst of feeling among the people. Men and women, whose dress marked them out as native English, rushed towards the cathedral, and entered in a crowd. On beholding the primate's body stretched in its blood across the steps of the high altar,

they wept, and cried that they had lost their father. Some kissed his feet and hands; others dipped linen in the blood that covered the pavement.

On the other side, the Norman authorities, by sound of trumpet, forbid any one whatever to say that Thomas of Canterbury was a martyr. The archbishop of York proclaimed from the pulpit that his death was the effect of divine vengeance—that he had perished like Pharaoh in his pride—that the traitor's body ought not to be laid in holy ground, but should be cast into some pestilent marsh, or left to rot on a gibbet. But all these efforts to damn the memory of a man who had dared to resist their power, and commiserate their victims, but served to glorify it still more in the hearts of the people: by them he was instantly canonized. Crowds of pilgrims visited his shrine, and reported that numerous miracles were wrought at his tomb. It was doubtless on account of his natural sympathies, and his kindness to the poor natives, that the Welsh clergy and people, then also suffering the horrors of Norman conquest and brigandage, also venerated Thomas Becket as a martyr. This is the secret of the riches of his shrine, laid bare at the Reformation; and the fact that he continued popular so long, is a proof that the hand of oppression remained still heavy on the nation. When religion and patriotism combine to canonize a saint (such is the weakness of our nature), he is sure to carry away the suffrages of his countrymen from the Saviour of the world. One of his ecclesiastical retainers at Canterbury, Peter of Blois, gives an interesting account of the learned men dependent on the archbishop. "There are," he says, "in the house of my lord the archbishop of Canterbury, men deeply versed in literature, among whom is found all rectitude of justice, all prudence of foresight, every form of learning. These, after prayers, and before eating, exercise themselves assiduously in the reading, arguing, deciding of causes. All the knotty questions of the kingdom are referred to us; which being propounded among our fellows in the common auditory, each in his turn, without strife or contention, sharpens his mind to speak well, and puts forth with his cunning whatever appears to him most advisable and profitable"—(*Wright's Biographia*, II., 373.)

Henry pursued a similar course towards Gerald de Barri, or Cambrensis, whose election to the see of St. David's he refused to confirm or allow, expressly because he was

a Welshman, and related to the Welsh princes. In other respects he liked him well, and made him many promises of high preferment, which he never fulfilled, solely for this cause. He said, very candidly, that "it was neither necessary nor expedient for the king or the archbishop that too upright or active a man should be bishop of St. David's, lest either the crown of England or the see of Canterbury should receive detriment."—(*Ibid.*, p. 381.)

Instead, then, of feeling a very lively sympathy with Henry II., when, in order to ingratiate himself with his English subjects at a time when he needed their assistance, and to propitiate the Pope, he, from policy, submitted to be scourged by Saxon monks at the shrine of his victim, we shall, on the contrary, cordially concur in the language of a more faithful historian than Hume. Referring to the use made of the Pope's power in those ages, Thierry says:—

"When it is considered how horrible such a situation (that of the excommunicated) must have been at a time when faith in Catholicism prevailed from one end of Europe to the other, it will be understood how dreadful an engine of servitude was wielded by Christian conquerors, having in the rear of their battalions a reserve of churchmen. It will then easily be conceived that men of sense and spirit could address the Pope, could supplicate the Pope, could hope in the Pope—it will be conceived, that men, who were neither prebendaries nor monks, could, in the middle ages, rejoice at beholding those who could trample nations under the hoofs of their chargers, themselves called to account by a power too often their accomplices in tyranny and in contempt for mankind. Less compassion will then be felt for the great men of those ages, when the arrow of excommunication may have chanced to light on their cuirass of double mail; for they themselves oftener found it ready, on the first waving of their hand, to strike the unarmed population. When once they had planted in another's field their lance, surmounted by a streamer, they proclaimed against every defender of his paternal inheritance death in this life by the sword, and eternal condemnation in the life to come. Over the bodies of the dying they stretched their triumphant hands to the Pope of Rome—they shared with him the spoil of the vanquished, and nurtured, or kept in play by voluntary tributes, those ecclesiastical lightnings by which they were themselves occasionally scathed, but which, when hurled for their service, struck surely and mortally."

The new nobility created by the Conquest had not time to become venerable by antiquity, when it was subjected to calamitous reverses, arising from the internecine wars, especially during the long and sanguinary contests between the houses of York and

Lancaster. This led to the extinction, by death or banishment, of many aristocratic families: others it involved in jealousies, rivalries and hatreds, fatal to their interests as a body. In the parliament preceding the outbreak of the war of the two Roses, fifty-three peers, besides bishops, took their seats in the upper chamber. In the first parliament of Henry VII. their number had fallen to twenty-five; by new creations, he raised it to forty. In that thirty years' war more than a million of men had perished; and in this destruction of human life, the ruling class came in for more than their share. Henry VII., the first of the Tudors, made laws which hastened the dissolution of the old Norman society. Hating the feudal system, with its intestine strifes and anarchy, he encouraged the great families to break up and sell their large estates, notwithstanding the entails with which they were encumbered. He gave offices to those who, for want of money, divested themselves of their lands, and endeavored to ruin by processes those who, in such circumstances, persisted in retaining them. He armed against them the famous tribunal of the star-chamber, and had adjudged to himself those properties which were considered too large for subjects. He also forbade the nobility to have numerous troops of retainers wearing their livery, who became armies in their collisions against each other or the crown. He not only allowed the petty feudatories and citizens to redeem their dependence on the manors at a low rate, but he lent them money for the purpose. During the previous civil confusion, many of the barons had been obliged to make political and matrimonial alliances with persons of inferior rank and condition. The vacancies made by the immense mortality among those bearing Norman names, which lasted for more than a century, were eagerly filled up by their vassals and servants, and also by the sons of wealthy burgesses and yeomanry of the Saxon race. All these circumstances combined, contributed powerfully to break up the conquering society founded in the eleventh century on the ruins of English liberty. In this manner the way was cleared for the supremacy of the crown, and for the absolutism which reigned with Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. During the reign of the former, the upper chamber, recruited with *parvenus*, most of them men of low birth, and the vilest flatterers, who owed everything to the court, set the commons the example of abject

submission and blind obedience. "In the royal sittings," says Carrel, "the commons standing, according to the ancient custom, learned from the peers, who were seated before them, and faced the throne, to bow down to the ground every time the name of the monarch (who was present, carelessly stretched at his ease) passed the lips of the ministers, who no longer occupied the ancient national council with public affairs, but solely with the virtues of the king."

The gradual revolution which placed the sovereign in this position tended incidentally to raise the people, and to give them an influential part in public affairs, from which no efforts of the Tudors or Stuarts were able permanently to exclude them. While the Norman regime lasted, the *king* was the captain of the conquering tribe or soldiers. The subordinate commanders had the title of *barons*: the remainder were called, in Latin, *milites*, and in English, *knights*, or *squires*. These and their families were the people, who alone had *rights*. The Anglo-Saxons were their *subjects*, i. e. subjugated—a term which was not applied to the House of Lords (then representing the Conquest, as it does partially still) even so late as the time of Elizabeth. The formula then was:—"My right loving lords, and you, my right faithful and *obedient subjects*." The jealousies and collisions of interest and power between the barons and their royal chief led to the first mitigation of Saxon serfdom, and laid the foundation of property among the conquered.

The king had exercised the power of recruiting men for repairing fortresses, bridges, and roads,—of levying contributions of corn and cattle, in his journeys, and of seizing beasts of burden, carts, and agricultural implements. This touched the interests of the proprietors of the soil and the serfs, who helped to "clothe" it. The barons combined—resisted, and extorted *Magna Charta*. Strange to say, this great instrument of national freedom had no nobler origin than this! Indeed, one article of the great charter forbids the destruction of houses, woods, or *men*, without the special license of the *proprietor*, who had full power over the life of Englishmen. It is a great mistake to suppose that the war of the barons against John Lackland was waged for the benefit of the subjects, or that the treaty of Runnymede secured *their* liberties. They were never thought of by either party, except as liable to be slaughtered like cattle

in the barbarous reprisals which the belligerents made on one another's properties. In the course of the struggle between royalty and feudalism, the king retaliated on the barons, and compelled them to confine themselves to regular taxes—required them to give merchants and others a safe conduct through their territories—encouraged the formation of commercial associations, guilds, &c., and took cities under his protection. In these, a vast number of Saxons took refuge, having escaped from their serfdom. There they learned trades, and cultivated the industrial arts. Manufactures were imported from the Continent—particularly from Flanders—took root, and flourished. Cities and towns were enlarged, and became influential in proportion to their trade, wealth, and population.

From this growth of population and resources arose a difficulty in applotting the taxes that were required of these communities in order to sustain the common cause of their masters, and to meet the expenses of their foreign wars. In consequence of this difficulty the cities were compelled to send some of their number to meet the general, his captains, chaplains, and soldiers, assembled in what they called, in their own language, a *parliament*, that it might be ascertained how much taxation they were able to bear, and that they might answer for its due and peaceable collection. For this purpose they were obliged to sign tax-deeds. In process of time the inferior class of knights and soldiers fell into the same category with the commonalty, and were represented by the same deputies. Such is the origin of the House of Commons. The towns sent deputies with great reluctance. None coveted the honor—we were going to say, of a *seat* in Parliament—but then they were not allowed to sit. They were required humbly to stand before their masters, to receive orders on financial matters, and to pledge their constituents that the supplies should be forthcoming. The first call of the deputies of boroughs was made by Edward I., in 1295. These were to be provided with "sufficient powers from their community to consent in their name to what *he and his council should require of them*."

This "*consent*," however, imperceptibly grew into an important privilege, to which we owe all our liberties, as did also the form of "*petition*" first used to obtain a mitigation of burdens, but in course of time becoming an imperative demand for redress

of grievances. Favored by the continental wars, which gave an external direction to the activity and force of the aristocracy, the power of the Commons steadily advanced. While the feudal nobility was wearing out its energies at a distance, the citizens, working and paying more and more, were more frequently called on to take part in public affairs, it being the interest of their rulers to encourage their rising industry. The *naifs* or serfs, too, began to obtain some sympathy, and to become instinct with a consciousness of their rights as men and as Christians. Priests and merchants felt for their hard lot. Their cause was forcibly pleaded in numerous pamphlets. Associations were formed in all directions, and 100,000 serfs left the fields and covered the roads towards London, to demand their freedom from the king. Richard II. went out in person to hear their complaints, and graciously granted them charters of enfranchisement. But the barons, alarmed for "the rights of property," under pretence that the young king's life was in danger, collected a body of troops, and falling on the multitude, dispersed them with great slaughter. The proclamation of freedom was revoked—the charters were recalled. "God preserve us!"—exclaimed the barons—"from subscribing such charters, though we were all to perish in one day; for we would rather lose our lives than our inheritances!" Things at once returned to the order established at the Conquest. The serfs were again treated according to the spirit of the proclamation which resulted from Richard's second thoughts, which said:—

"Villains you were and still are, and in bondage you shall remain."

But freedom's battle had begun, and though baffled often, it was destined to be won at last. The spirit of justice was gaining ground. Christianity, working like a living stream through impurest elements, brought its cleansing influence to bear on society, slowly, but surely. In hours of grief and sickness,—in the anticipated shadows of death, revealing other "worlds of light," which the sun of earthly prosperity obscures, men repented of their property in man. This feeling often found expression during the 14th century, in deeds of manumission, couched in terms like the following:—"Seeing that in the beginning God made all men by nature free, and that afterwards the law of nations

placed certain of them under the yoke of servitude, we think it would be pious and meritorious in the sight of God to liberate such persons, to us subject in villanage, and to free them entirely from such services. Know then that we have freed and liberated from all yoke of servitude — — —, our knaves of the manor of — — —, them, and all their children, born and to be born." The current use, perpetuated to our own times, of these words, "knave" and "villain," indicates clearly enough in what estimation these poor laborers were held, though many of them were the offspring of wealthy nobles, and all of them descended from a race of conquering freemen, the bravest of the Teutonic stock—the richest outburst from the "store-house of nations." The work of emancipation, however, went steadily forward, hastened by the better appreciation of free labor. It was soon found better to have farmers, paying steady rents, than to have the ground occupied by slaves, doing, like all other slaves, as little work as possible, since they labored without hope or reward, languishing under a degrading and demoralizing yoke. When interest chimes in with freedom, they will soon ring the knell of tyranny and monopoly.

About this time Parliament divided into two houses. In the lower, the feudal tenants of Norman race, and the petty proprietors were associated with the Saxon citizens—the representatives of commerce. This tended greatly to do away with the distinctions of race, and to generate in the Commons a national feeling, which was strengthened in the Normans by the fondness of the king for the society of foreigners, whom he enriched and ennobled, to the great mortification of the older settlers. The rapid extension of commercial affairs in the 15th century naturally increased the parliamentary importance of the burgesses, who were far more *au fait* in financial matters than the sporting knights of the shire in the same House. The revolution thus wrought by the general progress of manufactures and commerce speedily led to another equally memorable, the triumph of the *English language* over the Norman French, which was banished from the House of Commons.

At the end of the 14th century French was still the official language of England—the language of all the higher classes. It was spoken by the king, the bishops, the judges, by all the aristocracy and *gentils*

hommes. It was the language taught their children as soon as they could speak, while the Saxon tongue occupied the degraded position of the Gaelic of Ireland in more modern times. But this court language was bad French, vitiated by the peculiar dialect of Normandy, and tinctured with an English accent. These degenerating tendencies became stronger as they ceased to be counteracted by intercourse with the polite society of France, broken off by the wars, and the disannexing of Normandy from the English crown. At the same time the vigorous growth of a native literature favored the English, which was *permitted*, not *ordered*, to be used in pleadings before the civil courts, by a statute of Edward III. But the lawyers continued to interlard their speech with French phrases for a long time after. From the year 1400, or thereabouts, the public acts were drawn up alternately and indifferently in French and English. The first bill of the Lower House of Parliament that was written in the English language bears the date of 1425. From the year 1450 no more French pieces are to be found in the printed collections of the public documents of England. Thus, four centuries after the conquest of England by the Normans, their language disappeared, together with the inequality of civil condition, which separated the families that had sprung from the two races, or rather two tribes of the same blood. The reign of Henry VII. may be considered as the period when the distribution of ranks ceased to correspond in a general manner with that of races, and as the commencement of the state society now existing in England. It was COMMERCE that conquered the conquest, and gave to English nationality the noblest of modern languages. It is true this victory has been slowly acquired, remaining for centuries incomplete, until its last decisive blows have been given in the Reform Bill of 1832, and the abolition of the Corn Laws in 1846.

"When the Normans entered England," says Mr. Wright, "although but a century and a half had elapsed since their settlement in France, they had entirely lost the language they had brought with them from the north, and had long adopted that of the people whom they had conquered, one of the dialects derived from the ancient Latin, called, from their origin, *lingua Romana*, or *langue Romane*, which has in the sequel been moulded down into the modern

French. As early even as the second of the Norman dukes, William I., only a few years after the death of Rollo, we are told by Dudo de St. Quentin, that the duke was obliged to send his son to Bayeux to learn the Danish tongue, as the *langue Romane* was almost the only tongue spoken at Rouen, then the chief seat of the power of the Northmen in France." It is probable that with their language, they had lost most of their national traditions and poetry; for the literature of Normandy, when it first becomes known to us, which is not earlier than the year 1100, is in this respect purely French. It first appears in poems of a religious and serious character, and, in pious legends, composed by the *Trouvères*, who were numerous in the 12th century.

Previous to the Conquest, the Latin language was sinking into neglect in England, knowledge of every kind being then spread abroad only in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, whose use, as a written language, was almost abolished by that calamitous event. "It was only preserved in the continuation for a time of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, and in some productions, mostly of a religious or moral character, for which we are probably indebted to the few Anglo-Saxon monks who were permitted to retain their places in our monasteries." The literature which prevailed in England for a century after the Conquest, was almost entirely Latin. This literature was chiefly devoted to theology. "The epigrams of Godfrey of Winchester stand alone amid a mass of writings which, with the exception of some valuable letters, and a few historical tracts, have little interest at the present day." "It may be observed that poetry in general was peculiarly the literature of the schools and of the secular clergy; and much of that of the 12th and 13th centuries is distinguished by its hostility to monachism."

Lanfranc had revived, or rather created the study of the ancient classics in Normandy, in whose schools it was afterwards cultivated with great success. Some of the most distinguished ornaments of those schools were brought over to this island by the Conqueror, and from that time the Anglo-Latin writers took a respectable position in the literature of Europe. This, however, was essentially owing to the *importation* of learned men; for during the first half of the Anglo-Norman period, the distinguished writers in our island were,

with very few exceptions, foreigners, who were brought over by the Norman monarchs to be dignitaries of the English Church.

"The Latin of the earlier writers is characterized by considerable vigor of style, arising from clearness and simplicity of diction, which subsequently gave way to an affectation of florid ornament, which made the style of the later writers very confused, and often unintelligible. We meet with good Latin poetry throughout the 12th century; the writings of Laurence of Durham, Henry of Huntingdon, John of Salisbury, John de Hautville, Nigellus Wirreker, Alexander Neckam and others, contain passages of great beauty, and almost classic elegance; whilst a new style of Latin versification, in which rhymes took the place of the ancient metres, beginning with Hilarius, and brought to perfection in the satirical poems attributed to Walter Mapes, possesses a certain energy and sprightliness which are not without considerable attraction. This class of poetry became extremely popular, and continued to exist in its original vigor, long after the style of the most serious Latin writers became hopelessly debased. Indeed the period at which it appears to have flourished most, is the middle of the 13th century, under the troubled reign of Henry III. Very little Latin prose that is tolerable, was written after the middle of the 13th century. Norman and English had then, to a certain extent, driven the Latin out of the field, or at least had thrown it into the hands of a school of heavy theologians. A new era of Anglo-Norman literature opens with the reign of Richard I. The lion-hearted king prided himself on his poetic talents; and he was the patron of jongleurs and trouvères, whose works, as far as we are now acquainted with them, became more numerous at this period. These writers were not properly minstrels; they did not recite their own works, but committed them to writing, which is the cause of their being preserved in early manuscripts. They were monks; and some of them appear to have embraced the monastic life after having been professed poets, and to have made atonement for the profane productions of their earlier years, by dedicating their talents to sacred subjects."—WRIGHT'S *Biographia, Introduction, passim*.

Even so late as the early part of the 14th century, an immense distance continued to exist between the Normans and the English people. A Poitevin who was prime minister in the time of Henry III., being asked to observe the great charter and the laws of the land, answered—"I am no *Englishman* that I should know these charters and these laws." Robert Grossetête, bishop of Lincoln, principal chaplain to the army of the barons, then reckoned only two languages in England, Latin for men of letters, and French for the uneducated, in which language he himself, in his old age, wrote pious books for the use of the laity, making

no account of the English language or of those who spoke it. This neglect of the mass of the people, of the villains in town and country, pervades all the literature of the Anglo-Norman period. Concerning them and their social condition, preachers and poets seem to have been alike silent. The poets, even those of English birth, composed all their verses in French, whenever they wished to derive from them either profit or honor. There was indeed a class of ballad-makers and writers of extravagant romances, who employed either pure Saxon—which was now revived—or a dialect mixed up of Saxon and French, which served for the habitual communication between the higher and lower classes. This was the origin of our present language, which arose out of the necessities of society. In order to be understood by the people, the Normans *Saxonized* their speech as well as they could; and, on the other hand, in order to be understood by the upper classes, the people *Normanized* theirs. This intermediate idiom first became current in the cities, where the population of the two races had become more intermingled, and where the inequality of conditions was less marked than in the rural districts. There it insensibly took the place of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, which was left to the rudest and poorest of the people, while the more cultivated, and those who pretended to gentility, studied, by refining and Gallicizing their speech, to imitate the nobles, and draw nearer to them in the relations of society. About the middle of the 14th century, a great many poetical and imaginative works appeared in this new language; sometimes the two tongues, out of which it grew, were used in every alternate couplet, or in every second line. At length, owing to the powerful social causes to which we have already adverted, the French language was entirely laid aside, not only in the courts of justice, but also in the high court of Parliament, as well as by all the writers who addressed themselves to the middle classes and the town populations. We still, indeed, retain a venerable relic of the old Norman, in the custom, equally absurd and harmless, of giving the royal assent in that language:—the formula is—*Le Roy le veult—le Roy s'avisera*,—not even, we believe, modernizing the orthography.

On the domestic manners and morals of the Anglo-Normans, the work before us does not throw as much light as we could wish, though highly valuable to the stu-

dents of literary history and philology, on account of the great learning and research which it displays, and for which the fact, that it is published under the auspices of the Royal Society of Literature, is a sufficient guarantee. Had it, however, been made to convey livelier pictures of society, and had the Norman French and Mediaeval Latin been translated, the labors of the accomplished author would have been much more acceptable to the general reader. But the volume of *Letters* illustrating the Anglo-Norman period, promised, in the same series, by Dr. Giles, is likely to supply this deficiency.

In such a state of society, it was to be expected that the manners of those ages would be very corrupt. Something must be allowed for the exaggerations and poetical license of satirists. But when we find their works maintaining a great and long-continued popularity, we must admit the general verisimilitude of their pictures of life. Those pictures are not flattering. The Anglo-Normans were great lovers of pleasure, in the pursuit of which they allowed themselves unbounded license. They were fond of the chase, and of all sorts of manly sports. In their convivial meetings they keenly discussed the merits of the viands, which they consumed with admirable goût. "The wines were the subject of no less anxious discussion than the meats, and were

the cause of still greater excesses, in which the natives of our island are more especially accused of indulging. The schools were filled with pride and vanity. The rich squandered their money on base jonglours and minstrels, instead of applying it to the encouragement of true learning and merit. The ambition and cupidity of barons and prelates filled the land with strife and confusion. Such is the representation given by John de Hautville, whose poem had a great circulation in the 13th and 14th centuries, and was so highly esteemed that it was made the subject of learned commentaries."—(*Biographia*, i., 250.)

Grievous faults there are in our present social system; but no one who has read history, and possesses a grain of sober reason or candor, can deny that it is incomparably purer and better than it was in the Middle Ages. None but the most diseased enthusiast can wish the institutions of those ages to return. The spirit of those institutions has been inveterately inimical to the best interests of man. Against that spirit the progress of the nation in freedom, intelligence, and wealth, has been a deadly contest; and to the laws and habits established by the Anglo-Norman Conquest may be distinctly traced everything in our civil polity which militates against the peace and prosperity of British society at the present time.

From Tait's Magazine.

THOMAS HOOD.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF A "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

It is the lot of some men of genius to be born as if in the blank space between Milton's *L'Allegro* and *Penseroso*—their proximity to both originally equal, and their adhesion to the one or the other depending upon casual circumstances. While some pendulate perpetually between the grave and the gay, others are carried off bodily, as it happens, by the comic or the tragic muse. A few there are, who seem to say, of their own deliberate option, "Mirth, with thee we mean to live;" deeming it better to go to the house of feasting than to that of mourning,—while the storm of adversity drives others to pursue sad and dreary paths, not at first congenial to their natures. Such

men as Shakspeare, Burns, and Byron, continue, all their lives long, to pass, in rapid and perpetual change, from the one province to the other; and this, indeed, is the main source of their boundless ascendancy over the general mind. In Young, of the "Night Thoughts," the laughter, never very joyous, is converted, through the effect of gloomy casualties, into the ghastly grin of the skeleton Death—the pointed satire is exchanged for the solemn sermon. In Cowper, the fine schoolboy glee which inspirits his humour goes down at last, and is quenched like a spark in the wild abyss of his madness—"John Gilpin" merges in the "Cast-away." Hood, on the other hand, with

his strongest tendencies originally to the pathetic and the fantastic-serious, shrinks in timidity from the face of the inner sun of his nature—shies the stoop of the descending Pythonic power—and, feeling that if he wept at all it were floods of burning and terrible tears, laughs, and does little else but laugh, instead.

We look upon this writer as a quaint masquer—as wearing above a manly and profound nature, a fantastic and deliberate disguise of folly. He reminds us of Brutus, cloaking under pretended idiocy, a stern and serious design, which burns his breast, but which he chooses in this way only to disclose. Or, he is like Hamlet—able to form a magnificent purpose, but, from constitutional weakness, not able to incarnate it in effective action. A deep message has come to him from the heights of his nature, but, like the ancient prophet, he is forced to cry out, “I cannot speak—I am a child!”

Certainly there was, at the foundation of Hood’s soul, a seriousness, which all his puns and mummeries could but indifferently conceal. Jacques, in the forest of Arden, mused not with a profounder pathos, or in quainter language, upon the sad pageant of humanity, than does he; and yet, like him, his “lungs” are ever ready to “crow like chanticleer” at the sight of its grotesquer absurdities. Verily, the goddess of melancholy owes a deep grudge to the mirthful magician, who carried off such a promising votary. It is not every day that one who might have been a great serious poet will condescend to sink into a punster and editor of comic annuals. And, were it not that his original tendencies continued to be manifested to the last, and that he turned his drollery to important account, we would be tempted to be angry, as well as to regret, that he chose to play the Fool rather than King Lear in the play.

As a poet, Hood belongs to the school of John Keats and Leigh Hunt, with qualities of his own, and an all but entire freedom from their peculiarities of manner and style. What strikes us, in the first place, about him, is his great variety of subject and mode of treatment. His works are in two small duodecimo volumes; and yet we find in them five or six distinct styles attempted—and attempted with success. There is the classical—there is the fanciful, or, as we might almost call it, the “Midsummer Night”—there is the homely tragic narrative—there is the wildly grotesque—there is the light—and there is the grave

and pathetic—lyric. And, besides, there is a style, which we despair of describing by any one single or compound epithet, of which his “Elm Tree” and “Haunted House” are specimens—resembling Tennyson’s “Talking Oak,”—and the secret and power of which, perhaps, lie in the feeling of mystic correspondence between man and inanimate nature—in the start of momentary consciousness, with which we sometimes feel that in nature’s company we are not alone, that nature’s silence is not that of death; and are aware, in the highest and grandest sense, that we are “made of dust,” and that the dust from which we were once taken is still divine. We know few volumes of poetry where we find, in the same compass, so little mannerism, so little self-repetition, such a varied concert, along with such unique harmony of sound.

Through these varied numerous styles, we find two or three main elements distinctly traceable in all Hood’s poems. One is a singular subtlety in the perception of minute analogies. The weakness, as well as the strength of his poetry, is derived from this source. His serious verse, as well as his witty prose, is laden and encumbered with thick coming fancies. Hence, some of his finest pieces are tedious, without being long. Little more than ballads in size, they are books in the reader’s feeling. Every one knows how resistance adds to the idea of extension, and how roughness impedes progress. Some of Hood’s poems, such as “Lycus,” are rough as the Centaur’s hide; and, having difficulty in passing along, you are tempted to pass them by altogether. And though a few, feeling that there is around them the power and spell of genius, generously cry, there’s true metal here, when we have leisure, we must return to this—yet they never do. In fact, Hood has not been able to infuse human interest into his fairy or mythological creations. He has conceived them in a happy hour; surely on one of those days when the soul and nature are one—when one calm bond of peace seems to unite all things—when the “very cattle in the fields appear to have great and tranquil thoughts”—when the sun seems to slumber, and the sky to smile—when the air becomes a wide balm, and the low wind, as it wanders over flowers, seems telling some happy tidings in each gorgeous ear, till the rose blushes a deep crimson, and the tulip lifts up a more towering head, and the violet shrinks more modestly away as at lovers’ whispers—in such

a favored hour—on which the first strain of music might have arisen, or the first stroke of painting been drawn, or the chisel of the first sculptor been heard, or the first verse of poetry been chanted, or man himself, a nobler harmony than lute ever sounded, a finer line than painter ever drew, a statelier structure and a diviner song, arisen from the dust—did the beautiful *idea* of the “Plea of the Midsummer Fairies” dawn upon this poet’s mind; he has conceived them in a happy hour, he has framed them with exquisite skill and a fine eye to poetic proportion, but he has not made them alive, he has not made them objects of love; and you care less for his Centaurs and his Fairies than you do for the moonbeams or the shed leaves of the forest. How different with the Oberon and the Titania of Shakspeare! They are true to the fairy ideal, and yet they are human—their hearts warm with human passions, as fond of gossip, flattery, intrigue, and quarrel, as men or women can be—and you sigh with or smile at them, precisely as you do at Theseus and Hippolyta. Indeed, we cannot but admire how Shakspeare, like the arc of humanity, always bends, in all his characters, into the one centre of man—how his villains, ghosts, demons, witches, fairies, fools, harlots, heroes, clowns, saints, sensualists, women, and *even his kings*, are all human, disguises, or half-lengths, or miniatures, never caricatures, nor apologies for mankind. How full the cup of manhood out of which he could baptize!—now an Iago, and now an Ague-cheek—now a Bottom, and now a Macbeth—now a Dogberry, and now a Caliban—now an Ariel, and now a Timon—into the one communion of the one family—nay, have a drop or two to spare for Messrs. Cobweb and Mustardseed, who are allowed to creep in too among the number, and who attract a share of the tenderness of their benign father. As in Swift, his misanthropy sees the hated object in everything, blown out in the Brobdignagian, shrunk up in the Lilliputian, flapping in the Laputan, and yelling with the Yahoo—nay, throws it out into those loathsome reflections, that he may intensify and multiply his hatred; so in the same way operates the opposite feeling in Shakspeare. His love to the race is so great that he would colonize with man, all space, fairy-land, the grave, hell, and heaven. And not only does he give to superhuman beings a human interest and nature, but he accomplishes what Hood has not attempted, and what few else have

attempted with success; he adjusts the human to the superhuman actors—they never jostle, you never wonder at finding them on the same stage, they meet without a start, they part without a shiver, they obey one magic; and you feel that not only does one touch of nature make the whole world kin, but that it can link the *universe* in one brotherhood, for the secret of this adjustment lies entirely in the humanity which is diffused through every part of the drama. In it, as in one soft ether, float, or swim, or play, or dive, or fly, all his characters.

In connexion with the foregoing defect, we find in Hood’s more elaborate poetical pieces no effective story, none that can bear the weight of his subtle and beautiful imagery. The rich blossoms and pods of the pea-flower tree are there, but the strong distinct stick of support is wanting. This defect is fatal not only to long poems but to all save the shortest; it reduces them instantly to the rank of rhymed essays; and a rhymed essay, with most people, is the same thing with a rhapsody. Even dreams require a nexus, a nusus, a nodus, a point, a purpose. Death is but a tame shadow without the scythe; and the want of a purpose in any clear, definite, impressive form, has neutralized the effect of many poems besides Hood’s—some of Tennyson’s, and one entire class of Shelley’s—whose “Triumph of Life” and “Witch of Atlas” rank with “Lycus,” and the “Midnight Fairies”—being, like them, beautiful, diffuse, vague; and, like them, perpetually promising to bring forth solid fruit, but yielding at length leaves and blossoms only.

Subtle fancy, lively wit, copious language, and mellow versification, are the undoubted qualities of Hood as a poet. But, besides, there are two or three moral peculiarities about him as delightful as his intellectual; and they are visible in his serious as well as lighter productions. One is his constant lightness of spirit and tone. His verse is not a chant, but a carol. Deep as may be his internal melancholy, it expresses itself in, and yields to song. The heavy thunder-cloud of woe comes down in the shape of sparkling, sounding, sunny drops, and thus dissolves. He casts his melancholy into shapes so fantastic, that they lure first himself, and then his readers, to laughter. If he cannot get rid of the grim gigantic shadow of himself, which walks ever before him, as before all men, he can, at least, make mouths, and cut antics behind its back. This conduct is, in one

sense, wise as well as witty; but will, we fear, be imitated by few. Some will continue to follow the unbaptized terror, in tame and helpless submission; others will pay it vain homage; others will make to it resistance equally vain: and many will seek to drown in pleasure, or forget in business, their impression, that it walks on before them—silent, perpetual, pausing with their rest, running with their speed, growing with their growth, strengthening with their strength, forming itself a ghastly rainbow on the fumes of their bowl of festival, lying down with them at night, starting up with every start that disturbs their slumbers, rising with them in the morning, rushing before them like a rival dealer into the market-place, and appearing to beckon them on behind it, from the death-bed into the land of shadows, as into its own domain. If from this dreadful forerunner we cannot escape, is it not well done in Hood, and would it not be well done in others, to laugh at, as we pursued, its inevitable steps? It is, after all, perhaps only the future greatness of man that throws back this gloom upon his infant being, casting upon him confusion and despair, instead of exciting him to gladness and to hope. In escaping from this shadow, we should be pawning the prospects of our Immortality.

How cheerily rings Hood's lark-like note of poetry, among the various voices of the age's song—its eagle screams, its raven croakings, its plaintive nightingale strains! And yet that lark, too, in her lowly nest, had her sorrows, and, perhaps, her heart had bled in secret all night long. But now the "morn is up again, the dewy morn," and the sky is clear, and the wind is still, and the sunshine is bright, and the blue depths seem to sigh for her coming; and up rises she to heaven's gate, as aforetime; and as she soars and sings, she remembers her misery no more; nay, hers seems to be the chosen voice by which Nature would convey the full gladness of her own heart, in that favorite and festal hour.

No one stops to question the songstress in the sky as to her theory of the universe—"Under which creed, Bezonian!—speak or die!" So, it were idle to inquire of Hood's poetry, any more than of Keats's, what in confidence was its opinion of the origin of evil, or the pedobaptist controversy. His poetry is fuller of humanity and of real piety that it does not protrude any peculiarities of personal belief; and that no more than the sun or the book of

Esther has it the name of God written on it, although it has the essence and the image. There are writers who, like secret, impassioned lovers, speak most seldom of those objects which they most frequently think of and most fervently admire. And there are others, whose ascriptions of praise to God, whose encomiums on religion, and whose introduction of sacred names, sound like affidavits, or self-signed certificates of Christianity—they are so frequent, so forced, and so little in harmony with what we know of the men. It is upon this principle that we would defend Wordsworth from those who deny him the name of a sacred poet. True, all his poems are not hymns; but his life has been a long hymn, rising, like incense, from a mountain altar to God. Surely, since Milton, no purer, severer, *living* melody has mounted on high. The ocean names not its Maker, nor needs to name him. Yet who can deny that the religion of the "Ode to Sound," and of the "Excursion," is that of the "Paradise Lost," the "Task," and the "Night Thoughts?" And without classing Hood in this, or in any respect, with Wordsworth, we dare as little rank him with things common and unclean.

Hear himself on this point:

"Thrice blessed is the man with whom
The gracious prodigality of nature—
The balm, the bliss, the beauty and the bloom,
The bounteous providence in every feature—
Recall the good Creator to his creature;
Making all earth a fane, all heaven its dome!

* * * * *
Each cloud-capped mountain is a holy altar;
An organ breathes in every grove;
And the full heart's a Psalter,
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love."

And amid all the mirthful details of the long warfare which he waged with cant (from his *Progress of Cant*, downwards), we are not aware of any real despite done to that spirit of Christianity to which Cant, in fact, is the most formidable foe. To the *mask* of religion, his motto is, spare no no arrows; but when the real, radiant, sorrowful, yet happy *face* appears, he too has a knee to kneel and a heart to worship.

But, best of all in Hood is that warm humanity which beats in all his writings. His is no ostentatious or systematic philanthropy; it is a mild, cheerful, irrepressible feeling, as innocent and tender as the embrace of a child. It cannot found soup kitchens; it can only slide in a few rhymes and sonnets to make its species a little happier. Hospitals it is unable to erect, or

subscriptions to give; silver and gold it has none; but in the orisons of its genius it never fails to remember the cause of the poor; and if it cannot, any more than the kindred spirit of Burns, make for its country "some usefu' plan or book," it can "sing a sang at least." Hood's poetry is often a pleading for those who cannot plead for themselves, or who plead only like the beggar, who, reproached for his silence, showed his sores and replied, "Isn't it begging I am with a hundred tongues?" This advocacy of his has not been thrown utterly away; it has been heard on earth, and it has been heard in heaven.

The genial kind-heartedness which distinguished Thomas Hood did not stop with himself. He silently and insensibly drew around him a little cluster of kindred spirits, who, without the name, have obtained the character and influence of a school, which may be called, indifferently, the Later Cockney, or the Punch School. Who the parent of this school, properly speaking, was, whether Leigh Hunt or Hood, we will not stop to inquire. Perhaps, we may rather compare its members to a cluster of bees settling and singing together, without thought of precedence or feeling of inferiority, upon one flower. Leigh Hunt and Hood, indeed, have far higher qualities of imagination than the others, but they possess some properties in common with them. All this school have warm sympathies, both with man as an individual, and with the ongoings of society at large. All have a quiet but burning sense of the evil, the cant, the injustice, the inconsistency, the oppression, and the falsehood that are in the world. All are aware that fierce invective, furious recalcitration, and howling despair, can never heal or mitigate these calamities. All are believers in their future and permanent mitigation; and are convinced that literature—prosecuted in a proper spirit, and combined with political and moral progress—will marvellously tend to this result. All have had, or have too much real or solid sorrow to make of it a matter of parade, or to find or seek in it a frequent source of inspiration. All, finally, would rather laugh than weep men out of their follies, and ministries out of their mistakes. And in an age which has seen the steam of a tea-kettle applied to change the physical aspect of the earth—all have unbounded faith in the mightier miracles of moral and political revolution which the *mirth of an English fireside* is yet to effect when properly con-

densed and pointed. We rather honor the motives than share in the anticipations of this witty and brilliant band, with which Dickens must unquestionably rank. Much good they have done and are doing; but the full case, we fear, is beyond them. It is in mechanism after all, not in magic, that they trust. We, on the other hand, think that our help lies in the double-divine *charm* which Genius and Religion, fully wedded together, are yet to wield; when, in a high sense, the words of the poet shall be accomplished—

"Love and song, song and love, intertwined evermore,
Weary earth to the sons of its youth shall restore."

Mirth like that of Punch and Hood can relieve many a fog upon individual minds, but is powerless to remove the great clouds which hang over the general history of humanity, and around even political abuses it often plays harmless as the summer evening's lightning, or, at most, only loosens, without smiting them down. Voltaire's smile showed the Bastile in a ludicrous light, as it fantastically fell upon it; but Rousseau's earnestness struck its pinnacle, and Mirabeau's eloquence overturned it from its base. There is a call, in our case, for a holier earnestness, and for a purer, nobler oratory. From the variety of styles which Hood has attempted in his poems, we select the two in which we think him most successful—the homely tragic narrative, and the grave pathetic lyric. We find a specimen of the former in his Eugene Aram's dream. This may be called a tale of the Confessional; but how much new interest does it acquire from the circumstances, the scene, and the person to whom the confession is made. Eugene Aram tells his story under the similitude of a dream, in the interval of the school toil, in a shady nook of the play-ground, and to a little boy. What a ghastly contrast do all these peaceful images present to the tale he tells, in its mixture of homely horror and shadowy dread! What an ear this in which to inject the fell revelation! In what a plain, yet powerful setting, is the awful picture thus inserted! And how perfect at once the keeping and the contrast between youthful innocence and guilt, grey-haired before its time!—between the eager, unsuspecting curiosity of the listener, and the slow and difficult throes, by which the narrator relieves himself of his burden of years!—between the sympathetic, half-pleasant, half-painful shudder of the boy, and the strong convul-

sion of the man! The Giaour, emptying his polluted soul in the gloom of the convent aisle, and to the father trembling instead of his penitent, as the broken and frightful tale gasps on, is not equal in interest nor awe to Eugene Aram recounting his dream to the child; till you as well as he wish, and are tempted to shriek out, that he may awake and find it indeed a dream. Eugene Aram is not like Bulwer's hero—a sublime demon in love; he is a mere man in misery, and the poet seeks you to think—and you can think, of nothing about him, no more than himself can, except the one fatal stain, which has made him what he is, and which he long has identified with himself. Hood, with the instinct and art of a great painter, seizes on that moment in Aram's history, which formed the hinge of its interest—not the moment of the murder, not the long, silent, devouring remorse that followed, not the hour of the defence, nor of the execution—but that when the dark secret leapt into light and punishment; this thrilling, curdling instant, predicted from the past, and pregnant with the future, is here seized, and startlingly shown. All that went before was merely horrible, all that followed is horrible and vulgar: the poetic moment in the story is intensely one. And how inferior the labored power and pathos of the last volume of Bulwer's novel to these lines!

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
Through the cold and heavy mist:
And Eugene Aram walked between
With gyves upon his wrist.

And here, how much of the horror is breathed upon us from the calm bed of the sleeping boy!

The two best of his grave, pathetic lyrics are the "Song of the Shirt" and the "Bridge of Sighs." The first was certainly Hood's great hit, although we were as much ashamed as rejoiced at its success. We blushed when we thought that at that stage of his life he needed such an introduction to the public, and that thousands and tens of thousands were now, for the first time, induced to ask "Who's Thomas Hood?" The majority of even the readers of the age had never heard of his name till they saw it in *Punch*, and connected with a song—first rate, certainly—but not better than many of his former poems! It cast, to us, a strange light on the chance-medleys of fame, and on the lines of Shakspeare—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Alas! in Hood's instance, to fortune it did not lead, and the fame was brief lightning before darkness.

And what is the song which made Hood awake one morning and find himself famous? Its great merit is its truth. Hood sits down beside the poor seamstress as beside a sister, counts her tears, her stitches, her bones—too transparent by far through the sallow skin—sees that though degraded she is a woman still; and rising up, swears, by Him that liveth for ever and ever, that he will make her wrongs and wretchedness known to the limits of the country and of the race. And, hark! how to that cracked, tuneless voice, trembling under its burden of sorrow, now shrunk down into the whispers of weakness, and now shuddering up into the laughter of despair, all Britain listens for a moment—and for no longer—listens, meets, talks, and does little or nothing. It was much that one shrill shriek should rise and reverberate above that world of wild confused wailings, which are the true "cries of London;" but alas! that it has gone down again into the abyss, and that we are now employed in criticising its artistic quality instead of recording its moral effect. Not altogether in vain, indeed, has it sounded, if it have comforted one lonely heart, if it have bedewed with tears one arid eye, and saved to even one sufferer a pang of a kind which Shakspeare only saw in part, when he spoke of the "proud man's contumely"—the contumely of a proud, imperious, fashionable, hard-hearted woman—"one that was a wowan, but, rest her soul, she's dead."

Not the least striking nor impressive thing in this "Song of the Shirt" is its half jesting tone, and light, easy gallop. What sound in the street so lamentable as the laughter of a lost female! It is like a dimple on the red waves of hell. It is more melancholy than even the death-cough shrieking up through her shattered frame, for it speaks of rest, death, the grave, forgetfulness, perhaps forgiveness. So Hood into the centre of this true tragedy has, with a skilful and sparing hand, dropt a pun or two, a conceit or two; and these quibbles are precisely what make you quake. "Every tear hinders needle and thread," reminds us distantly of these words, occurring in the very centre of the Lear agony, "Nuncle, it is a naughty night to swim in." Hood, as well as Shakspeare, knew that to deepen the deepest woe of humanity, it is

the best way to show it in the lurid light of mirth; that there is a sorrow too deep for tears, too deep for sighs, but none too deep for smiles; and that the *aside* and the laughter of an idiot might accompany and serve to aggravate the anguish of a god. And what tragedy in that swallow's back which "twits with the spring" this captive without crime, this suicide without intention, this martyr without the prospect of a fiery chariot!

The "Bridge of Sighs" breathes a deeper breath of the same spirit. The Poet is arrested by a crowd in the street; he pauses, and finds that it is a female suicide whom they have plucked dead from the waters. His heart holds its own coroner's inquest upon her, and the poem is the verdict. Such verdicts are not common in the courts of clay. It sounds like a voice from a loftier climate, like the cry which closes the Faust, "She is pardoned." He knows not—what the jury will know in an hour—the cause of her crime. He wishes not to know it. He cannot determine what proportions of guilt, misery, and madness, have mingled with her "mutiny." He knows only she was miserable, and she is dead—dead, and therefore away to a higher tribunal. He knows only that, whatever her guilt, she never ceased to be a woman, to be a sister, and that death, for him hushing "all questions, hiding all faults, has left on her only the beautiful." What can he do? He forgives her in the name of humanity; every heart says amen, and his verdict, thus repeated and confirmed, may go down to eternity.

Here, too, as in the "Song of the Shirt," the effect is trebled by the outward levity of the strain. Light and gay, the masquerade his grieved heart puts on; but its every flower, feather, and fringe, shakes in the internal anguish as in a tempest. This one stanza (coldly praised by a recent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, whose heart and intellect seem to be dead, but to us how unspeakably dear!) might perpetuate the name of Hood:

"The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch,
Nor the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history—
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!"

After all this, we have not the heart, as Lord Jeffrey would say, to turn to his

"Whims and Oddities," &c., at large. "Here lies one who spat more blood and made more puns than any man living," was his self-proposed epitaph. Whether punning was natural to him or not, we cannot tell. We fear that with him, as with most people, it was a bad habit, cherished into a necessity and a disease. Nothing could be more easily acquired than the power of punning, if, as Dr. Johnson was wont to say, one's mind were but to *abandon* itself to it. What poor creatures you meet continually, from whom puns come as easily as perspiration. If this was a disease in Hood, he turned it into a "commodity." His innumerable puns, like the minnikin multitudes of Lilliput, supplying the wants of the Man Mountain, fed, clothed, and paid his rent. This was more than Aram Dreams or Shirt Songs could have done, had he written them in scores. Some, we know, will, on the other hand, contend that his facility in punning was the outer form of his inner faculty of minute analogical perception—that it was the same power at play—that the eye which, when earnestly and piercingly directed, can perceive delicate resemblances in things, has only to be opened to see like words dancing in each other's embrace; and that this, and not the perverted taste of the age, accounts for Shakspeare's puns; punning being but the game of football, by which he brought a great day's labor to a close. Be this as it may, Hood punned to live, and made many suspect that he lived to pun. This, however, was a mistake. For, apart from his serious pretensions as a poet, his puns swam in a sea of humor, farce, drollery, fun of every kind. Parody, caricature, quiz, innocent *double entendre*, mad exaggeration, laughter holding both his sides, sense turned awry, and downright, staring, slavering nonsense, were all to be found in his writings. Indeed, every species of wit and humor abounded, with, perhaps, two exceptions;—the quiet, deep, ironical smile of Addison, and the misanthropic grin of Swift (forming a stronger antithesis to a laugh than the blackest of frowns) were not in Hood. Each was peculiar to the single man whose face bore it, and shall probably re-appear no more. For Addison's matchless smile he may look and long in vain; and forbid that such a horrible distortion of the human face divine as Swift's grin (disowned for ever by the fine, chubby, kindly family of mirth!) should be witnessed again on earth!

"Alas! poor Yorick. Where now thy

quips?—thy quiddities?—thy flashes that wont to set the table in a roar? Quite chapfallen?" The death of a man of mirth has to us a drearier significance than that of a more sombre spirit. *He* passes into the other world as into a region where his heart had been translated long before. To death, as to a nobler birth, had he looked forward; and when it comes, his spirit readily and cheerfully yields to it as one great thought in the soul submits to be displaced and darkened by a greater. To him death had lost its terrors, at the same time that life had lost its charms. But "can a ghost laugh or shake his gaunt sides?"—is there wit any more than wisdom in the grave?—do puns there crackle?—or do comic annuals there mark the still procession of the years? The death of a humorist, as the first serious epoch in his history, is a very sad event. In Hood's case, however, we have this consolation: a mere humorist he was not, but a sincere lover of his race—a hearty friend to their freedom and welfare—a deep sympathizer with their sufferings and sorrows; and if he did not to the full consecrate his high faculties to their service, surely his circumstances as much as himself were to blame. Writing, as we are, in a city where he spent some of his early days, and which never ceased to possess associations of interest to his mind, and owing, as we do to him, a debt of much pleasure, and of some feelings beyond it, we cannot but take leave of his writings with every sentiment of good-humor and gratitude.

From the British Quarterly Review.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND HUBERT LANGUET.

The Correspondence of Sir Philip Sidney and Hubert Languet, now first collected and translated from the Latin, with Notes and a Memoir of Sidney. By STEUART A. PEARS, M. A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Svo. London: Pickering. 1845. pp. lxxxii. and 240.

HUBERT LANGUET is noted in literary history as the supposed author of the famous "*Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos*," which probably issued from some Swiss or German press in 1581 or 1582, although professing to be printed at Edinburgh in 1579. Barbier, the latest and greatest authority, sets him down as the true Stephanus Junius Brutus, without the intimation of a doubt. Yet, after reading Bayle's elaborate dissertation, which is regarded as having established the fact, most people, we should think, would still have their misgivings; indeed, Bayle himself is by no means perfectly satisfied. Perhaps something might be done toward the settlement of the question by an examination of the style of the "*Vindiciæ*," and a comparison of it with that of Languet's known writings. The evidence that has hitherto been brought forward is all only historical or external.

The acquaintance of Languet with Sidney began in the latter part of the year 1572. They met at Frankfort, to which place first the one and then the other had found his way, after having both witnessed in Paris the horrors of those closing days of August, which still remain the reddest even

in the annals of the French capital, daubed over as they are with blood beyond those of any other city in the world. It does not appear that they had previously known one another, although they must have been together for some months at the French court, where Languet had been the resident minister or agent of the Elector of Saxony for the two years preceding the massacre; while Sidney had arrived there in the end of May or beginning of June, and, having been taken under the protection of the English resident, Sir Francis Walsingham, had, about a fortnight before St. Bartholomew's day, been appointed by Charles IX. to the place of one of his gentlemen in ordinary. Both Walsingham and Languet were enabled to afford shelter in their houses during the massacre to many subjects of the sovereigns whom they severally represented; while Sidney found safety with the former, one of the German Lutherans who took refuge with the latter was the printer Andrew Wechel, or Wechelius; and he was in turn entertaining Languet as his guest at Frankfort, when Sidney, who probably left Paris about the middle of September, after passing through Strasburg

and Heidelberg, reached that free city. The elderly man of fifty-four and the youth of eighteen immediately found themselves drawn to one another by sympathies which difference of age could not extinguish or chill. Perhaps the common danger from which they had so recently escaped, and the common religious impressions which so terrific an instance of Romish bigotry and perfidy must have deepened in both, did something to attach them. But there was also a similarity, or mutual accordance, in their natural dispositions and tastes. Even already Sidney was making himself felt to be, what he continued to be found while he lived, the most engaging of human beings. Young as he was, he had no sooner appeared at the French court than he became the observed of all observers. Charles IX. himself, who, for all his blood-stained name, was a lover and a judge of literature and talent, is recorded to have delighted in his conversation. His friend and affectionate biographer, Lord Brooke, was told by Walsingham, that, with all his experience in winning men's confidence, he soon found himself overshot with his own bow by Sidney, so that after a while he had to be contented that his friends should be retained chiefly by their being enamored of his young countryman. Thoughtful, as well as accomplished, beyond his years, he was, as his contemporaries observed of him, become a man without ever having been a boy. That remarkable combination of the brilliant and the solid, which formed his character, was already shining forth in him. What he has himself finely called "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy," spoke in his words and his looks. Full of fire and spirit, and of the ambition of distinction, yet docile, ingenuous, and affectionate, he was made to be at once admired and loved by young and old, by man and woman. Nor was Languet, on his side, without qualifications and attractions calculated powerfully to impress such a heart and imagination as Sidney's. Some of the most distinguished of his contemporaries bear the strongest testimony to the charms of his conversation, by which De Thou, as the great historian tells us himself in his *Autobiography*, was so delighted when they first encountered at Baden, that for three whole days he could not part from him, and of the mingled gentleness and vivacity of which, as well as of the exact and extensive information in which it abounded, we may yet gather some notion from his letters. In

these letters too, and also in his compact head, and observant but not obtrusive eye, we read the estimable and amiable moral character of the man—his sagacity, prudence, moderation, tolerance, and the other virtues for which he is praised by those to whom he was personally known. It may be that, as Mr. Pears remarks, "he was not cast in the martyr's mould;" he had no craving after martyrdom, we dare say, for its own sake, nor was he given to any kind of mere display or bravado; yet he was never found wanting, when the occasion required it, in courage any more than in principle. There was, however, a refinement about his nature, both moral and intellectual, which makes him seem hardly to have belonged to the rude and stormy age in which it was his lot to live. In this respect especially he and Sidney found each his likeness in the other.

Their personal intercourse was soon broken off, and was never afterwards renewed for any long space; but their friendship was never interrupted, and what has been preserved of their correspondence extends to within a few months of the close of Languet's life. Of Languet's ninety-six letters to Sidney, seven were written in 1573, the first being dated the 22d of September in that year; thirty-two were written in 1574; nine in 1575; five in 1576; eight in 1577; nine in 1578; twelve in 1579; fourteen in 1580, the last on the 28th of October. Of the seventeen, which are all that have been preserved from Sidney to Languet, two were written in 1573; eleven in 1574; one in 1575; one in 1577; and two in 1578, the last on the 10th of March in that year. There can be little doubt that some of Sidney's letters are lost, but it is evident that Languet wrote much more frequently than he did; in the Latin language, in which they corresponded, he had by far the more expert pen of the two; besides, as the old man was gradually relaxing his hold of affairs, the business of the world was gathering around his younger friend, and abstracting him daily more and more from whatever lay beyond that immediate environment. But, although Languet occasionally drops a gentle complaint that he writes three or four letters for one that he receives, and once or twice expresses his apprehension, without complaining of anything so natural, that he is not so much in Sidney's thoughts as Sidney continues to be in his, it is clear that there never was any abatement of real es-

teem and regard on the one side any more than on the other.

The Letters, as arranged and translated by Mr. Pears, afford us a very interesting view of the two writers, and in part also of the times in which they lived, although he has left out, as he observes, a great deal of valuable information which those of *Languet* contain respecting political matters, his object being to illustrate the life and character of Sir Philip Sidney. And it is in that view, undoubtedly, that this correspondence has its chief interest for an English reader of the present day.

The name of Sidney is still universally pronounced among us as one of the most honored in the roll of our old national worthies; but for a long time past it has, we fear, even with the generality of well-informed persons, been, in truth, not much more than a famous name. It is a remarkable fact that his "*Arcadia*," after having been so much the delight of our ancestors, that fourteen editions of it, most of them accompanied by his minor works, were called for down to the year 1725, has not been once reprinted since. What he wrote having thus ceased to be read, what he really was has necessarily ceased to be generally known. Yet a series of publications relating to him, intended for a more select class of readers, has continued to testify that the interest which his writings formerly had for all cultivated minds has never entirely died away. About a century ago, the painstaking and accurate Arthur Collins did something to revive his memory by the publication of the curious collection commonly known as the "*Sydney Papers*," and the latter part of the last century brought forth a reprint of the "*Defence of Poesy*," under the care of Thomas Warton, as well as Lord Hailes's edition of "*Languet's Letters*." In a later era we have had Dr. Zouch's "*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney*," in 1809; a second reprint of the "*Defence of Poesy*," by the late Lord Thurlow, in 1810; a new edition of Lord Brooke's "*Life of Sidney*," by Sir Egerton Brydges, in 1816; besides various notices and reprints of several of Sidney's shorter pieces in the "*Restituta*," the "*Censura Literaria*," and the "*British Bibliographer*," a long article on the "*Arcadia*," in the second volume of the "*Retrospective Review*," published in 1820; a small volume printed for the Roxburgh Club under the title, if we rightly remember, of "*Notitiæ Sidneianæ*," by the late Bishop Butler;

the Metrical Version of the Psalms, by Sidney and his sister, printed for the first time under the care of Mr. Singer, in 1823; an edition of all Sidney's Miscellaneous Works, with a Life, by the late William Gray, Esq., in 1829; and now the volume before us, by Mr. Pears. Nor ought we to omit the "*Correspondence of the Earl of Leicester*," very ably edited for the Camden Society a few years ago by Mr. Bruce, containing as it does several new and interesting particulars of the last days of Sidney's brief career.

The emergence of the Sidneys from obscurity dates only from the first years of the reign of Henry VIII. The genealogists bring the progenitor of the race from France in the reign of Henry II.; but the first of them who rose to eminence was Sir William Sidney, the grandfather of Sir Philip. He was, Collins tell us, "Tutor and Chamberlain, and Steward of the Household, to King Edward VI., from the time of his birth to his coronation." Having distinguished himself in the French wars, he was knighted by Henry VIII. in 1512; and forty years afterwards he obtained from King Edward the manor of Penshurst in Kent, still the seat of his descendants. He had, besides, made himself great by his alliances, having married the Lady Anne Brandon, aunt of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and grandfather, by his wife the Princess Mary, daughter of Henry VII., of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey; and having also obtained good matches for all his four daughters. One of them, Frances, the youngest, became the wife of Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, and was the foundress of Sidney Sussex College, in the University of Cambridge. Sir William, who died in 1553, was succeeded by his son, Sir Henry, who became a still more distinguished personage. At the accession of King Edward, Sir Henry Sidney, who, however, did not acquire that designation till October, 1550, "was reputed," says Collins, after Hollinshed, "for his virtues, fine composition of body, gallantry, and liveliness of spirit, the most complete young gentleman in the court; and, for the singular love and entire affection that virtuous and learned prince had ever shown him, he was made one of the four principal gentlemen of his privy chamber. And such delight had he in his modest and ingenious conversation and company, as he rarely gave him leave to be absent from him, and drew his last breath in his arms at Green-

wich." Although he had married the Lady Mary Dudley, eldest daughter of the Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, and was thus doubly (both through his mother and his wife) connected with the parties engaged or interested in the elevation of Lady Jane Grey, he managed to pass unscathed through that perilous crisis, and to retain, under both Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, the same favor which he had enjoyed in the days of their royal brother. In 1555, Mary bestowed upon him the office of Vice-Treasurer for Ireland, upon which he proceeded thither, and his connexion with that country lasted for nearly all the rest of his life. In 1557, he was made one of the Lords Justices of Ireland; the next year he was sworn sole Lord Justice; and in December, 1559, the first of Elizabeth, he was, in consideration of his loyalty, wisdom, and industry, as the patent expressed it, appointed Governor of that Kingdom. In short, to quote the summary of Collins, again following Hollinshed, "he was four several times Lord Justice of Ireland, and three times, by special commission, sent Lord Deputy out of England. In his first deputation, he suppressed the rebellion of Shane O'Neal, and floored the top of the castle of Dublin with the arch rebel's head. In his second, he suppressed the most dangerous insurrection begun and long continued by some of the Butlers. In the third, the commotion of the Earl of Clanricarde, and his two graceless sons, Shane and Ulick Bourke." He had also been early in the reign of Elizabeth constituted Lord President of the Marches of Wales; and this office he retained during his life. Sir Henry Sidney, who was elected a Knight of the Garter in 1564, died, in his fifty-seventh year, in 1587. His name takes its place in the first rank of those of the men of action which illustrate the earlier portion of the reign of Elizabeth.

Of the children whom he had by his wife, the Lady Mary Dudley, two sons and a daughter grew up. The daughter, Mary Sidney, married Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who was, through his mother, a nephew of Queen Katharine Parr, and had been formerly married to a sister of Lady Jane Grey; and she is the Countess of Pembroke, "the fair and learned and good," immortalized by Ben Jonson's epitaph, and by the inscription of the "Arcadia." She lived till 1621, and the present Earl of Pembroke is her lineal descendant. From Robert, the second son,

who eventually inherited Penshurst and the other family estates, and was created by James I. Baron Sidney in 1603, Viscount Lisle in 1605, and Earl of Leicester in 1618, is sprung the present possessor of Penshurst, Lord De Lisle and Dudley, whose father, Sir John Shelley, assumed the name of Sidney, his mother having been Elizabeth, daughter of William Perry, Esq., who married Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Sidney, third son of Robert, fourth Earl of Leicester, and one of the co-heiresses of his uncle, Jocelyn, seventh and last earl of that race, who died in 1743.

The eldest son of Sir Henry Sidney and Lady Mary was born at the family seat of Penshurst, on the 29th of November, 1554, and was named Philip, after King Philip II. of Spain, recently married to Queen Mary, who was his godfather. Ben Jonson has commemorated

"That taller tree, which of a nut was set
At his great birth, where all the Muses met;"

and which long continued to adorn the park at Penshurst, being known by the name of *Bear's Oak*, though it has now, we believe, disappeared. He was sent to school at Shrewsbury, whence he was removed, in 1569, to Christ Church, Oxford; and, according to some authorities, he also studied for a short time at Trinity College, Cambridge. In May or June, 1572, as already mentioned, he repaired to Paris, where he remained till September of the same year. On leaving the French capital, he proceeded through Lorraine to Germany, and then directed his course by Strasburg and Heidelberg to Frankfort. In Frankfort, where he and Languet found themselves together in the house of Wechel the printer, he appears to have remained till the beginning of the following year, when the two friends removed to Vienna, where Languet was appointed resident for the elector of Saxony. In November, 1573, according to the common account, he parted from Languet, and left Vienna for Venice. Collins, however, makes him to have set out for Hungary in September, and thence to have made his way to Italy. And his account seems to be confirmed by what Sidney himself says in his "Defence of Poesy:"—"In Hungary I have seen it the manner of all feasts, and other such like meetings, to have songs of their ancestors' valor, which that right soldier-like nation think one of the chiefest kindlers of brave courage." If it

was not at this time that he visited Hungary, his modern biographers, as far as we can find, do not tell us when it was that he did so. He spent about eight months in Italy, partly at Venice, partly at Padua. Rome he resisted his desire of visiting, in compliance with the urgent entreaties of Languet, who professed to be apprehensive for his personal safety in the stronghold of the papacy, but was probably as much afraid of the danger to his religious principles. In July, 1574, he returned to Germany, and almost immediately proceeded into Poland, where Aubrey says he took part in the wars, meaning, perhaps, that he was present at some of the skirmishing on the Muscovite frontier, but most probably being quite mistaken. At any rate we find him again with Languet in Vienna by November; and here he remained till early in the spring of the following year, when he followed the imperial court along with Languet to Prague. From Prague he returned by Frankfort, Heidelberg, and Antwerp, home to England, where he arrived on the 31st of May, 1575.

His three years of travel and study—for little or none of his time was idly spent—had sent back Sidney, at the age of twenty-one, to his native country, perhaps the most accomplished Englishman of his years. The first stage on which he appeared was that of the court. A portion of the first year after his return, also, he spent in a visit to his father in Ireland. But it was an era in which men were accustomed to enter early upon the field of action in every department of the business of the world. Both in war, and in politics, which then for the most part were in the same hands—the separation of the two being the exception, not the rule,—whether we look to England or France, to Spain or Italy, to Germany or the Netherlands, most of the leading figures are still either in the first stage of manhood, or, at middle age, are already old in experience of affairs. We doubt if this has been the case to the same degree in any subsequent period of European history, or even in any one country of Europe since the sixteenth century, with the exception, perhaps, of France during the anomalous five and twenty years of the Republic and the Empire. One reason may be, that in modern times a larger proportion of men in all classes attain to advanced years, and that among political personages especially the average value of life is considerably increased, not only by fighting having ceased

to be a part of statesmanship, but by the disuse of assassination and other kinds of violence; so that the rising generation cannot so easily push their predecessors from their stools as formerly, and therefore must be contented to rise somewhat more slowly. Sidney's own father had been sent on a mission to France, in which he acquitted himself with great ability, before he was one and twenty. On the other hand, he died a worn-out man at the age of fifty-seven. It was nothing out of use and wont, therefore, that Sidney should, towards the close of the year 1576, though hardly yet twenty-two, be selected by Elizabeth to proceed as her envoy to Germany, ostensibly to offer her condolences to the new emperor, Rodolph II., and the new elector palatine, Lewis IV., on the deaths of their fathers, Maximilian II. and Frederick III., but with instructions also to endeavour to stir up the German princes generally in support of the cause of Protestantism. Travelling with a splendid retinue, and by short stages, he reached Vienna about the beginning of April, 1577, and had his first audience of the emperor on Easter Monday. His friend, Languet, who was still here, accompanied him first in the end of the same month to Heidelberg, the capital of the electorate, and thence, after a short stay, to Cologne, where they again parted. At Heidelberg, Sidney made the acquaintance of the distinguished military commander, Prince John Casimir, the younger brother of the elector. In passing through the Netherlands on his way to Vienna, he had been introduced to the celebrated Don John of Austria, then holding the post of Spanish governor of that country; and now on his return he paid his respects at Delft, with feelings of deeper enthusiasm and more unmixed admiration, to the head of the opposite interest, the great William of Nassau. He appears to have reached England in the beginning of June. A letter from Walsingham to his father, dated from the court at Greenwich the 10th of that month, informs Sir Henry, who was still in Ireland, of the safe arrival of "the young gentleman," his son; adding, "The gentleman hath given no small arguments of great hope, the fruits whereof I doubt not your lordship shall reap; as the benefit of the good parts which are in him, and whereof he hath given some taste in this voyage, is to redound to more than your lordship and himself. There hath not been any gentleman, I am sure, these many years, that

hath gone through so honorable a charge with as great commendations as he."

The next eight years were passed by Sidney in his native country. At first, most of his time appears to have been spent at court, where he doubtless shone as one of the brightest luminaries. He is said to have held the office of cup-bearer to the Queen. Some high words which he had with the Earl of Ormond in the early part of September, 1577, about some measures of his father's government in Ireland, which, however, had no consequences, the Earl declaring he would have no quarrel with a gentleman who was bound by nature to take the part Sidney took in this case, and who was otherwise, as he knew, furnished with so many virtues; a written defence of his father, which he soon afterwards drew up, and a portion of which still remains in his own handwriting in the British Museum; a passionate letter which he addressed in May, 1578, to his father's secretary, Edward Mollineux, accusing him, as it appears quite wrongfully, of having betrayed his trust, and, in his misconception, threatening that, if the offence were repeated, he would thrust his dagger into him, adding, "And trust to it, for I speak it in earnest;" a long letter which he wrote to Elizabeth in 1579, dissuading her from marrying the Duke of Anjou; and a quarrel in which he became involved soon after with the Earl of Oxford in the Tennis Court, and in which we must think he behaved only with becoming spirit, and in such a manner as he was bound to do if he was not prepared to allow any nobleman, in virtue of his mere title, to insult him with impunity—although Mr. Pears is pleased to characterize it as a foolish affair, "which only shows that, with all the graces of chivalry, Sidney unhappily retained one of its deformities," perhaps holding with Elizabeth, as she explained her sentiments on this occasion, that there is an immeasurable distance between an earl and a gentleman;—these are the chief, or, indeed, almost the only facts relating to him during the first three or four years of this period that have been preserved. His quarrel with the Earl of Oxford is said to have led to his retirement from the court; and his time was henceforth spent, for the most part, either at Penshurst or at Wilton, the seat of Lord Pembroke, whose marriage with his sister had taken place in the beginning of the year 1576. Collins says, that it was in the summer of 1580 that he wrote his "Arcadia;" but,

perhaps, we may allow the composition of so long a work, written somewhat fitfully, as this appears to have been, to have extended over a greater space of time. His own words, however, would seem to confirm the tradition that it was chiefly written at Wilton, where, in the time of Collins, there was a room, the lower panels whereof, he tells us, were "finely painted with representations of the stories mentioned therein." In the Dedication of the work to his sister, Sidney describes it as having been written on loose sheets of paper, most of it in her presence, the rest by sheets sent to her as fast as they were done. His "Defence of Poesy," and many of his verses, besides those in the "Arcadia," were, probably, also the produce of this season of his life. He was already regarded as the chief patron of letters and poetry. Spenser, who was first made known to him, probably by Gabriel Harvey, in 1578 or 1579, dedicated his "Shepherd's Calendar" to him in the latter year, in the lines beginning—

"Go, Little Book! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the president
Of nobleness and chivalry."

In the beginning of the year 1579, Prince Casimir had paid a short visit to the English court, and Languet, probably attracted by the desire of seeing Sidney, had accompanied him. Their stay extended only from the 22d of January to the 14th of February; but it appears that Languet found time to go down with his friend to his paternal mansion of Penshurst. This was the last time that Sidney and Languet met.

From expressions in more than one of Languet's letters, it may be suspected that Sidney had begun to withdraw himself from the court somewhat sooner than his biographers state, or at least that a wish to retire had been growing upon him before his embroilment with the Earl of Oxford. That incident appears to have taken place in the beginning of the winter of 1579, but we find Languet, before his visit to England, writing to him from Cologne, on the 22d of October, 1578, in the following terms—"I am especially sorry to hear you say that you are weary of the life to which I have no doubt God has called you, and desire to fly from the light of your court, and betake yourself to the privacy of secluded places, to escape the tempest of affairs by which statesmen are generally harassed." In

truth, however, he languished not so much for rest as for action. It was the idleness and frivolity of a court life that tired and disgusted him. Nor could his ardent spirit find any sufficient or satisfying occupation in the business of mere politics, as then conducted. At a somewhat later date, if not at this time, he sat in the House of Commons, as one of the members for the county of Kent; but the parliament was accustomed to meet only once in four or five years, and the grand debate between liberty and prerogative which shook the kingdom in the next age, had not yet begun to resound within its walls. What Sidney panted for was action either in the tented field or in some of those paths of romantic adventure, which made living in that morning of geographical discovery, and the wonders of a new world, like living in fairy land. When Prince Casimir, during his visit, proposed to him to join the army which he was going to command in the Netherlands, it was only at the earnest request of his father that he at last declined the invitation. Sir Henry, who had found his accomplished and universally admired son his best shield against the assaults of faction, was unwilling to lose his aid and support. In May, 1581, he was again subjected to a temptation of the same kind, by a solicitation from Don Antonio to join him in his attempt upon the crown of Portugal, which, however, he also rejected. This same year we find him, notwithstanding his alleged retirement from court, taking part in a grand tournament held for the entertainment of the Duke of Anjou, who had again come over to renew the treaty of the marriage. In January, 1583, he received the honor of knighthood, upon occasion of his being appointed by Prince Casimir to be his proxy, or representative, at the ceremonial of his admission into the order of the Garter. That same year he married Frances, the only daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. It appears to have been in 1584 that he wrote the discourse, which Collins has published, in defence of his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, against the famous invective commonly known by the title of "*Leicester's Commonwealth*," which is supposed to have proceeded from the pen of Parsons the Jesuit. His recent marriage, however, had not reconciled him to repose; perhaps—for this part of his history is very extraordinary, although it has received little attention from any of his professed biographers—he may now have

felt more restless and more impatient than ever. In 1585, he had made secret arrangements to accompany Sir Francis Drake in his expedition to America, and was only prevented by his design, notwithstanding the precautions he had taken, being discovered to the queen on the eve of his intended embarkation. Elizabeth instantly despatched messengers with her imperative command to stay Sir Philip and his friend Sir Fulke Greville, who was to have gone with him, or, if they refused obedience, to stay the expedition altogether. But immediately after this, his ambition or desire of change found at last the opening it had so anxiously sought, and in throwing himself into which, perhaps, he did not greatly care whether it might lead to glory or to the grave. It was on the 14th of September, according to Stow, that Drake sailed from Plymouth; and on the 7th of November, Sidney, who appears to have been shortly before made a privy councillor, was appointed by patent Governor of Fushing, one of the cautionary towns made over to the English queen on her agreeing to assist the United Provinces with the military force, the command of which was intrusted to Sidney's uncle, the Earl of Leicester. He did not lose a moment in proceeding to his post, at which he arrived on the 18th of the same month. What soon followed is known to every reader. After greatly distinguishing himself on several occasions, he was, on the 22d of September, 1586, while leading a third charge against a body of Spaniards, which had attacked the English forces before the town of Zutphen, having already had one horse shot under him, struck in the left thigh, a little above the knee, by a musket-ball, which fractured the bone; and he died of the wound at Arnheim, on Monday, the 17th of October following.

A strange story is told by Sidney's biographers, but not, we believe, on any contemporary authority, of his having been in nomination, or as others express it, in election, for the crown of Poland, when it fell to be disposed of on the death of the great Stephen Battory. Mr. Pears seems to be disposed to follow his predecessors in adopting this outrageously improbable tradition, only arguing (at p. 109) that Sidney's standing candidate for the Polish crown could not have been the proposal which Languet alludes to as having been made to him in a letter written in July, 1577, because King Stephen was then "alive and prospering." In fact, he had just been elected

king. Dr. Zouch is quite express and precise on the subject, as well as eloquent after his manner. "When the wreath of honor," he observes, "is publicly held forth, it is glorious even to enter the lists of fame. An unsuccessful candidate obtains renown if he contends for the palm of victory with men of high descent and exalted worth. Sir Philip Sidney is named among the competitors for the elective kingdom of Poland, which was vacated, in 1585, by the death of Stephen Bathori . . . Does not this contest for dignity and power confirm to our countryman his claim to preeminence?" And then he quotes the statements of Naunton and Fuller, the former of whom tells us that Queen Elizabeth refused to further Sidney's advancement, "not only out of emulation, but out of fear to lose the jewel of her times;" the latter, that Sidney, of his own accord, declined the dignity, preferring rather to be "a subject to Queen Elizabeth than a sovereign beyond the seas." In a note we are presented with the additional testimony of Francis Osborne, who says, that Elizabeth could not endure to see her subjects wear the titles of a foreign prince, in which humor "she denied Sir Philip Sidney the throne of Poland." Even the generally careful Collins is in the same tale, quoting as his authority Anthony Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses." It is singular that no one of all these writers should even by chance have known that the vacancy of the Polish crown of which they talk did not take place till after Sidney had ceased to live! Stephen Battory did not die, as supposed by Dr. Zouch, in 1585; but, suddenly and unexpectedly, on the 13th of December, 1586. The story is therefore not merely a fiction, but an impossibility.

A life bright with accomplishments and virtues, and an early and heroic death, enshrined the memory of Sidney in the hearts of his contemporaries; and his gentle and noble nature appears to have been peculiarly adapted to win men's love and admiration. Everybody knows the anecdote of his resigning the cup of water, after he had received his wound, to the dying soldier, with the considerate words, "This man's necessity is greater than mine." One feels even that there was nothing of parade, nothing but true courage, in his throwing off his greaves, as he rode into action on the fatal day, upon seeing the Marshal of the camp without such defences. It was in rescuing a friend that he lost his own life.

Seeing Lord Willoughby hard pressed and surrounded by the enemy, he rushed to his assistance, and was thus carried within reach of the musketry from the walls of the town. Ample accounts that have been preserved of his last hours attest equally his earnest piety, and that sweetness of disposition which no bodily suffering could once betray into an impatient word or look. But most authentic, and also, we think, most touching of all, are the evidences which we have of his kind and generous heart, in some of the last words which he wrote and dictated. Only the night before he died, he had himself raised up in his bed, while he traced the following few lines to his friend Johannes Weierus, the learned and skilful physician to the Duke of Cleves:—"Mi Weiere, veni, veni: de vita periclitor, et te cupio: nec vivus nec mortuus ero ingratus. Plura non possum; sed obnixè te oro ut festines." How tender and beautiful are these simple words! Equally expressive throughout of his gentle, affectionate, and considerate nature, is his Will, to the preparation of which he had probably addressed himself in the commencement of his illness, the principal part of it being dated on the 30th of September. It begins solemnly, but without any elaboration of phrase or profession:—"In the name of God, Amen: I, Sir Philip Sidney, Knight, sore wounded in body, but whole in mind, all praises be to God, do make this my last will and testament, in manner and form following: first, I bequeathe my soul to Almighty God that gave it me, and my body to the dust from whence it came." His father, as already mentioned, had died in the month of May of this same year; he had also lost his mother about three months later; the family estates were therefore now in his possession, and he had to make the necessary arrangements for their transmission to his younger brother, in case his wife, who as yet had only borne him a daughter, but who was again pregnant, should not produce any male issue; and also to direct what provision in that case should be made for her and her child or children. Then follows a long list of legacies to friends and servants, including Edward Dyer and Fulke Greville, to whom he leaves all his books; and two hundred pounds to his servant Stephen, now prisoner in Dunkirk, "to redeem him thence, if there be no other means, or, after his coming out, for his better maintenance,"—"beseeching," it is added, "most humbly,

the Right Honorable the Earl of Leicester, and the Right Honorable Sir Francis Walsingham, to be a mean for his deliverance, to whose good favor I commend the state of him, having lain so long in misery." His medical attendants are then noticed:—"Item, I give and bequeathe to Dr. James, for his pains taken with me in this my hurt, the sum of thirty pounds. Item, I give to the five surgeons, which take pains with me in this my hurt, to every of them the sum of twenty pounds." But in a codicil, added the same day on which he died, as if to reiterate and seal the expression of his entire satisfaction with their services, and to ward off any reflections to which his death might give rise, after bequeathing to the bone-setter twenty pounds, to another surgeon twenty pounds, and to the apothecary six pounds, nineteen shillings, and fourpence, he subjoins: "Item, I give to the four surgeons before named in my will, every one of them ten pounds a piece more. Item, I give to the doctor that came to me yesterday, twenty pounds more." The risk of blame to which all these professors of the healing art were exposed by the fatal issue of their endeavors may be conjectured from the reply of Count Hohenlo (or Holloch), who had also himself been wounded, to his own surgeon, when he expressed his apprehension that the life of Sidney could not be saved:—"Away, villain! never see my face again till thou bring better news of that man's recovery, for whose redemption many such as I were happily lost."

But neither the life he lived nor the death he died would, if there had been nothing more, have preserved the remembrance of Sidney, or the interest felt about him, much beyond his own generation. For the young and brave to be suddenly struck down in the chances of battle is an everyday occurrence; and the very brevity of a career begun with so much promise, which made his fate so touching at the time, would have made it be the sooner forgotten. Whatever his valor or his military genius, he had as a military commander done nothing. Time and circumstances had not permitted him, with all his splendid endowments and accomplishments, to leave any memorial of himself, any proof or impression of his having ever existed, upon the visible aspect of human affairs. For all that he had ever achieved on the theatre of active life, the world, a year or a month after he had been taken from it, would apparently have been in the same condition in

all respects as if he had never been. It is his writings that have secured to him his undying renown. The "Arcadia" is, beyond all dispute or doubt, one of the very greatest prose works of which our English tongue has to boast. Horace Walpole, indeed, has pronounced it to be "a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance, which the patience of a young virgin in love cannot now wade through." From these very expressions it may be inferred that he had himself never read it. It is no more either tedious, or lamentable, or pedantic, than it is, properly speaking, pastoral. Spenser's "Fairy Queen" might as justly be described as a pastoral. It is an heroic romance, in which pictures of pastoral life are introduced only as occasional decorations; and much even of what it has of a pastoral character lies merely in the form. Its spirit, in so far as it is that of any peculiar kind of life or state of society, is rather military and chivalrous. But the interests and passions with which it is occupied are those of the human heart, under whatever outward covering it may beat. It is true that it is no exact transcript, no mere fac-simile or daguerreotype reflection, of ordinary life, or even perhaps of any kind of life that ever actually existed. It is something far higher and better. It is life ennobled and idealized. It is what every poetical representation, what every work of high art, must necessarily be, not a mere copy, but an inspired imitation. If it is to be called pedantic on that account, Homer and Virgil and Tasso are all equally pedantic, or more so. No one of them sets before us such a life or condition of things as ever actually existed. What they each and all have given us are pictures, not literalities. And, although the "Arcadia" is called, and is, a romance, it is not one which ever carries the reader out of the world of at least possible nature. There are none of the giants and enchanters any more than of the allegories of the Fairy Queen in it. It is in this respect much less of a romance than either the Odyssey, or the Iliad, or the Æneid; for even the *deus ex machinâ* is never once called in from the beginning to the end of the work. Lamentable it certainly is not, except in so far as true passion may be said to be lamentable: with that voice it is musical throughout—overflowing everywhere with the most plaintive or lofty-sounding melodies of the heart. It wants, no doubt, some of the excitements which project a reader with flying speed

through an ordinary novel; but we do not believe that it will be found to be tedious by any one who will give it a fair trial. It is full of invention and incident; and the story, very cunningly entangled without being confused, keeps the expectation of the reader constantly awake and in suspense. To be sure, we must, in order to take an interest in the personages that figure in it, and their fortunes, transfer ourselves in imagination somewhat out of the sphere of ordinary life; but that is no more than what we have to do in reading every work of fiction which is at all of a poetical character. It may be that in this instance we have even to reconcile ourselves to something of the artificial, and what we may deem the fantastic and unnatural; there may be more of this in the "Arcadia" than even in some other works that deal more largely with the absolutely incredible and impossible; still, as we have said, what there is of it will be found to be little more than formal—to be rather in the manner than in the soul and substance of the work. The play of fancy, at least, in some way or other, never ceases or flags; the energy of an active vital principle, even where it does not make itself be felt in the story, still animates the style. The "Arcadia" is one of the chief fountain-heads of English eloquence. As a piece of writing it is far more sustained and imposing than anything that had been previously produced in the language; and universally read and admired as it was when it first appeared, it must have exerted a powerful influence on the whole subsequent growth and character of our early prose literature. Sidney's style must be admitted to be highly artificial; but it does not follow from that, that it is a bad style. In style, as in everything else, the artificial may be something different from the natural; but it is not necessarily opposed to truth and nature. Nature and art, properly understood, are only different developments of the same power. In all writing, as in all painting, in all architecture, and in every other department of what are called the fine arts, there must be a great deal that is artificial. The artistic is only the artificial under another name. What is to be objected to is, not art, or the artificial, in writing or in anything else, but only that species of the artificial which consists wholly in form, and which is therefore either utterly discordant with nature, or, at the least, without any genuine natural inspiration in it. The "Arcadia" is our

greatest example of what may be called the decorative style in prose writing—of a style enriched with all the ingenuities and brilliancies of verbal and fanciful elaboration, yet unencumbered by the adornment; like some high-born beauty blazing with jewels, which neither eclipse her natural charms nor impede her movements, but lend to both additional grace and fascination. With all his rhetorical artifice, Sidney rarely indulges in anything that can be fairly called a conceit, in the condemnatory sense of that term; of any approach to the distortions and perversions of Euphuism he is never guilty. He was indeed one of the first to raise his voice against that hollow and preposterous affectation; one of his compositions, a Masque presented before Queen Elizabeth in Wanstead Gardens, is mainly a satire upon the new fashion of eloquence so denominated. His own tricks and feats of expression, even when most ambitious, are all dictated by the truest refinement of thought and feeling. Nor, either in his prose or in his verse, does the always highly elaborated and often florid character of the writing result in any deficiency of nerve and strength. He is the very reverse of a flimsy or languid writer; his diction is not more remarkable for the brightness of its polish than for the keenness of its edge. The verse with which the "Arcadia" is largely interspersed is commonly spoken of as all, or nearly all, wearisome, and almost worthless; but it is only a very imperfect examination of it that can leave that impression. A good deal of it is, no doubt, repulsive enough; more especially those portions of it, in the First and Second Books, which are tortured into the mimicry of the various Greek and Latin metrical forms, upon the singularly absurd and tasteless system of which it was the boast of Sidney's learned friend, Gabriel Harvey, to have been the inventor, and which for a short time seduced Spencer himself as well as Sydney. But even in these unnatural perpetrations we have occasionally something of the spirit, if not of the voice, of true poetry. Of the English verse, properly so called, in the "Arcadia," not a little is wonderfully fine, and that in various styles. The song of Pyrocles, for instance, in celebration of the beauty of Philoclea, in the Second Book, a little quaint and fantastic as some things in it may seem to a modern taste, is nevertheless very rich and delicate both in its fancy and its melody. Very admirable, too, in a statelier

style, is much of the dialogue between Basilius and Plangus in the same Book. So also, in other varieties of manner, are the two songs of Philisides, and the dialogue between Geron and Histor, in the Third Eclogue. Philisides represents Sidney himself; he is celebrated by Spenser under the same name. In one of these songs Languet is commemorated:—

“The song I sang old Languet had me taught,
Languet, the shepherds’ best swift Ister knew.
For clerkly rede, and hating what is naught,
For faithful heart, clean hands, and mouth as true;
With his sweet skill my skill-less youth he drew
To have a feeling taste of him that sits
Beyond the heaven,—far more beyond our wits.”

And the rest of the poem, which is of considerable length, consists of this so called song of Languet’s, which, remarkably enough, is nothing else than a very graphic sketch of the origin and growth of kingly domination and tyranny, delivered under the guise of a fable, in which the beasts are represented as having, on their clamorous entreaty, been permitted by Jupiter to make for themselves a king, by each of them endowing man with his most remarkable attribute—the fox, for example, with craft; the eagle, with high looks; the wolf, with secret cruelty; the hare, with her sleights; the stork, with her show of holiness; the crocodile, with his tears, “which might be falsely spilled,” &c. This stanza, which follows the statement of the luckless issue of the experiment, is certainly quite in the spirit of the “*Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos*,” whether Languet may have been the author of that work or no:—

“But yet, O man, rage not beyond thy need;
Deem it not glory to swell in tyranny:
Thou art of blood; joy not to see things bleed:
Thou fearest death; think they are loth to die.
A plant of guiltless hurt doth pierce the sky!
And you, poor beasts, in patience bide your hell,
Or know your strengths, and then you shall do well.”

The portion of Sidney’s poetry that is most generally known, or talked of, is the collection of songs and sonnets (108 sonnets and 11 songs) entitled “*Astrophel and Stella*.” These are, upon the whole, the most careful of his poetical compositions; and, although there is little in them of either the high imagination or glowing passion of Shakspeare’s sonnets, they are not only in general more delicately finished, but are impregnated with a spirit of fancy more nimble, radiant, and graceful, than either those of Surrey, by

which they were preceded, or those of Daniel, which are of a somewhat later date. They may even, we think, be favorably compared with the *Amoretti* in which the genius of Spenser disported itself in its more sublunary mood. They resemble that series, also, in being unquestionably of an autobiographical character. The passage in Sidney’s history, of which they are the record, is a very singular one. It is agreed on all hands, that the story of true love, the strange and unsmooth course of which they picture to us, is no fiction, but that they express a passion actually felt by the writer; and the internal evidence seems to be conclusive in favor of that interpretation. They not only contain many allusions to Sidney’s peculiar personal position, and to events in his life; but in one of them (the 83d) the lover is, in a speech supposed to be addressed to him, distinctly called, *Philip* and *Sir Philip*. This sonnet, therefore, at least, and all those that follow it, must have been written in or after 1583, which was the year in which he was knighted; nor does there seem to be any break in the narrative, which would allow us to suppose that those which precede had been written long before. Notwithstanding the title that has been prefixed to these sonnets, we may observe, that although Sidney’s chief recognised poetical name is *Astrophel*—by which Spenser repeatedly mentions him—he is only so designated, we believe, in one of the pieces here—namely, in the eighth song. Who, then, was the lady, the object of the poet’s passion? Unanimous tradition reports her to have been no other than a married woman, the wife of Robert, third Baron Rich, long afterwards (in 1618) created Earl of Warwick. But our readers will perhaps consent to hear the whole story, and then form their own judgment as to the morality of the affair, and as to what it indicates in respect to the morality of the times. In this instance, the conclusion will not, we presume, be, that “the former times were better than these.”

The name and position of the lady thus regarded by Sidney appear to be distinctly shadowed forth by Sidney in his 37th sonnet, which is as follows—

“My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be:
Listen, then, lordings, with good ear to me;
For of my life I must a riddle tell.
Toward Aurora’s courts a nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which man’s eye can see;
Beauties so far from reach of words, that we

Abase her praise, saying she doth excel:
 Rich in the treasure of deserved renown,
 Rich in the riches of a royal heart,
 Rich in those gifts which give the eternal crown;
 Who, though most rich in these and every part
 Which makes the patent of true worldly bliss,
Hath no misfortune, but that Rich she is."

Lady Rich was originally the Lady Penelope Devereux, the elder of the two daughters of Walter Devereux, the Earl of Essex of that name, and sister of Elizabeth's unfortunate favorite. She was early celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments; and it appears from a letter in the Sidney Papers (I., 147) that immediately after the death of her broken-hearted and ill-used father, in September, 1576 (at the early age of thirty-five), a negotiation had been entered upon for a marriage between her and Sidney. But, for some reason which is not known, it was broken off; Sidney, as we have seen, immediately after this left England on his mission to the courts of the Emperor Rodolph II., and the new Elector Palatine; and Lady Penelope was eventually united to Lord Rich. We have not been able to discover when their marriage took place; but it was probably soon after Lord Rich succeeded to the title, by the death of his father, in 1581. The correspondence between Sidney and Languet, in the meanwhile, contains some passages in which Lady Penelope seems to be alluded to. In a letter of Sidney's in particular, dated the 1st of March, 1578, he says—

"But I wonder, my very dear Hubert, what has come into your mind that, when I have not as yet done anything worthy of me, you would have me bound in the chains of matrimony, and yet without pointing out any individual lady, but rather seeming to extol the state itself, which, however, you have not as yet sanctioned by your own example. Respecting her, of whom I readily acknowledge how unworthy I am, I have written you my reasons long since; briefly, indeed, but yet as well as I was able."

But he and Lady Rich were again thrown together after she had become legally another's. It would appear from the sonnets, that for some time she professed to be unmoved by his passionate appeals, but that at length she confessed a mutual affection; and she is described as so doing in verses which, but for the sad moral drawback, would be exquisitely beautiful and touching. To the last, however, this return of feeling was all that ensued.

Sidney, as we have seen, married Frances Walsingham in 1584. Yet it may be

doubted if Penelope Devereux did not still possess his heart. The older attachment, at all events, can have been no secret. It was proclaimed to all the world soon after Sidney's death, by the publication of the Sonnets in 1591; and they appear to have been circulated in manuscript long before they were sent to the press, and were probably very generally known even in Sidney's life-time. This may appear strange enough; but another fact is still more extraordinary. In 1595 Spenser published his elegy on Sidney entitled "*Astrophel*," and dedicated it to Sidney's widow; yet the whole poem is occupied with the celebration of Lady Rich, under the name of Stella, who is expressly declared to be the only woman he ever loved! By a very audacious poetic license, indeed, she is feigned to have been unable to survive her lover's death:—

"Which when she saw, she stayed not a whit,
 But after him did make untimely haste;
 Forthwith her ghost out of her corpse did flit,
 And followed her mate, like turtle chaste;
 To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
 Which living were in love so firmly tied."

After this our readers will hardly require to be informed that of Lady Sidney herself no notice is taken in Spenser's poem; but its silence probably gave that "most beautiful and virtuous lady," as she is styled in the Dedication, the less concern, inasmuch as she had already when it appeared been for four or five years the wife of another. She had married Essex, and Lady Rich and she were now sisters-in-law. After the death of Essex, too, she married a third husband, Richard de Bough, fourth Earl of Clanricarde in the Irish Peerage, and afterwards Viscount Tunbridge and Earl of St. Albans in the English. At the time of Sidney's death she was expected to become a mother, but the expectation does not appear to have been realized. Sidney's daughter, who was named Elizabeth, married Roger Manners, fourth Earl of Rutland, but they had no issue.

The subsequent history of Lady Rich is very remarkable. We have seen that Sidney sounds the praise of her piety as well as of her other gifts and graces; and she appears to have preserved an unsullied character, and to have continued to figure as one of the most distinguished ornaments of the court, at least throughout the reign of Elizabeth. But a few years after the accession of James she was divorced from her husband, as it appears, by a sentence of the ecclesiastical court, on her own confession

of adultery with an unknown stranger; and immediately after this, on the 26th of December, 1605, she was married to one of the most eminent persons of the time, Charles Blount, eighth Baron Mountjoy, whom James, in reward of his important services in Ireland, where he held the office of Lord Lieutenant, had, about eighteen months before, elevated to the rank of Earl of Devonshire. Laud, subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury, then a young clergyman and chaplain to the earl, performed the ceremony—a compliance with which he was often upbraided in after years, and in expiation of which he used to keep the day as one of fasting and humiliation to the end of his life. The lady now declared, that of a numerous family which she had borne in her previous wedlock, only the seven eldest (three sons and four daughters) were the children of Lord Rich, the father of the remaining five (three sons and two daughters) being her present husband; and the division of property thus proposed was at once acquiesced in both by Rich and Devonshire. The truth appears to be, that the connexion between the lady and Devonshire had long been known to everybody; nor does it seem to have occasioned any scandal, till it was, as it were, authenticated, and obtruded in the shape of an undeniable fact, by their marriage. Then there arose a violent outcry. King James especially professed to be shocked in the highest degree. Upon this the earl, who, it is to be observed, had always borne, as well as his wife, an eminent reputation for religion and virtue, addressed his majesty, in explanation and defence of his conduct, in a letter, the original of which still exists in the Archbishop's Library at Lambeth, and of which there is a transcript in the handwriting of Bishop Kennet among the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum. We are not aware that it ever has been printed. "Most dear and sacred master," it begins, "unto whom God hath given wisdom above all that went before you, since it hath pleased you, in favor of your poor servant, to descend from your higher thoughts of the cedars in Lebanon to speak of the humble hyssop, vouchsafe to look upon this Treatise* with such an eye as God doth look upon the unworthy oblations of those that love him." He then, after a few more in-

* An elaborate legal and theological argument on the case, which accompanied the letter. There is a copy of it among the Sloane MSS.

troductory sentences in the same style, proceeds to state the circumstances of the case, which go far to enable us to understand the view that appears to have been commonly taken of it. "A lady," he says, "of great birth and virtue, being in the power of her friends, was by them married against her will unto one against whom she did protest at the very solemnity, and ever after; between whom, from the first day, there ensued continual discord, although the same fears that forced her to marry constrained her to live with him." Instead of being her comforter, we are assured, his study was in all ways to torment her; both by fear and fraud he practised to cheat her of her dowry; and, though "restrained with the awe of her brother's powerfulness," he had not, so long as Essex lived, offered her any open wrong, yet, having long before separated himself from her in reality, immediately after the death of Essex he "put her to a stipend, and abandoned her, without pretence of any cause but his own desire to live without her." It was after they had been actually quite separated from one another for full twelve years, that he prevailed upon her, partly by persuasion, partly by threats, to consent to a divorce; and the confession she had made was merely for that purpose. If all this was generally known, as it probably was, Rich, who was of a bad stock (being the grandson of the infamous Lord Chancellor Rich), and who appears to have been a man of a coarse nature and gloomy temper, would not unnaturally be looked upon as rather the purchaser, than in any proper sense the husband, of his poor so-called wife. Nor in fairness ought we, in the present day, in judging of her conduct, to forget the atrocious, but then legal, tyranny of which she had been made the victim. The step that the Earl of Devonshire took in marrying her seems to have excited a horror or clamor, principally, if not exclusively, as being a breach of the canonical law, which refused, as it still does, to recognise divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* in any circumstances. The discredit which he had brought upon himself is said to have broken the earl's heart. He died in little more than three months after his marriage (on the 3d of April, 1606). He was celebrated in two long and elaborate funeral poems, or elegies, the one by Samuel Daniel, the other by Ford, the famous dramatist, who addresses his panegyric to the earl's widow, and does not shrink from expatiating upon the peculiar

circumstances of her connexion with her deceased lord, telling us, that

"Linked in the graceful bonds of dearest life,
Unjustly termed disgraceful, he enjoyed
Content's abundance;"

and that,

"Maugre the threat of malice, spite of spite,
He lived united to his heart's delight."

Daniel, who also attributes to him all the qualities of one of the noblest natures, enlarging especially upon both his piety and his learning, only alludes generally to some human frailties, which, he says, while his virtues live, will sleep with him in his grave. But this writer mentions an interesting circumstance which is unknown to the earl's biographers; he too, it seems, was in the action at Zutphen in which Sidney received his death-wound, and was also wounded there. The following are Daniel's lines:—

"The Belgic war first tried thy martial spirit,
And what thou wert, and what thou would'st be found,
And marked thee there, according to thy merit,
With honor's stamp, a deep and noble wound;
And that same place, that rent from mortal men
Immortal Sidney, glory of the field
And glory of the Muses, and their pen,
Who equal bare the caduce and the shield,
Had likewise been thy last, had not the fate
Of England then reserved thy worthy blood."

At this time he would be only in his twenty-fourth year, for at his death he was no more than forty-three. It is worth noticing also, that in early life he had fought a duel with Essex and wounded him, although they afterwards became great friends. Of his widow we have not found any further mention. Mrs. Jameson, in her "Romance of Biography," says, that she died in obscurity soon after the earl, we do not know upon what authority; but the statement is probable enough. As for her sons, Robert, the eldest by Rich, succeeded his father as Earl of Warwick, and became the well-known parliamentary admiral; "a man," according to Clarendon, "of a pleasant and companionable wit and conversation; of an universal jollity; and such a license in his words and in his actions, that a man of less virtue could not be found out." Henry, the second, became, under the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham, first Viscount Kensington, and then Earl Holland, took sometimes one side, sometimes another, in the civil war, and at last lost his head by the sentence of the High Court of Justice a few weeks after the King. "There was," remarks Clarendon, "a very froward fate attended all, or most, of the posterity of that bed from whence he and his brother Warwick had their original; though he and some others among them had very good

parts and excellent endowments." His son eventually (in 1673) succeeded also to the Earldom of Warwick; but both titles became extinct by the failure of his line in 1759; and the same year that of Earl of Warwick was conferred, by a new creation, upon Francis Greville, Earl Brooke, the representative of Sir Fulke Greville, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney. Mountjoy, the eldest (or, according to another account, the second) of the three sons of whom Lady Rich declared the Earl of Devonshire to be the father, and who appear to have all taken the name of Blount, was made Baron Mountjoy in the Irish peerage by James I. in 1616, an English peer with the same title by Charles I. in 1627, and Earl of Newport in 1628. He survived till 1665; but his lineage also failed, and all his titles became extinct in 1681. A great-great-grandson of the Lady Penelope Devereux, however, William Edwards, Esq., son of a grand-daughter of the first Earl of Holland, having inherited the estates of the Rich family, was made an Irish peer by the title of Baron Kensington in 1776; and the title is now enjoyed by his son.

The Sidney and the Devereux families, we may remark in conclusion, had been connected before the time of Lady Penelope through her mother Lettice, daughter of Sir Francis Knolles, who, in September, 1578, two years after the death of her first husband, Walter, Earl of Essex, married the Earl of Leicester, Sidney's uncle. Sidney and Lady Penelope were therefore a sort of cousins. The marriage was solemnized at the same Wanstead House where Lady Penelope was married to the Earl of Devonshire, by Laud, seven and twenty years after. If we may believe the author of "Leicester's Commonwealth,"—and his story is not without corroboration, in part at least, from other quarters,—poor Essex was poisoned by Leicester, to whom, we are also assured, Lady Essex had borne a daughter during her husband's absence in Ireland. Be all this as it may, the last survivor of all the original personages of this curious family history was the old countess. She was not called to her account till the morning of Christmas day, 1634; when, as is recorded in an inscription in very indifferent rhyme over the vault to which her body was consigned, in the Collegiate church of Warwick, on the right hand of the tomb of her second husband, angels were sent down, in recompense of her piety, to convey her from the earth, that she might solemnize the sacred day in heaven.

From Howitt's Journal.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

WE have thought that our readers, at this crisis of the extinction of the Republic of Cracow, would feel an interest in learning something more than is generally known amongst us, of the history of the man who moves the affairs of the continent beyond any other living person. The following particulars are from a most authentic source; but drawn up in Germany, they are stated with true German caution.

Clemens Wenzel Nepomuk Lothar, Prince Metternich, Duke of Portella, and Austrian House, Court, and State Chancellor, was born at Coblenz, May 15th, 1773; commenced his studies at the University of Strasburg, 1788; and in 1790, filled the office of Master of the Ceremonies at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold II. Lothar, studied jurisprudence at Mayence till 1794, and made a journey to England, became Austrian Ambassador at the Hague, and in 1795 married the Countess Eleonore von Kaunitz, grand-daughter and heiress of the celebrated Minister Kaunitz. His diplomatic career commenced at the Congress of Rastadt, where he appeared as a deputy from the Westphalian nobility. In 1801, he became Austrian Ambassador at Dresden; and in the winter of 1803-4 was at Berlin, where, on the breaking out of war for the third time, he negotiated a treaty between Austria, Prussia, and Russia; and in 1806 was sent as Ambassador to Paris. In this capacity, in 1807, he closed at Fontainebleau that treaty so advantageous to Austria, by which Braunau was restored, and Isonzo became the boundary on the Italian side. On the commencement of war between Austria and France, in 1809, all passports were denied him, and he only received them shortly before the battle of Wagram.

When Count Von Stadion, on the 9th of July, resigned his office as minister of Foreign Affairs, at first provisionally, but later, on the 8th of October, he had the same office definitively conferred upon him. At Altenburg, in Hungary, he brought negotiations for peace to a close with the French minister, Champagny, and then accompanied the Empress Marie Louise to Paris. His endeavors to prevent a fresh outbreak

in the north, when he saw Napoleon at Dresden in 1812, were rendered fruitless through the Emperor's ambitious schemes. The great task was now, whilst showing all due regard to the contracts and engagements, as well as in consideration of family connexion, to offer in the right moment, and with a requisite strength, that assistance which Europe expected from Austria. In Prague, he now conducted the affair of Austria's armed intervention, which, after a conference with the Emperor Alexander, at Opotschna, on the Bohemian and Silesian frontier, was acknowledged by Russia, and France also, in accordance with the treaty signed by Napoleon at Dresden, June 30th. But the negotiation of peace being not yet commenced on the 10th of August, the term peremptorily fixed upon, Metternich, during the night of the 10th, drew up the declaration of war of Austria against France; and already on the morning of the 11th, the combined Russian and Prussian army crossed the Silesian frontier; from this Metternich accomplished at Reichenbach and Teplitz the Quadruple Alliance, September 9th, 1813; he also closed a treaty with Bavaria, at Nied, on October 9th.

On the evening of the battle of Leipzig, the Emperor Francis bestowed upon him and his descendants the title of Prince of the Austrian Empire. Frankfort, Freiburg, Basle, Langres, and Chaumont, all witnessed the diplomatic activity of Metternich. During the congress at Chatillon he directed affairs at the head-quarters of the Emperor; and from Dijon the transactions with the Count d'Artois, who was at Nancy. He then hastened to Paris, and signed the treaty of Fontainebleau, which was just formed with Napoleon, as well as the treaty of peace of May 30th; and passing over to England, closed the treaty of the Quadruple Alliance, on which occasion the University of Oxford presented him with the degree of Doctor. At the opening of the congress at Vienna, the assembled ministers unanimously made him president. At Presburg, together with Wellington, Talleyrand, and the King of Saxony, he negotiated the peace between Saxony and Prussia; and as Austrian plenipotentiary,

closed the second Paris treaty, November 20th, 1815; and in the following year, at Milan, one with Bavaria.

In 1817 he was in communication with the Papal See: he was in 1818 Austria's plenipotentiary at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle; was president at the congress at Carlsbad; conducted at Vienna the ministerial transactions for perfecting the acts of the German-Bund; and later, those at Troppau and Laibach. In 1821, being appointed House, Court, and State Chancellor, he was intrusted with the guidance of affairs at Vienna; and at the congress of Verona, from October to December, 1822, and on the death of Count Carl Zichy, State and Conference Minister; in October, 1826, President of Ministerial Conferences for Home-affairs. At the decease of Francis I., 1835, he remained in possession of all his offices and influence; he accompanied the Emperor Ferdinand I. in September, 1835, to Teplitz and Prague, to a conference with the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia; was ever active in the maintenance of peace, especially on occasion of the conflict about the Oriental question, in 1840 and 1841; drew France once more into an alliance with the other European powers, by the treaty of the 13th of July, 1841; and contrived to make his conservative principles felt in the frequent political outbreaks which occurred in Italy and Switzerland.

Thus shines forth the name of Metternich in all transactions relative to the new-modelling of Europe, and the restoration of the old order of things; and the ministry of Metternich is the epoch in which the stone of Austria's greatest power has been laid. He has also taken a most active part in affairs of a domestic character. He has actively placed himself at the head of undertakings for the relief of the suffering, and has encouraged the arts and sciences of his country. As Kaunitz was the founder, so has Metternich been the restorer, of the Academy of Arts at Vienna. In acknowledgment of his uncommon services to the

Austrian States, the Emperor Francis I. has granted him, as well as Prince Carl of Schwarzenberg, permission to quarter the arms of Austria and Lorraine in the chief field of his armorial bearings. The King of the Two Sicilies, Ferdinand IV., created him, in February, 1816, a duke, with a donation of 60,000 Neapolitan ducats; and bestowed upon him, August 1, 1818, the title of Duke of Portella. He also received, August 1, 1816, from the Emperor Francis I., a grant of the castle and estates of Johannsberg, with powers of reversion to the house of Austria, in case of the extinction of his family. The King of Spain created him a grandee of the first class, with the title of Duke; and, excepting the English order of the Garter, he is a knight of all the first European orders. After the death of his first wife, which took place in 1819, he married, in 1827, the beautiful Baroness von Leykam, who was created Countess von Beilstein, and who died in 1829; and in 1831 again, for the third time, married; his third wife was the Countess Melanie Zichy-Ferraris, born 1805. Besides three daughters he has a son, Richard, born 1829, from his second marriage; and two others from the third, namely Paul, born 1834, and Lothar, born 1837.

"Thus," says this biographer, "shines forth the name of Metternich in all transactions relative to the new-modelling of Europe, and the restoration of the old order of things." That is perfectly descriptive of the man and his policy. Look at the portrait of the great Austrian minister, taken by Sir Thomas Lawrence when he was in his prime; and you have a polished, high-bred gentleman, somewhat passionless, but smiling, and not bad at heart. On the contrary, Metternich is a man with many good qualities: kind in private life, affable, and in company most engagingly polite. One of Austria's own nobles—one who knows him well—Count Auersperg, thus admirably describes him:—

THE SALOON SCENE.

'Tis evening; flame the chandeliers in the ornamented hall;
From the crystal of tall mirrors thousandfold their splendors fall.
In the sea of radiance moving, almost floating, round are seen
Lovely ladies, young and joyous, ancient dames of solemn mien.

And amongst them steadily pacing, with their orders graced, elate,
Here the rougher sons of war, there peaceful servants of the state;
But observed by all observers, wandering 'mid them, one I view
Whom none to approach dare venture, save th' elect, illustrious few.

It is he who holds the rudder of proud Austria's ship of state,
 Who 'mid crowned heads in congress, acting for her, sits sedate.
 But now see him! O how modest, how polite to one and all!
 Gracious, courtly, smiling round him, on the great and on the small.

The stars upon his bosom glitter faintly in the circle's blaze,
 But a smile so mild and friendly ever on his features plays,
 Both when from a lovely bosom now he takes a budding rose,
 And now realms, like flowers withered, plucks and scatters as he goes.

Equally bewitching sounds it, when fair locks his praise attends,
 Or when he, from heads anointed, kingly crowns so calmly rends.
 Aye the happy mortal seemeth in celestial joys to swim,
 Whom his word to Elba doometh, or to Munkat's dungeons grim.

O could Europe now but see him! so obliging, so gallant,
 As the man in martial raiment, as the church's priestly saint,
 As the state's star-covered servant, by his smile to heaven advanced,
 As the ladies, old and young, are all enraptured and entranced!

Man o' th' Empire! Man o' th' Council! as thou art in kindly mood,
 Show'st thyself just now so gracious, unto all so wondrous good.
 See! without, an humble client to thy princely gate hath pressed,
 Who with tokens of thy favor burns to be supremely blessed.

Nay! thou hast no cause of terror! he is honest and discreet,
 Carries no concealed dagger 'neath his garments smooth and neat.
 It is Austria's People;—open—full of truth and honor—see!
 How he prays most mildly, "May I—take the freedom to be free?"

Metternich is, in fact, an honest creature of the old stand-still school, whose intellect, like that of a Jesuit or Inquisitor, has been schooled to the conviction that whatever is best for the preserving the order of things which he is called on to uphold is best; and that, in carrying it out, he does God service. He was bred to the old stereotype school of politics. He is one of the last and greatest of the race of the DAMPERS. The business of his life has been to damp, and cool down, and gently soothe nations into a quietus. He is one of the class that lie like a little marble slab on letters, with a handle on their backs for their master to take them up by. His master, the Emperor of Austria, has, however, by the transcendent genius of Metternich, had his own head turned into the handle, and has been made the damper of, and gently lifted up and down, at the subject's pleasure. Metternich is, in truth, the real Emperor of Austria, and of three-fourths of Europe. Emperors, czars, and kings, *seem* to reign; but Metternich, by a most subtle and all-sufficing intellect, *does* reign. He has lain like a very cool and solid damper on all the letters of Germany. He has, to make it the more complete, introduced that system of national education, of which Prussia has since got the *éclat*. It was the foreseeing Metternich who perceived that the age of

popular enlightenment was come, and could not be altogether restrained; but that it might be diverted, checked, and rendered, for ages perhaps, abortive, he no more doubted than he doubted of his own salvation. Metternich is a good Christian in his way, and knows his Bible much better than many an English justice does Burns's *Justice*. "Come education will," said he: "no person on earth can prevent it; but what says Solomon?—'Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Very well; and I know that, train him up in the way that he should *not* go, and the result is the same. The public must be trained, and it is our business to train it, if we are wise; or, if we let the schoolmaster go abroad without a policeman to take care of him, he will set fire to the Danube and the Rhine to boot. What says the old adage, too?—'Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined.' Very true; and, therefore, we must bend it, if we mean it to *incline our way*."

In a word, Metternich took the bull by the horns, and the result is the triumph of his genius. Germany, from east to west, educated, submissive to anything that the princes please, tractable as any horse, however fiery, that was well broken as a colt; patient and dumb as any ass that feels him-

self the foal of an oppressed race, but feels just as plainly that a ponderous pair of panniers hang on his sides, duly inscribed—ARMY—POLICE; and his master sitting between them on his neck, wielding a huge cudgel, labelled CENSORSHIP.

That is the clever workmanship of Prince Metternich: but if you want to see all his work, you must travel all over Europe, and visit the dungeons of Munkat and Spielberg into the bargain; for the gentle and gracious Metternich, who grows the true Johannisberg, grows rods also for the disobedient; and his bland word equally blandly

"To Elba doometh, or to Munkat's dungeons grim."

He shone in all the great congresses, and to the most fatal annihilation of the liberties of Europe. It was a disastrous circumstance that the interests of France and of Austria were, to a certain degree, the same at the period of the Congress of Vienna, and that two such wily diplomatists as Talleyrand and Metternich should have acted there for those nations. Behold, therefore, the handiworks of these two great Machiavellians on the face of Europe. Italy, not restored to one great and noble nation, but parcelled out amongst petty princes, with a fine portion to Austria; free-spirited Norway given up to despotic Sweden; Holstein, a German state, turned over to Denmark; so as to keep Russia and Prussia somewhat in awe when Austria allied itself to either of these kingdoms. Look at the left bank of the Rhine: that would have made a fine German state, a proud and impregnable position against France; but that France did not want, and that Metternich did not want; for a strong state there, impregnated with French liberalism, might be a formidable element in the German confederacy in opposition to Austrian sway. Therefore this left bank of the Rhine was cut into shreds; and Alsace, as already infected with French ideas of freedom, was thrown at once to the French; was severed from the German fatherland, and given freely up to the condition of a Gallic province. It could not suit Metternich, for a moment, that Alsace and Baden, the most public-spirited state of Germany, should be in union, or even close alliance. It were equally undesirable for the hopes of future French invasion; therefore Talleyrand and Metternich were quite agreed there. Still less was it in accordance with Austrian policy that Bavaria should have

Baden added to it; yet the King of Bavaria claimed Baden as his patrimonial territory, in precedence of its present reigning family of the younger branch of Zweibrücken; and Bavaria had, at the commencement of the last war against Buonaparte, to be detached from the alliance of Buonaparte. Therefore Baden was promised to Bavaria, as the condition of defection from Napoleon, and adhesion to the cause of the allies. Baden was promised, and Austria was pledged to the accomplishment of this union, or to pay a large yearly sum till it was effected. Buonaparte was put down; but, at the Congress of Vienna, it did not suit Austria to redeem its pledge to Bavaria, because Bavaria, with Baden, would become too formidable a neighbor for Austria; and the annual sum is still paid.

Then, Saxony was too strong a neighbor for Austria, and it was dismembered, and a portion of it conferred on Prussia. But Prussia must be well endowed with territory out of the plunder of Germany,—and yet Prussia was already too great for Austria. Therefore, all that was given to Prussia, excepting the portion of Saxony, was given in distant and detached provinces, principally on the Rhine. Thus, by the masterly diplomacy of Talleyrand and Metternich, the greatness of Germany was cut to pieces, and Austria alone left in one substantial and compact empire, with barriers of mountains on all hands interposing to check any attempts on the part of their neighbors and so-called allies.

With this disposition of things, Metternich has reigned triumphantly in Austria, teaching the people to dance and sing, and even to enjoy art, and certain species of literature; but lying like a most cool damper on all letters of progress, on all motions of intellectual freedom. The watchful eyes of the now old yet smiling statesman are always going to and fro in the earth to secure an advantage to the system of making, if not a solitude, a silence, and calling it peace. The smallest circumstance does not escape him. When Mrs. Trollope had made a good thing of laughing at the Americans, she proposed to pay Austria a visit. The good people of Vienna were alarmed at the prospect of being laughed at by Mrs. Trollope and the English; but Metternich said smilingly—"Oh, no, she will not laugh at us—I will engage for that." Accordingly, Mrs. Trollope was introduced to the court circles—everything was shown to her, and the urbane minister

was so particularly polite, that, instead of a Trollopean laughter, there was nothing but laudation. The other day, Louis Philippe made a matrimonial escapade at Madrid, and while that engaged the attention of Europe, Metternich quietly suggested the abduction of the little republic of Cracow from the dissected map of Europe.

It is done, and will not be readily undone. Let the Hanse Towns look to it next, and let Switzerland beware; for Metternich is not too old yet to plan their *remodelling* over a particularly good bottle of Johannisberg, of this particularly prime vintage of 1846.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HOLLAND HOUSE, AND ITS INHABITANTS.

[The following article contains not only a description of one of the most interesting localities in England, but has great interest for its rapid and lively sketches of a group of the master spirits of modern history—Ed.]

WHAT traveller by a dusty omnibus has not seen Holland House, that venerable seat of the Copes, the Riches, and the Foxes? What school-girl is there in Philimore Place, Kensington, that cannot prate of Addison and his brandy-and-water, his death-bed, the one profaning, the other sanctifying the seclusion of the place? What British heart is there that does not tremble at the surmise of its possible and oft-reported demolition, and shudder at the mention of new squares, of *Fox Terraces*, *Rich Gardens*, *Cope Villas*, and *Addison Cottages*? And yet the future is dark to us, and there is no calculating to what an extent the cupidity of man may not go. Whether this last and great relic of the seventeenth century may not follow the fortunes of its sister edifice, Campden House, and be converted into a school, or may not fetch more by its very annihilation than in its integrity; whether it may not—O iniquity of iniquities!—become a railroad station, or end in flourishing as a collegiate establishment for young Calvinist ministers, or a nunnery for Protestant sisters, or—but I blush at what I have written. Shame on the pen which can write any conjectures so libellous upon a famed, and if not a time-honored, a country-honored race!

Few of the stern realities of life are more striking than those which involved Sir Henry Rich, who gave the name of Holland House to the manor of Abbots Kensington, of which we have spoken; and who caused the same, or part of the same house, to resemble in its outline the first half of the letter H.

Before the time of this accomplished yet unprincipled courtier, the central portion of Holland House was in existence. It was built in 1604, by Sir Walter Cope. I should be much obliged if the architect had left his name on the outside, *not* in cipher, like him of Cologne, but in good old English capitals. His name was John Thorpe, and he had done his work when Isabel Cope, the daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Cope, who was created Baron of Kensington, gave her hand and the hopes of a large inheritance to Sir Henry Rich. This young scion of quality was the second son of Robert Rich, earl of Warwick, by Penelope, the ill-fated daughter of an ill-fated father, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

The family from whom Rich had sprung was not of the highest antiquity. In the reign of Henry VII. Richard Rich, an opulent mercer in London, had laid the foundation of the fortunes of his race. Under Henry VIII. the grandson of the mercer had become Lord-chancellor of England. It is curious to observe how the characteristics of a race are transmitted from father to son. Lord-chancellor Rich, observing, in the latter part of King Henry's reign, the dangers of the times, did, says Dugdale, "like a discreet pilot, who, seeing a storm at hand, gets his ship into harbor, make suit to the king, by reason of some bodily infirmities, that he might be discharged of his office,"—a request which was granted. The illness was, nevertheless, feigned, being of a sort very prevalent in that reign, namely, the fear of death; for the wary chancellor had for once, to use a vulgar phrase, put his discretion in his pocket. He was a fast friend to the Duke of Somerset, who was then in the Tower—so was the Duke of Norfolk. Now Rich had the ill fortune to send a confidential epistle to Somerset,

merely addressed to "The Duke." The servant thinking that the Duke of Norfolk must be, *par excellence*, the duke, delivered it to him; and it was in fear of discovery that Rich begged to be relieved of his office, and pleaded bodily infirmity.

Still more base was his conduct to Sir Thomas More, against whom this worthy ancestor of Sir Henry Rich gave witness—his testimony relating to a pretended conversation in the Tower; the relation of which was a base treachery, the fabrication of which was a crime. Strong and passionate was the answer given by More, and enough to blast the whole of Rich's existence with remorse.

"If I were a man," exclaimed the sorrow-stricken martyr, "that had no regard to my oath, I had no occasion to be here a criminal; and if this oath, Mr. Rich, you have taken be true, then I hope I may never see God's face: which, were it otherwise, is an imprecation I would not be guilty of to save the world." More then reproached Rich with a character of ill-report, with being a gamester, and ill-thought-of in his parish, and an unlikely man, therefore, to be the depositary of his secrets.

The Chancellor having, by the daughter of a grocer, left issue, the name of Rich was upraised in a barony, and barons they continued until, by James I., Robert Rich was created Earl of Warwick. This title he transmitted to his eldest son, Henry Rich being, at the time of his father's decease, only a younger son upon his preferment—a young "man about town," ready for anything, either to woo an heiress or to negotiate a royal marriage, or to betray a friend, or to persecute to the death an enemy.

His elder brother, the Earl of Warwick, was worthy of the great ancestor, the Lord Chancellor. He seems to have been a merry edition of his brother, the future owner of Holland House. What words can paint him more to the life than those of Clarendon?

"He was a man of a pleasant and companionable wit and conversation; of an universal jollity, and such a license in his words and in his actions, that a man of less virtue could not be found out. But with all these faults he had great authority and credit with the people; for by opening his doors, and spending a great part of his estate, of which he was very prodigal, upon them; and by being present with them at his devotions, and making himself merry with them, and at them, which they dispensed with, he became the head of that party (Cromwell's), and got the style of a

'goodly man.' In other words, he cajoled even the stiff Puritans."

His brother, Sir Henry Rich, was by no means so popular a man, nor so fortunate a navigator amid the shoals of party. Nature had, indeed, marked him out for one of her favorites; and although the portraits of him extant do not give him the impression of any superabundance of personal charms, we are told even by the grave Clarendon that he had "a lovely and winning presence, to which he added the charm of a genteel conversation." He quickly rose in the courtly favor, upon which, throwing aside the profession of arms at an early age, he determined to depend. He began that gay, but unprofitable career, as a captain of the King's Guard, and took his rank as a Knight of the Bath. In 1622 he was elevated to the dignity of Baron Kensington. His chief patron was Henry, prince of Wales, the eldest son of James I., who had been installed a knight at the same time as Rich. The death of that prince transferred the graceful youth to the service of Charles; and his elegance of person, and his convenience of principle, quickly attracted the regards of the first Duke of Buckingham: yet that nobleman did not and could not know the man to whom he intrusted the most delicate missions. Rich, beneath his smiles and his "genteel conversation," concealed an irritable, proud temper: his was a *company* temper. In private life he was violent and haughty; nay more, he was a man of the utmost selfishness, unmitigated by any of those loftier qualities which sometimes, coupled with a fiery, overbearing disposition, make one almost repel the mixture of good—which will recall our regard when least we wish to give it, and which will not permit us *quite* to hate. From his dawn of youth, true to his ancestral characteristics, Henry Rich was a selfish politician. At first, when the sun shone upon the Stuarts, he was a Royalist; and he saw Charles I. in his most interesting character—that of a lover. Accompanying the Duke of Buckingham when he went with the princely youth to woo the Infanta, he beheld in all her girlish and early fading charms, Henrietta Maria, on their way through France. Returning, their mission unsuccessful, Rich was deputed to woo the fair French girl by proxy. He went and plied the suit of one of the most devoted of admirers, and faithful and loving of husbands, that ever sat on the throne of England, or on any throne. But Henrietta

saw in the handsome Rich the being whom she could *love*: and her heart was deeply touched by his attractions. Long after her marriage a gentle partiality continued to exist towards the dangerous proxy, and ceased only when his treachery became too apparent.

After the death of Buckingham, Rich, now Earl of Holland, attached himself to the queen's party, and received many indications of her favor. His fortune was ample, and had he been possessed of the slightest grain of principle, he might have led an honorable, if not a happy career. But he was one of those whom no obligations could bind; and he may be termed, no less than Goring, a "pillar of ingratitude."

Upon the first outbreak of the great rebellion, he was intrusted with the forces that were to march against Scotland. He betrayed his trust; yet was it long before the confiding Charles would believe in his treachery. At length, the meeting which took place between the disaffected members of parliament and General Fairfax, at Holland House, settled the question of Rich's disloyalty.

According to some historians, remorse followed this line of conduct; according to others, disgust with his new associates drove the inconstant earl back to his early friends. When the king's affairs became desperate, he suddenly determined to rejoin his master's standard. He repaired to Oxford. Merton College beheld him cringing to Henrietta Maria, whom he had propitiated through Jermyn; the hall of Christchurch received him at the king's levees. He entered there with the ease of one who had never betrayed the cause; was disgusted by the reserve he encountered; stole out one dark night, and returned to the parliamentary quarters. His reception there was not cordial, and he suffered a short imprisonment. He then published his "Declaration to the Kingdom,"—a bad apology for bad conduct, ending with these words,—*"And this ground I profess faithfully to stand or fall upon; that I shall choose rather to perish with the Parliament, in their intentions to maintain our religion, laws, and liberties, than to prosper in the abandoning of the least of them. And this I bind up by the vows of a Christian and a gentleman."* This was in 1643. In the spring of 1648 he turned round again to the Royalists; appeared in arms for that cause at Kingston-on-Thames; was overpowered and pursued

to St. Neots, where he was made prisoner. He was, at first, kept safe and quiet, for the only time in his turbulent life, at his brother's castle at Warwick, and afterwards in the Tower. On the 9th of March, 1649, he suffered on the scaffold, having been declared guilty of treason by the self-constituted "High Court of Justice" in Westminster. He lost his life by a single vote, the Speaker giving his against him; and he was brought to the block in company with the honorable, lamented Lord Capel.

On the scaffold, a little of the earl's ancient foppery clung to him; and he appeared, having pulled off his gown and doublet, in a white satin waistcoat, and prepared himself for the fatal stroke by putting on a white satin cap, edged with silver lace,—a sort of bridal finery. Yet even *he* died well—every one did in those days of horror: it was as necessary a part of education as to live well. Having professed himself a Protestant, he prayed awhile, gave the fatal signal, and all was over. His health was about this time so bad, that nature would soon have released the world of him without the aid of the executioner. After his execution, Holland House again became the quarters of General Fairfax and his soldiery; and in what state those unpleasant tenants found the structure and its premises, it is now becoming necessary to relate.

Robert, second Earl of Holland, made Holland House his principal residence. On the death of his elder brother he succeeded to the earldom of Warwick; and his daughter-in-law—a Miss Middleton, of Chirk Castle—was the Countess of Warwick who married Addison. Her husband died in 1701, when she devoted her whole attention to the education of her young son, the Earl of Warwick. That Addison was tutor to this dissipated youth is contradicted by modern testimonies; that he was a sort of useful friend, adviser, would-be father-in-law, seems likely from a letter of Addison's, saying that he had been searching all the neighborhood over for bird's-nests, to instruct his young lordship in natural history. "This morning I have news brought me of a nest that has abundance of little eggs, streaked with red and blue veins, that, by the description they give me, must make a very beautiful *figure on a string*. My neighbors are very much divided in their opinions upon them. Some say they are skylarks, others will have them to be a canary bird; but I am

much mistaken in the turn and color of them, if they are not full of tom-tits." This epistle was written when Addison was Under-Secretary of State: certainly the Countess of Warwick must have had a capital jointure.

In 1716, Addison made that rash experiment which has failed to so many,—he became the despised, obliged, trampled-upon husband of a woman of rank. Holland House owned him as its master, but he was a slave; no bondage ever was more galling, for it was misery coupled with duty. The accomplished moralist, satirist, poet, dramatist, theologian, was buffeted and brow-beaten by an ignorant, arrogant woman. His spirits sank under the domestic tyranny, which has often quelled the finest genius. He was raised two years after his marriage to the zenith of his prosperity, by being appointed principal secretary of state; but his health rapidly declined. He consoled himself by writing a religious work—and drinking brandy. There were moments when reviving cheerfulness and strength regained gave him new hopes; but he was the husband of a virago. He took refuge in the tavern entitled the Don Saltero, in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea; and there wrote, drank, and dreamed, perhaps of happier days. But the axe was laid to the root of the tree: dropsy succeeded asthma. He died at Holland House, at the early age of fifty-four, leaving an only daughter by the Countess of Warwick.

Dr. Young has thus related, in language not unworthy of the author of the *Night Thoughts*, the particulars of Addison's death-bed:—

"After a long and manly but vain struggle with his distemper, he dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life; but with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth, nearly related and finely accomplished, yet not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came; but life was now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent. 'Dear sir, you sent for me! I believe, I hope that you must have some commands. I shall hold them most sacred.' Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he sadly said, 'See in what peace a Christian can die!' He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired."

Lord Byron has remarked on this, "Unluckily, he died of brandy;" and it appears but too true that Addison's fine mind was oftentimes nearly clouded by the effects of ardent spirits. After his marriage, he ceased altogether to be a domestic man.

He breakfasted with Budgell, or Philips, or Davenant. He dined at Button's, in Russell Street: he often sat late, and drank much wine, at a house now called the White Horse Inn, situated at the bottom of Holland House Lane, and said by tradition to have been one of his haunts. Perhaps, the haughty countess might have *something* to complain of. How strangely are manners, and, indeed, are men altered since that time! What now should we say, were we to hear of the Right Hon. S—— H——, or the Right Hon. Y—— M——, sitting in a tavern till they could hardly see their way home at night?

After the death of Addison's noble son-in-law, the last Earl of Warwick of the family of Rich, Holland House was long deserted; and decay had made its usual havoc in her turrets and saloons, and her gardens were overgrown in wild confusion, when a new dynasty betook themselves to its deserted halls. This was the family of Fox, of no ancient or noble date, derived from Foxley in the county of Wilts, whom one may conjecture, without any great stretch of fancy, to have been sporting characters. Stephen, the founder of this celebrated family, was a faithful adherent of Charles II., and a senator of three reigns. To many minds he will appear still more eminent as being the projector of Chelsea Hospital. He was the ancestor both of the Ilchester and Holland families; and upon him was bestowed, in augmentation of his coat armor, by a curious coincidence, one of the bearings of the Riches—in a canton, a fleur-de-lis: so he seemed fit and fated for Holland House.

His son was paymaster of the Forces to Charles II.; his grandson was Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, and the father of Charles James Fox, and the parliamentary rival of the great Lord Chatham. Both Lord Holland and Lord Chatham had been educated at Eton, both had entered on their public career about the same time, both were scholars and orators; yet their characters were widely opposed. Lord Chatham's unsullied youth knew no license: the career of Fox had early entailed embarrassments which drove him from England. On his return he attached himself to Sir Robert Walpole, and eloped with the Lady Caroline Lennox, sister to the Duke of Richmond. At once the rake and the statesman, formed for society, of an admirable temper, and of infirm principles, no man acquired more political adherents

than Henry Fox, few men attracted less respect. It was the charm of manner that attached his friends, not that dependence on his worth which ensures a permanent support. Even Lord Chesterfield has declared that Henry Fox "had no fixed principles of religion or morality," and was too "unwary in ridiculing and exposing them." Yet he fulfilled the duties of life well, and "his charities," observes Chesterfield, "demonstrated that he possessed in no small degree the milk of human kindness."

It must, however, have been a liquid somewhat diluted by avarice and venality. Chatham had no regard for money; by Fox it was worshipped: and though his doting fondness for his son, Charles James, has been instanced as an excuse for his grasping at power and wealth, yet to the right-minded no such excuse will be thought valid. Lord Holland was a poet; and some verses of his, published in the *Annual Register*, are considered by Sir Egerton Brydges to show more poetic talent than his son ever displayed. As a debater, his lordship is declared by Chesterfield to have been singularly inelegant and even disagreeable; his force lay in *tact*, which enabled him, partly by long experience, partly by the natural shrewdness of a powerful intellect, to discern when to press a question and when to yield.

Late in life Lord Holland retired to a house which he built at Kingsgate, in Kent, intending this residence, according to Dal-
laway, as a correct imitation of Cicero's Formian Villa at Baia. Gray's lines on visiting Kingsgate, then in ruins, in 1766, are bitter. They show, however, the general impression which Fox's memory had left. These are the two first stanzas:—

"Old, and abandoned by each venal friend,
Here H—d form'd the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fixed his choice,
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighboring
sand;

Here sea-gulls scream and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to
land."

The last steps of Lord Holland's life were marked by a harshness which made him, according to a modern writer, more odious to the nation than any minister since the days of Strafford. He was, indeed, a worthy disciple of the school of Walpole; and the nation came in time to regard him as a man who was ready and adapted for any mea-

sures that suited his ambition—for the dirty work attendant upon the management of secret-service money, or for keeping the people down by the bayonet. Gray makes him speak in his attributed character of remorseless cruelty, when he describes his lamentations that confederates had not enabled him to carry out his sanguinary and destructive notions, in the coarse stanza beginning thus:—

Purged by the sword and purified by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;

Such was the father of Charles James Fox, who appears, it must be owned, to have inherited the best qualities of his parent. A long minority succeeded the death of Stephen, the second baron of his name, and the father of the late lamented Lord Holland. During this interval, the house in which Fairfax had vexed the air with long preachings and sayings, and in which Addison had written and suffered, was let to Lord Roseberry and to Mr. Bearcroft, until, on returning from his travels in 1796, the late Lord Holland had it fitted up for his residence at a great expense. And it now becomes us to treat of the inside of the house, which has sustained, since the days of its first occupant, very extensive alterations.

Passing through a decorated stone porch, you enter the porter's hall, partially wainscoted, and adorned with three Italian pictures in fresco; in the middle stands the model of that truly colossal statue of Charles James Fox, which is now coated over with smoke in Bloomsbury Square. This was a present from the distinguished, and now venerable sculptor, Sir Richard Westmacott, to the late Lord Holland, and it was placed in 1815, on the spot where it now stands during the absence of his lordship in Italy—a superb tribute to past greatness and living virtue, and I should think, almost a single instance of a similar liberality.

Facing the entrance is the Journal Room, so called on account of its containing a complete set of the journals of the Lords and Commons. Minerals, stuffed birds, insects and Chinese figures, relieve the dryness of the aspect of large bookcases, and take off the thoughts from stormy debates or prolix preambles. There are several portraits, one of the handsome Charles, third Duke of Richmond, a Reynolds of his brother, and a Lely of Mr. Charles Fox, the son of old Sir Stephen, and an

accomplished debater in grave King William's time. Then there is a likeness of Monk Lewis, who had the courage to be painted as Hamlet, though one of the plainest men of his day. To the west of the Journal Room is the sitting-room of the first Baron Holland, communicating with the garden or dining-room, for the accommodation of the noble invalid, who lost the use of his limbs, by stairs an inch only in height, which would be covered over with a platform, so as to form an inclined plane, an excellent, a humane idea, and in those days of gout one very requisite.

Let us ascend the great staircase, opening, as we go, a large antique door, curiously embossed, and come (for I long to do so) at once to the gay haunts of the Wyndhams and Lennoxes—the scenes where royal dukes, ladies and politicians, literati, artists, and Italian refugees, mingled, and were happy to mingle—where Byron gazed on the bloated features of Sheridan, with that almost reverential curiosity with which genius looks on genius—where Mackintosh was in his happiest moods, for he loved the host and hostess of his time, and where he alternately exchanged gay *persiflage* with the lady of the old structure, or talked historically with Allen. Nay, more, in these now fading and deserted chambers was reared the boy Charles James, the man whose nature was so lofty, whose passions so debasing—the ardent friend, the unscrupulous votary; here was that intellect suffered to dawn—here polished by the best society—here permitted to attain that empire over principle which brought the lofty spirit so often down to faction.

The Gilt Chamber, *par excellence*, claims the first attention. It is a most interesting specimen of the domestic of the first King James's time. Three bow-windows, formed in the recesses of the Gothic turret, lighted and enlarged a room by no means spacious. The ceiling was formerly painted, but during the long minority of the late Lord Holland it fell, and was replaced by one now merely whitewashed. A wainscot in compartments displays still, on a blue field, the gold fleur-de-lis of the Rich family, inclosed within branches of palm-leaves, and gold crosslets on a red field encircled with twisted branches of laurels, surmounted with an earl's coronet. And why the coronet should not now be there by right I cannot conceive: many *ignobler* families have it to their boast. All around, on medallions, are the arms of the Riches and

the Copes, as if that aspiring and worldly man, the earl of Charles's time, had trembled lest his name and honors should, by any fatal chance, have become extinct, and wished to preserve them, at least *there*. Nay, more, as you advance to the drawing-room, this motto stares you in the face,—“Ditior est qui se;” a punning motto, referring to the name of Rich. Sundry female figures, denoting Power, Justice, Peace—three awkward subjects, one would suppose, to Henry Rich—are painted about and above the chimneypiece, in the frieze of which are two painted bas-reliefs, taken from the Aldobrandini marriage. These performances are declared by Horace Walpole to have been done in the style, and not unworthy of Parmegiano. A column of Elba granite, marble busts of the prince regent and of Henry IV. of France, of the Duke of Sussex and the Duke of Cumberland, of Lord Holland by Nollekens, look strangely in this ancient chamber, constructed when the British world had little notion that German blood would ever run in the royal veins of her princes, and when the proud Riches would have started with horror at the thought that the more modern name of Fox should supersede *their* antiquity. The bust of Lord Holland was accounted by Bartolozzi to be one of the finest specimens of sculpture since the days of Praxiteles; the being in Holland House must have been highly in favor of that opinion. Family portraits, mingled with those of Napoleon, of Gaspar de Yovellanos, a Spanish politician, and of Ludovico Ariosto, copied from his tomb at Ferrara, complete the motley collection.

A beautiful apartment, called the Breakfast Room, joins the Gilt Room. This is unaltered since the days of James. A damask of white satin, figured with flowers, covers the walls—the wainscot is of green and gold. The very girandoles above the mantel-piece are old, and two curious cabinets, one of tortoiseshell, the other of ebony, accord well with this antiquity.

Sir Stephen Fox figures here, the founder of the noble houses of Ilchester and Holland. His integrity and loyalty were the basis of his fortunes. Sundry members of the same race appear in the Breakfast Room; but the last portrait ever painted by Sir Joshua of Charles James is the most interesting of the domestic series.

The great drawing-room is situated to the north of the Gilt Room, and is a noble apartment, fitted up with curtains of rich

French silk, and decorated with superb cabinets and other costly articles of *virtu*. Here is Hogarth's famous picture, "The Indian Emperor," performed for the amusement of the "Butcher," William duke of Cumberland, by some children of high birth, at Mr. Conduit's, the master of the Mint. Here figures, in her babyhood, the beautiful Lady Sophia Fermor, also Lady Deloraine, Miss Conduit, afterwards Lady Lymington, but far more illustrious as the niece of Sir Isaac Newton, whose bust is depicted in the scene. A good collection of pictures by the best masters adorns this splendid room. How English it is, nevertheless, to dwell upon two portraits dear to our hearts—Garriek and Sterne! Garriek as Benedict, a character created for him, as it were, by anticipation; Lawrence Sterne, in his own unspeakable peculiarity of countenance, his eye flashing on the presumptuous gazer, his mouth partly opened, as if to utter some notable witticism—the masterpiece of Reynolds, who must have exulted in such a subject. This portrait (since sold and removed to Bowood) was, if I mistake not, copied in little for Eliza, on her voyage, for her cabin. Eliza, it is well known, eloped from the husband, to whom she returned, in India, with a gentleman somewhat younger than either Sterne or Mr. Draper. Sterne's picture fell into her husband's hands; he could not endure the sight of it, but gave it away, and it is now in England.

A smaller drawing-room contains also pictures and marbles; amongst other portraits, that of Francis Horner. Who can read the letters of the late Lady Holland, addressed to this good, if not great man, when he was threatened with consumption, without singular emotion; "Come to Holland House, and you shall have three rooms for your own use, unmolested, of a temperature regulated by Allen." I quote from memory, but it is the memory of the heart. He went not, but journeyed, seeking health, to the Italian shores, to die, hoping, believing, in the probability of a cure to the last.

Perhaps the most curious portions of an old house are the bed-rooms—certainly none show more plainly the characteristics of past ages. A spacious and gloomy apartment at the western extremity of the central division of the house, received, according to tradition, Addison's last sigh, and an inner room served him as a retreat

in his hours of literary labor. In another chamber, enriched with carvings and hangings, which are now daily surpassed by modern luxuries, is an association of a very different sort. There, limned by Sir Joshua, appears the exquisite face and form of Lady Sarah Lennox, the niece of the first Lady Holland, and the beauty who had the rare merit of inspiring George III. with romance. She appears not alone, but in a group, with Lady Sarah Strangways, the daughter of the first Lord Ilchester, and with Charles James Fox, at the age of fourteen. The boy stands with a copy of verses in his hand, which he is supposed to be addressing to his fair cousin, who is leaning out of a window of Holland House to listen to them. The subsequent fate of Lady Sarah, and the calamities of her chequered life, are well known.

When Henry Fox first purchased Holland House, the library, a room more replete with associations of interest than, perhaps, any similar room in England, was in so dilapidated a condition that it was even unfloored. The boards whereon resounded the footfalls of Addison exist, therefore, no longer; but the long Gallery, as it was in his time, now the library, is, with some alteration, the same. In the days of the Spectator, it was, indeed, almost like a green-house, so full of windows, after the fashion of the Gallery at Hardwick, being intended for dancing or exercises, and not for study. But these windows were blocked up by Lord Holland, and concentrated into two great bow-windows. It has been said, nevertheless, that Holland House has a window for every day in the year.

In this gallery or library, however, Addison spent much of that leisure which the arbitrary rule of his countess-wife permitted. At each end, so says tradition, was placed a table, whereon stood a bottle of wine. When in a composing mood, the accomplished author was in the habit of walking to and fro, and replenishing his exhausted frame and rekindling his wit by taking a glass at each extremity. It is to be hoped they were *pint* decanters.

The library of Holland House is celebrated all over Europe. Long under the direction of the late Mr. John Allen, formerly a medical man, it has accumulated to a great extent, driving from the walls of the Long Gallery, in particular, their former tenants, the family portraits, and filling, not only the Long Gallery, but two

adjoining rooms. The collection began in 1796, and amounted, some years since, to 15,000 volumes. The rarity of the books is not, happily, their chief value, but their completeness as forming a library on individual subjects, especially on French and English memoirs, and of Spanish and Italian authors. It is a trait of real judgment, among so many splendors, that a small copy of Homer, once belonging to Sir Isaac Newton, and containing a distich in his writing on the blank leaf, was more highly prized by Charles James Fox, to whom it belonged, than many of his treasures.

Such are the western and northern divisions of Holland House; the east comprises the dressing-room of the late Lady Holland, and an anteroom full of valuable portraits and cabinets, with fourteen japaned cases, containing a large and valuable collection of miniatures. Thence you may walk into a spacious sitting-room, the walls of which are of a bright rose color. Of the various articles collected here, perhaps not the least interesting are the engravings from Byron's works, presented by the poet himself to Lady Holland. A tribute to Holland House and its host is recorded on the window of the dressing-room by John Hookham Frere. With a diamond he inscribed these words:—

"May neither fire destroy, nor waste impair,
Nor time consume thee, till the twentieth heir;
May taste respect thee, and may fashion spare."

One great advantage crowns the attractions of this old mansion—its site, on a level, it is said, with the Stone Gallery of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. From the grounds a view over our southern Pentlands, the Surrey Hills, may be enjoyed. Modern skill has improved the diversified situation. In 1769, Mr. Charles Hamilton, of Paine's Hill, a friend of Lord Holland's, laid out and planted the grounds. The curious oaks, scattered about them, were of his planting, as well as the cedars. And a still higher proof of his taste is a long green walk, formerly an open lane, which is now turfed and planted, and extends towards the Uxbridge Road. This beautiful glade was the favorite haunt of Mr. Fox, and was the last landscape he was destined to look upon and to enjoy. Two oriental planes, of great magnitude, guard its entrance. The gardens near the house are laid out in parterres, one of which represents a rosary of a circular

form. Anon you come upon a fountain, then a column of granite, with a bust of Napoleon by Canova on the summit, with an inscription from Homer, which may be Englished thus:—

"He is not dead, he breathes the air
In lands beyond the deep,
Some distant sea-girt island, where
Harsh men the hero keep."

At the end of this beautiful flower-garden stands an alcove, on an elevated terrace; and here we read two lines in honor of Samuel Rogers:—

"Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
To me those pleasures that he sings so well."

This effort came from the late Lord Holland, to which Luttrell has added some verses, about equal to those which are generally inserted in alcoves or scrawled in albums.

The homely characteristics of an orchard precede the approach to the French garden. In this, enclosed as it is with the hedge of hornbeam and box, is the nursery of the first dahlia plants. This flower, already partially neglected by floriculturists, but long at the zenith of public estimation, is of Spanish origin. The Americans had it, and it had been introduced to England, but not cultivated with success. In 1803 Lord Holland, when travelling in Spain, procured some seeds; and the plant, in time, bloomed, and was christened dahlia, from Andrew Dahl, a Swedish botanist.

The fish-ponds and the meadows of Holland House alone remain to be described. The former, which are seated about a quarter of a mile towards Hammersmith, appear to have been ancient; in the latter, to the west, a tragedy was enacted,—the duel between Lord Camelford and Mr. Best. The originator of this iniquitous and bloody scene was a false, fair woman, who prompted the mischief, and fed the fuel of that fire which was quenched only in death. It is a curious fact that the horse which Best rode to the spot of rendezvous had been won by that gentleman in a trial of skill in pistol-shooting from Lord Camelford. By a too sure aim fell the inconsistent but noble Camelford, scarcely thirty years of age. His youth was sullied by the license of fashionable life; yet he is said, strange to declare, to have been a firm believer in divine truths. When the ball entered his side, he exclaimed, "Best, I am a dead man! You have killed me, but I freely

forgive you !” Again and again he declared himself to have been the aggressor. The wound was declared to be mortal ; and the gallant sufferer languished in agonies of pain until the evening of the following day, when he was summoned to his dread account ! How long must the image of the wounded man, weltering in his blood, have haunted those who traversed that green, calm spot, in after times ! How must the pale and sorrow stricken form of him who slew, whose unerring aim was *death*, have recurred to remembrance !

In all these scenes a spoiled, forward, gifted boy, took his earliest and latest delight. It was here that the father displayed his paternal tenderness in the following way. The boy, Charles James Fox, having been disappointed in not seeing a wall, which was blown up, demolished, Lord Holland had another wall built up, to be blown up again, in order that the precept, never to break a promise to a child, or, as Robert Hall would call it, “never to act a lie to a child,” might be fulfilled to a letter. It was here that the future orator was encouraged to speak out his youthful and crude opinions with an indulgence from his father that did *not*, happily, end in making him the prig that he was well entitled to be. It was *not* here, but at Spa, that his love of the gaming-table was first excited by a nightly allowance of five guineas to spend in that demoniacal amusement. It was here that, in the exciting days of a Westminster election, the fair Duchess of Devonshire came to cheer and to assist. It was here, before their memorable alienations, Burke communed with a friend who besought him, when the hour of conflict came, and the senate rang with their burning eloquence, “to believe that there existed between them the ties of nature as near and dear as the relative situation of father and son ;” but that appeal was lost in the storm of debate and the violence of faction. In Fox’s generous mind, their friendship could not be extinguished by the heat and intemperance of a day ; in Burke it was already extinct, and for ever. It was here that he came when his health was shattered, and disease was hourly encroaching upon his frame, when the following touching account is given of his emotions in revisiting the gardens of Holland House, by Trotter :—

“He looked around him the last day he was there with a farewell tenderness that struck me very much. It was the place where he had spent his youthful days ; every lawn, every garden,

tree, and walk, were viewed by him with peculiar affection. He pointed out the beauties to me, and, in particular, showed me a green avenue, which his mother, the late Lady Holland, had made by shutting up a road. He was a very exquisite judge of the picturesque, and had mentioned to me how beautiful this road had become since converted into an alley. He raised his eyes to the house, looked around, and was earnest in pointing out everything he liked and remembered.”

How similar to the recognition, dim and partial as it was, of Sir Walter Scott in entering his own hall at Abbotsford ! How much had both to regret in the departure of their *youth* ! How many turbulent scenes had both shared since boyhood ! Well might Fox say,—

“Life has passed
With me but roughly since I saw ye last.”

He died at Chiswick, and Holland House had not the mournful honor of receiving his last sigh.

It has been said, alluding to the private character of Charles James Fox, that “in the comparatively correct age in which our lot is cast, it would be almost as unjust to apply our more severe standard to him and his associates, as it would have been for the Ludlows and Hutchinsons of the seventeenth century to denounce the immoralities of Julius Cæsar. Nor let it be forgotten, that the noble heart and sweet disposition of this great man passed unscathed through an ordeal which, in almost every other instance, is found to deaden all the kindly and generous affections. A life of gambling, intrigue, and faction, left the nature of Charles James Fox as little tainted with selfishness or falsehood, and his heart as little hardened, as if he had lived and died in a farm-house ; or, rather, as if he had not outlived his childish years.”

Public chronicles afford but one instance to the contrary to this beautiful, but exaggerated eulogium ; in the instance of the unfortunate and deeply-injured Mrs. Fitzherbert. When Fox arose in the House of Commons solemnly to deny her private marriage with the Prince of Wales, where were his honor and truth ? where the single-heartedness which would have graced the seclusion of a farm-house ?

To the house of Fox belongs the distinction that, during the course of an entire century, there has been always a member of it in some eminent and conspicuous situation in the country. Scarcely had the first Lord Holland closed his career than his son,

Charles James, became the leader of the opposition; and before the death of that celebrated statesman, his nephew, the late Lord Holland, had gained a high place among the politicians of the day.

Certain hereditary qualities of mind and body characterized these three generations. In shrewdness and profundity, they resembled each other. In the absence of all personal elegance, in those physical defects which impeded their oratorical powers, they were also alike. In person, they bore a still closer resemblance. The heavy eyebrow, the broad, thoughtful, majestic forehead, the full cheek, were transmitted from the first founder of the family, old Sir Stephen, to the last noble owner of Holland House; softened, it is true, for the features and expression of the stern Royalist were harshly unpleasant. "In his descendants," writes one who was a competent judge, "the aspect was preserved; but it was softened till it became, in the late lord, the most gracious and interesting countenance that ever was lighted up by the mingled lustre of intelligence and benevolence."

As a public character the late Lord Holland was greatly inferior, not only to his uncle, but to his grandfather, whose strength as a debater had been formed under the banners of Walpole, in days when the House of Commons sometimes sat seventeen hours without intermission. He had the disadvantage of beginning his parliamentary career in the House of Lords. His hereditary hesitation had, therefore, strengthened by the absence of opportunity to correct it. Like his great ancestors, his excellence lay in reply. His earliest political lessons were imbibed by the bedside of his dying uncle at Chiswick, when, being himself a boy of sixteen, Lord Holland beheld the pride of his house fade away and expire.

In private life Lord Holland had not a trace of his grandfather, the best praise that could be given to him. He escaped also the errors of his uncle. He seemed to have culled from both their fairest graces of character, their strong domestic affections, their wit, the sweetness of temper and *lovingness* of heart which marked Charles James; all set off and encircled by that courtly politeness which appeared superior to forms, and sprang from the gentlest feelings of the heart.

Those chambers in which the voices of the Copes, the Riches, and the Foxes resounded, are now desolate, and who can

tell whether they will ever again be peopled with the great ones of the earth? "The time is coming," writes a mournful prophet, "when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets, and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that building which was, in their youth, the favorite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of philosophers and statesmen."

Before Holland House is obliterated, let us recall, in one brief review, those characters which, passing before us like the shadows figured before Macbeth, must have figured there in the several dynasties who presided in those venerable chambers. Let us hasten over the brief rule of the Copes; precise enough and respectable, no doubt; gentlemen with bombasted inexpressibles and high-topped hats fresh from the City; and ladies in their stiff ruffs, almost lock-jawed, fresh from the quarter where mercers and man-milliners claimed kindred with them. Avaunt! and let us on to the festive days of the gay Riches. Here, in the library, "in which the antique gravity of a college was so singularly blended with all that female wit and grace could devise to embellish a drawing-room, the handsome visage of the ill-fated Buckingham, his suit of sable velvet close cut, his peruke already inclining to the love-lock, was seen." Buckingham is gone, and the scene changes and discloses Fairfax and his armor; his long and melancholy, yet not unpleasing countenance, turned towards Rich doubtfully, for Rich was trusted by no man. He who had received no measure of obligation from King Charles, and "had continued to flourish more than any man in the court when the weather was fair," was no subject of confidence with Fairfax. And, behold! Rich is a prisoner—civilly, be it said—in his own house; and the hall resounds with deep murmurings of voices that were meant to pray, but seemed to growl, led by some fanatical preacher.

All has passed away; and Mary, that Countess of Warwick who was a daughter of the house of Cork, is seen here in her devout widowhood, writing *Occasional Meditations upon Sundry Subjects*, a simile in one of which had the honor of being imitated by Addison. This countess was the progenitrix of the social characteristics of Holland House. She was the foundress and inventress, says one of her admirers, of a new science, the art of obliging,—“great in a thousand things besides,” which she

counted but "loss for the excellence of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord."

"She passed away, and Addison might be seen wooing her great and shrewish successor, his Countess of Warwick; or leading to heaven, by precept, the youth who loved earthly pleasures too well; or resigning, in hopeless disease, his post as Secretary of State in a set letter to his royal master; or dying, inch by inch; or — but *his* vision has been already before us.

So Chesterfield, and a host of others, spring forth from that ancient porch since that the old house, long shut up (the Riches are clean gone), has been opened again for the Wiltshire squire's family, and the peer, whose maxim it was, as Burns says, to

"Keek through every other man,
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection,"

appears in his court suit and blue riband; and tried, but tried in vain, we should think, his incomparable skill in the art of bamboozle upon his friend Fox, whose character he has so sharply, yet, at the same time, so leniently, set off; and Chesterfield's smile—laughter being abjured by him as a vulgar indulgence—his compliment and polished anecdote carrying the sting muffled, are contrasted in that gilt chamber with the coarse ribaldry and outrageous gaiety of Walpole, whose native coarseness no habits of intercourse with the refined could quench. And Holland House is already assuming her mark of distinction, that of being the very centre of all the minor charities of life; and all the great men and women who congregated there seemed (to use an expression of Horace Walpole's when speaking of Gray) "*to be in flower*," whilst they paraded her saloons or lounged in her libraries.

Too soon for the ambition of Henry Fox did Holland House lose her political coteries; long silent were her turrets, during the minority of the late Lord Holland, until, upon his rise to manhood and to pre-eminence, a new race of the *élite* appeared beneath the rich ceilings framed by Rich.

Gladly would one pass over that dissolute but entertaining clique, the George Selwyn and the Carlisle set, who contributed to poison the mind of the young Charles James, then in his eighteenth year; gladly would one forget that early and fatal entanglement in play, which even then laid Fox under the disgraceful obligation of having Lord Carlisle's security for 15,000*l.* To crown the infamy, Lord Carlisle was madly in love with Lady Sarah Lenox, then Lady

Sarah Bunbury. He made no secret of his unlawful passion: such things were scarcely thought worth concealing in those days. What are the pangs of *such* a passion, Lord Carlisle's own words will forcibly show: "If I am received with coolness," he wrote to Selwyn, alluding to an approaching meeting with Lady Sarah, "I shall feel it extremely. I shall be miserable if I am made too welcome. Good God! what happiness would I not exchange to be able to live with her without loving her more than friendship will allow! Is my picture hung up, or is it in the passage with its face turned to the wall?" Lord Carlisle *soberized*, and became a poet:—

"On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle."

At twenty-seven, such was the misery of his career, he wished himself no more; but Providence was merciful, and the vices of youth were suffered gradually to merge into the milder form of errors, thence to expand into virtue. For who could resist the snares of that fascinating circle? Even Pitt was nearly drawn into the vortex of play at Goosetree's, and Wilberforce yielded to its fatal charm. He *once* arose the winner of 2000*l.*; but the pain he felt for those who lost, prevented all such future triumphs of the infernal regions.

Another group attends at Holland House, and the names of Sheridan, Erskine, Burke, and Windham, resound in the entrance-hall; and of these the most approachable, the most lovable in private society, was the last. His manners were noble, polished, courteous; his spirits so gay that, even in the decline of life, he was the youngest of the young. "Over his whole conversation," thus writes a contemporary, "was flung a veil of unrent classical elegance; through no crevice, had there been any, would ever an unkind or an unconditioned sentiment have found entrance." Again a break in the vast current of mighty intellects, and Mackintosh, tall, cold in aspect, kindly at heart, referred to as the very pattern-book of all knowledge, greatly independent, benignantly serene, sits at the table of the noble host by the side of De Staël. Her *pre-occupation* with him, to use a foreign phrase, was so extreme that some doubted whether the great Scot liked it, yet he always spoke of her with that calm enthusiasm which was peculiarly his own attribute. And here, smiling, singing, charming all hearts, was the gay bard of Erin; whilst by his side, a

boy poet, little known, coldly, and, indeed, unkindly received by his kindred, gazed upon the scene; and his clear blue eye looked frozen upon it, for it was long ere he could identify his shy and proud nature with that of the courteous and the free around him. His eyes, be it observed, had that peculiar faculty of being enabled to seem quite glazed and lifeless, as if suddenly congealed; and then they could glance such glances as only beam from spirits so fine, so fierce.

To pursue the theme were endless. All is gone, all has passed away! That which this great metropolis *most* wants—its greatest,

its almost only intellectual want—is an easy resort of the lettered and the gifted. No public institutions will do. One sickens at the thought. To establish one's self by privilege among lions, to go anywhere expressly to be wise, is enough to put a supercrust of pride and indifference on any honest nature. All good society must be private. Holland House has ceased to be the centre of all that refines, interests, and elevates society. We have now no centre, our commonwealth of letters is turned upside down. It wants a protector; and yet, to use a metaphor seemingly inconsistent, sighs for the blessed days of a restoration.

From Dolman's Magazine.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

Of that page in the book of human destinies in which it was written that a Creole girl of the island of Martinique was destined to become the consort of the greatest and mightiest potentate of modern Europe, the contents might well have been deemed impervious to the most ardent pretenders to the science of futurity, and yet it stands upon record, that by an old Irish fortune-teller, consulted by Josephine Tascher de la Pagevie and her youthful companions in the heyday and frolic of childish adventure, the outlines of her future history and coming greatness were distinctly foreshadowed. The prophecy of the sorceress, upon the inspection of Josephine's hand, was uttered in these remarkable terms:—

“You love a Creole, by whom you are loved in return, but you will not marry him. Your star indicates two alliances. The first of your husbands will inhabit Europe, although born in Martinique. He will wear the sword, and enjoy a brief period of happiness. Unfortunate differences will separate you, and becoming involved in mighty troubles which await the kingdom of France, he will meet with a tragical death, and leave you a widow with two infant children. Your second husband will be very dark, of European origin, and in the end unfortunate, although he is destined to become famous, to fill the earth with his glory, and subject many nations to his sway. You will then become a great lady, and be raised to sovereign power, but the day will arrive when the ungrateful shall forget your benefits, and after astonishing the world you will die an unhappy death. The country in which these things shall come to pass, forms part of Celtic

Gaul; and in the midst of your prosperity, you will regret the easy peaceful life which you had once led in this colony. Upon first quitting its shores, you will witness portents that may be regarded in the light of forerunners of your wondrous destiny.”

A brief survey of Josephine's adventures, subsequently to the delivery of the above predictions, will best illustrate their curious accuracy. Between a young colonist and herself a childish attachment had ripened into mutual love, and the parents of both approved the prospect of their children's union. The unexpected death of Josephine's elder sister completely altered her father's wishes in her regard, and she found herself compelled to renounce the object of her first affections, and accept for suitor the Vicomte de Beauharnais. Upon her embarkation for Europe, a series of curious atmospheric phenomena attracted the attention of the ship's crew: luminous meteors gleamed in the air and around the masts of the vessel, flakes of those phosphoric flames known by the name of St. Elmo's fire unceasingly played, like so many brilliant diadems. The omen was at once acknowledged by the captain as having reference to Josephine, and to the prophecy of the soothsayer, with which it appears he had been made acquainted. Shortly after her arrival in France, she was placed for a time in the Abbaye de Panthemont, one of the noblest religious establishments of olden France, and at the age of sixteen, became

the wife of M. de Beauharnais. To this gentleman she successively bore two children; Eugène, afterwards married to a daughter of the king of Bavaria, and Hortense, who became the wife of Louis Buonaparte, king of Holland. Groundless jealousies begat dissension between Josephine and her husband, which led to a separation. During the turmoils of the French Revolution, M. de Beauharnais girded a sword of state, as President of the National Assembly, which office he filled at the period of Louis XVI.'s flight to Varennes, and after the tragical death of that monarch became in turn a victim of the Reign of Terror which ensued, and perished on the scaffold. Thus far, the prophecies of the Island-seer had proved minutely correct, nor can it be wondered at if Josephine had really learnt from the course of events in her regard, to look upon them as oracles of truth. After the execution of her husband, good fortune, however, seemed to have little in store for her. All the elements of social and elegant life were in disorder, and she was left in a state of destitution and comparative oblivion. But from the ranks of the people, and from an island, if not so remote, as insignificant on the map of the world as her own, the man was soon to arise who was to still the tempest of anarchy, and complete the cycle of Josephine's destiny. Her first meeting with Napoleon is best described in her own words:—

"One day, as I sat at Madame de Chat . . . Ren . . . 's window, looking at some violets, the famous Buonaparte was on a sudden announced. The sound of his name gave me a thrill for which I could not account, and I trembled when I saw him approach me. At length I ventured to gaze on the man who had just gained so easy a victory over the Parisians.* All present looked at him in silence. I was the first to accost him. 'Citizen-General,' I said, 'it seems to me that you must have felt very loath to create such consternation in the capital. Had you reflected for a moment upon the fearful task you have just achieved, you might well shudder at the consequences it involves.' 'Possibly,' he replied, 'but what would you have, madam? Soldiers are automatons that move at the beck of the government; they know but to obey. I spared the sections; my cannon were mostly loaded with powder only. I had a mind to give the Parisians a slight lesson; and besides, c'est mon cachet que j'ai mis sur la France.'"

A few days after their interview, the Director Barras thus addressed Josephine:

* The affair of the 13 Vendémiaire.

"I have got an advantageous match in view for you. I intend you to marry little Buonaparte, to whom I am about to give the command-in-chief of the army, and intrust the conquest of Italy." Remonstrances and difficulties were opposed to this abrupt proposition by the lady, but at that epoch, courtships, like all other measures, were carried by a *coup de main*, and Josephine became the wife of Napoleon upon the eve of his departure for the campaign of Italy. He felt that to her influence he was mainly indebted for his appointment to a post which opened to his aspiring hopes so vast and noble a field of conquest and distinction, and took leave of her with every manifestation of gratitude. "I owe you much, Josephine," he exclaimed, "but I shall either forfeit my head, or return a greater man than they dream of."

Upon the news of the brilliant victory of the Bridge of Lodi, Josephine was summoned to join her husband, and was received in Italy with every kind of homage and adulation. During all the remainder of the glorious Transalpine campaign, she followed the fortunes, and often shared the dangers of Napoleon. In vain he remonstrated with her on the inutility of her self-exposure to peril; and to sicken her of military life, would often take her to the front batteries, where the noise of the cannon was stunning, and bullets fell at her very feet. When the general traversed the country on horseback, or ascended heights to reconnoitre the enemy's position, Madame Buonaparte, who was utterly unaccustomed to so rough a style of travelling, occasionally came to a full stop, and met with repeated falls. Upon such occasions her husband would burst into loud fits of laughter, and exclaim from a distance, "Courage, madam, it is the fortune of war; laurels are not to be made by sleeping on down. To be worthy of me, you must comfort the wounded, bestow your personal cares upon them, and employ your women in making lint." One day, having taken her to a more advanced post than usual, a shell happened to burst close beside her, and wounded several individuals. Josephine uttered a piercing scream, and withdrawing her hand from Buonaparte, who was supporting her, would have taken flight, but he forcibly detained her, saying in a grave voice, "You will never be a Jeanette Hachette, you are afraid of a ball!" "If," she replied, "it had been in defence of our own homes, I could doubtless imi-

tate the example set by the sister of Clisson who waged battle with the English, but here you are only worrying a peaceable population for the sake of enhancing your own glory. For my part, I could have neither courage nor inclination to do so." Josephine was so deeply affected at beholding the blood flowing from the wounds of those who had just fallen at her side, that she nearly fainted, and gazed imploringly upon Buonaparte, who lavished every possible attention upon her, consigned her to the care of her attendants, gave orders that the wounded should be looked to, and then exclaimed with an oath, that henceforth every woman, and his own wife in particular, should be kept at least twenty leagues aloof from the headquarters of the army.

Often during the progress of the war, when the churches of Italy were pillaged of their sacred vessels, and time-honored relics, for which the then utterly impious French army, from their general to the meanest soldier, exhibited the most contemptuous disrespect, Josephine, who of that invading host was probably the sole person in whom religious feeling durst still find expression, interfered to check the course of sacrilegious robbery, and procure from her husband the restitution to their respective sanctuaries of many a holy spoil.

Of a temper unceasingly and unreasonably jealous, Napoleon, although loving and esteeming Josephine, contributed little to her happiness during the period that elapsed between his return from Italy and departure for Egypt. To mere levities, natural and pardonable enough in a young and beautiful and universally admired woman, he chose to attach an importance and criminality which his own cooler judgment completely disallowed. From the moment of her union with the greatest captain of the age, she had been, and to the end of her days continued, faithful to him in love as in friendship. During the eighteen months of his campaign in Egypt, she went to La Malmaison, a property of which she had recently made the acquisition, and there, in the society of a few select friends, led a life of calm retirement, only disturbed by anxiety for Buonaparte's safety. He returned from the land of the pyramids with a mind jaundiced against his wife, but hearing from Madame de Chat... Ren... of the fidelity with which Josephine had cherished his honor and served his interests during a period when active enemies had been eager to profit by his absence, to insinuate

accusations against him, and undermine his authority, he at once restored to her his entire confidence, and she from that moment became the ruling spirit of all his actions.

When Napoleon reached the next stage on his road to imperial greatness, and by the French nation, was saluted sovereign, under the title of First Consul, with the assurance, but without all the guilt of Cromwell, he took possession of the palace of the Tuilleries. Upon finding herself installed in the apartments occupied by the late queen of France, Josephine experienced the most lively and painful emotions; by the Vicomte de Beauharnais she had formerly been presented to Marie Antoinette, and by that august and unfortunate princess had been received with the most gracious kindness: she felt embarrassed, her eyes became suffused with tears, and she thus addressed Napoleon: "I would rather live at La Malmaison. This palace has no charms for me. I tremble for the permanence of an immense power which has become the prize of the most daring. What will your soldiers say?" "That I do not tread in the footsteps of Fabricius," was the First Consul's reply; "that the little French corporal having surpassed the Roman general, has a mind to reap the fruits of a victory which audacity alone was requisite for him to gain. I have played my part, it is for you now to catch the spirit of yours, you will embellish these scenes so fraught with sorrowing retrospects, you will cause the melancholy tenth of August to be forgotten, and we shall both of us work miracles."

To throw dust into the eyes of the multitude, not yet thoroughly awakened from the wild notions of democracy instilled by the revolution of 1793, Napoleon allowed the word "Republic" to be graven in letters of gold over the entrance of the Tuilleries, as if to signify that the new occupant of that old regal residence designed not to overthrow the new constitution. A few days after, in jocular allusion to this circumstance, Buonaparte remarked to Josephine: "I leave the word 'Republic' on the palace walls, on the same principle that you see a person's name inscribed beneath a portrait which in no way resembles him."

It was at the suggestion of Josephine that the remains of the great Turenne were removed from St. Denis, where they had escaped profanation, and interred at the Invalides with military and religious pomp.

More than a thousand captured flags adorned the cataphalk of the departed hero.

Had the first consul listened to the ardent remonstrances and entreaties of Josephine, his memory had not been stained by the foul and cowardly murder of the Duc d'Enghien. It is indeed well known that she would gladly have exercised her influence in favor of the banished Bourbon dynasty, and induced her husband to enact the noble part of a second General Monk, but that latent and uncontrollable ambition, and perhaps the force of events, drove him to pursue a far different career. The imperial crown of France, so long the object of his secret aspirings, was at last within the grasp of Napoleon, and when upon his own and the brows of his wife the glittering bauble was placed by the trembling hand of a Roman Pontiff, no one circumstance seemed wanting to chronicle them among the mightiest potentates of the earth. Josephine had reached the apogee of her predicted destinies, and presided over her magnificent court with all the grace and dignity that might have been looked for in one born a princess. But amidst the pomp and splendors of supreme station, her heart sighed for the endearments of private and domestic home, and gladly would she have exchanged the life of ceremonial to which she found herself condemned at the Tuileries, for that of freedom and retirement she had so loved at La Malmaison. It was remarked with general admiration that she adapted herself with the most delicate nicety to the various audiences she was called upon to grant, maintaining upon such occasions, in combination with dignified bearing, the softest and most fascinating manners. She always expressed herself in elegant yet at the same time appropriate terms, and people were astonished to mark the ease and facility with which she addressed every person admitted to her presence, saying to each one, something or other precisely apposite to the occasion.

Josephine accompanied Napoleon to Italy upon the occasion of his assumption of the iron crown of Lombardy, but he pointedly excluded her from participating in the self-arrogated regal dignity, observing to her: "C'est assez pour vous, madame, d'avoir été couronnée dans la capitale de la France, vous ne pouvez l'être à Milan." Wherever she went, the Italians entertained her with the most splendid fêtes; but Napoleon, although so devoted to her that

her presence was constantly needful to him, tormented himself and irritated Josephine by the most senseless jealousies. During the glorious campaign of Austerlitz, she again shared the emperor's adventures, and at Munich assisted with great satisfaction at the magnificent nuptials of her son Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, whom Napoleon had appointed viceroy of Italy. At times, during the emperor's occasional absences from Paris, Josephine would retire to La Malmaison, and become absorbed in the care of a flock of Merino sheep, for which he had a great partiality. A detachment of the imperial guard was on such occasions appointed to do duty at La Malmaison. Late one evening the empress heard the sound of footsteps, and couching under her windows, and sending for the officer of the guard, learnt from him, in reply to her inquiry, that sentries kept watch all night. "Monsieur," she rejoined, "je n'ai pas besoin d'une sentinelle la nuit; ces braves soldats ont assez à souffrir à l'armée, lorsqu'ils sont forcés d'y aller: il faut qu'ils se reposent à mon service, et je ne veux pas qu'ils s'enrhument."

Josephine possessed the art of nicely discriminating human character. To Napoleon she thus expressed herself respecting Murat.

"He is a fortunate soldier, but nothing more. Do you think him capable of governing? No. This Hercules of yours is splendid in a charge of cavalry, but will prove a mere pigmy when called to sustain the weight of a crown. If you are ill-advised enough to seat him on a throne, he may one day very probably help to precipitate you from your own. Si tu l'élèves tu t'abaisses." How well she had forejudged the consequences of raising Murat above the rank he was fitted to fill and adorn, that of a distinguished cavalry officer, the results of his elevation made in time sufficiently apparent.

It is not uninteresting to remark how even in moments of the most unguarded levity, Napoleon's ruling passion was apt to proclaim itself. One day at Fontainebleau he took up a prayer book which lay on Josephine's table, and began singing psalms from it. She requested him to desist, observing that it was considered unlucky to chant the service elsewhere but at church. He obeyed, and turned to the examination of conscience. Cardinal Fesch at that moment entered the room. "How many capital sins are there?" asked the

emperor. "Seven," replied the Cardinal. "I tell you there are eight." "I should like to know which they may be, for the Church has never acknowledged any others than those before your eyes." "The eighth," rejoined Napoleon, "is to exempt ourselves from the conscription." Napoleon was careless of his personal appearance. His waistcoat pockets were always full of snuff, and upon the white trowsers he usually wore, he was in the habit of making memoranda with a pencil he invariably carried about him. The little cocked hat and grey coat under which the images of Napoleon will throughout all time be so familiarly recognised, were supposed to have been the costume enjoined upon his observance by the chief of the Illuminati as a safeguard against assassination. Into the bosom of that dark fraternity he had been admitted at Grand Cairo under circumstances of peculiar solemnity, and had sworn, and signed with his blood, an obligation to wage eternal war against all tyrants, and forfeit his life rather than hold dealings with monarchy. "If fate should ever place thee at the head of a great nation," thus he had been addressed by the grand master of the Philadelphi, "be-ware of grasping the diadem of kings!" The consciousness of this engagement and of its violation, often haunted the after years of the self-created Cæsar, and strange stories were rife of the occasional visitations he endured from "*le petit homme rouge*,"—a mysterious and half spectral agent of the fearful sect to which he had become affiliated, who upon three occasions appeared to Napoleon with messages of warning, menace, and condemnation.

Upon the expedition to Germany, in the course of which he first beheld the Archduchess Maria Louisa, Josephine accompanied her husband for the last time, little dreaming that her long enduring constancy and devotion were before long to be requited by his desertion. Upon these campaign travels, she was wont to exhibit all her natural goodness and consideration for others in the most attractive colors. So rapid and unexpected were the emperor's movements, and so peremptory his injunctions as to the places at which he intended to halt, that for the reception of Josephine and her suite, due preparation was frequently impossible. No complaint, however, escaped her lips, and she was the first to express herself satisfied. She was always much more solicitous for the accom-

modation of her attendants than for her own, visiting their apartments herself, and issuing personal directions for their comfort. One night as she was about to retire to rest, she observed that her waiting-woman had only a matress on the floor to lie upon, and with her own hands took from the bed destined for herself another to supply the deficiency. If any of her women were sick, their mistress was quickly at their side, and from her own table she supplied with provisions and delicacies, those who in the course of a journey were compelled to remain in the carriages from want of other accommodation.

Secret misgivings and even dreams seem to have foreshadowed in the mind of Josephine the unjust determination which Napoleon had formed to repudiate the beloved wife of his youth. The announcement of his intention to do so, was made to her one day after their usual tête-à-tête dinner, and so fearful were the consequences of the fatal intimation, that the empress fainted, and remained three hours in a state of insensibility. Napoleon was, however, not a man to be moved from his purpose by the weakness and sorrow of an injured woman, and in the pertinacity with which he followed out his grand scheme of divorce, seems to have emulated the headstrong determination of Henry the Eighth in his repudiation of Queen Catherine. Cardinal Fesch opposed his nephew's design. "People," said the prelate, "have grown accustomed to confound your fate and that of the empress together. You will be accused of ingratitude. Profound politicians already foresee more than one catastrophe in store for you, if you exhibit to astonished France the irreligious and immoral spectacle of a scandalous divorce. Should you push matters to such extremity, the event will not only condemn you before the tribunal of God, but also in the estimation of men. Then, Napoleon, all illusion will be at an end, and you will find the magical power that once kept your subjects in such awe, fast coming to an end. A day will arrive, perhaps a not far distant one, when your sceptre may fall to pieces within your grasp by the general will."

Various alliances were proposed to the emperor; but the suggestion of an Austrian princess made by Marshal Berthier, best harmonized with his inclinations, and although Fouché endeavored to dissuade him from it, proposals were forwarded to Vienna for the hand of Maria Louisa and ac-

cepted, because, perhaps, it had been considered impolitic or dangerous to refuse them. The interviews which ensued between Napoleon and Josephine, while the new matrimonial negotiations were pending, are described to have been of the most painful and touching character. Idolizing her husband, and naturally reluctant to be deprived of a station which she had always graced, and done nothing to forfeit, it was not without the most trying struggles of wounded pride that she at length resigned herself to the magnanimous self-sacrifice. When the Arch-chancellor Cambacérès, by command of the emperor, definitively announced to her the divorce, Josephine summoned courage to reply, "If it has not been in my power to contribute to the happiness of France, I hope some other woman may be more fortunate."

Upon the day that the act of divorce received the signatures of the parties, Napoleon, after affixing his name to the instrument, took Josephine's arm, and, with hasty strides, walked for a considerable time up and down the room with her. At length breaking silence, he exclaimed, "What a fine subject this will make some day for a tragedy!" "Of which who is to be the tyrant?" promptly rejoined Josephine. Disconcerted by the question, the emperor relinquished her arm, and putting his hands behind him, replied after a moment's pause, "The tyrant, madam, must be Fouché or Cambacérès."

A few days afterwards an officer of the Guards waited upon Josephine, and intimated to her that he was commanded to escort her to La Malmaison. "Who gave you the order?" she peremptorily inquired. "The emperor himself," he replied, with an air of concern. She made no further remark, but busied herself with taking down and packing up several pictures, among others that of M. de Beauharnais, pointedly omitting to touch the miniature of Napoleon. After her departure, the emperor started for Saint Cloud, and for forty-eight hours was unseen by any of his courtiers. The third day he went to hunt at Grand Trianon, and, upon getting out of his carriage, desired Marshal Duroc to find a foot messenger. He then wrote a letter to Josephine, and gave orders for its speedy conveyance. Before, however, the express reached her, he had arrived himself at La Malmaison. The empress uttered an exclamation of astonishment at beholding him again, and then throwing herself into

his arms, was unable for some moments to speak a word. Tears at length relieved her, and an affectionate interview ensued, in the course of which the emperor solemnly assured her that under all circumstances he should continue her his best and most faithful friend. He then gave her permission to inhabit the palace of L'Elysée Bourbon, where she resided until the marriage of the emperor, and received from him repeated visits. If policy and ambition had induced Bonaparte to repudiate his consort, he would not tolerate in others the neglect and ingratitude of which he had set the example. Madame de la Rochefoucault, former mistress of the robes to Josephine, applied for the same appointment in the household of Maria Louisa. "She shall neither retain her old, nor have the new situation," angrily observed Napoleon, when he heard of the application: "If I am accused of ungrateful conduct to my wife, I do not choose to have any imitators, more especially among those whom she has honored with her confidence and overwhelmed with benefits."

The palace of the Tuileries became a desert after the secession of Josephine; and the emperor observed to his surrounding marshals, "Gentlemen, we must candidly admit, that a Court without women is a spring without roses."

The discarded empress had the curiosity to witness her rival's entrance into Paris, and was standing near the triumphal arch at the moment the municipal authorities were presenting their addresses of congratulation.

Not all the blandishments of his new bride, nor the splendors of the Austrian alliance, could deter the emperor from making stolen visits to his first wife. To the Grand Equerry he would at times signify his wish, that Marie Louise should, under some pretext, be detained in the riding school; and of opportunities so gained, profited to gallop off to La Malmaison. There, arm in arm with Josephine, they paced the gardens in familiar conversation. One day Napoleon was relating an accident from the upsetting of a boat on the canal at Versailles, which had befallen Madame de Montesquieu, who had reluctantly exchanged her former position of lady of the bedchamber to Josephine for a similar appointment in the household of the new empress. "Ah!" said Josephine, "my little court of La Malmaison would better suit her tastes: here at least she

would find a friend, a difficult thing for her to meet with in the perilous post to which you have now exalted her."

To Josephine Napoleon confided the secret of his meditated invasion of Russia, of which, in her earnest endeavor to dissuade him from that mad enterprise of enormous aggression, she, with prophetic instinct, foresaw and forewarned him of the failure. The emperor himself admitted to her that an inward voice often seemed to admonish him to refrain from that fatal expedition, as the rock upon which his fortunes were to split!

Once at a masqued ball given at court, Josephine addressed Marie Louise, and, changing her costume several times in the course of the evening, was enabled to puzzle and confound great numbers of persons, to the amusement of the emperor, who was alone in the secret of her presence.

Upon the occasion of the birth of the King of Rome, Josephine generously shared the joy which that event diffused, and to the messenger who brought her the intelligence, presented a magnificent ring, valued at twenty thousand francs, observing at the same time to those around her, "I think myself bound to acknowledge, in a royal manner, the news of the King of Rome's birth. May this event realize the hopes which it has awakened in Napoleon's mind, in adding to his happiness, and securing henceforward the blessings of peace!"

Josephine was pressingly solicitous to behold the King of Rome. It being deemed impossible for her to receive him at La Malmaison, Madame de Montesquieu, by command of Buonaparte, took the child to Trianon, where Josephine went to see him. She lavished many caresses upon the infant prince, and with tears in her eyes exclaimed, "Alas, I was not destined to realize the emperor's hopes! Marie Louise is more fortunate than I have been; I now forgive her for the harm she did me in invading my place. From this day, I will endeavor to forget my husband's errors, to sympathize only in a father's happiness." It was observed accordingly that from that moment Josephine recovered her good looks and cheerfulness, and ceased to entertain for the woman who had presented the great Napoleon with the long wished heir, any other sentiments but those of friendliness and good will. She expressed, indeed, a desire to be presented to the empress, but Marie Louise could not be induced to

make the acquaintance of her predecessor, and upon the occasion of his visits to La Malmaison, Napoleon never mentioned the name of his Austrian bride.

The last time he saw her was in January, 1814, just before the disastrous campaign which led to his abdication. Upon parting, he addressed her in these terms: "If I am overcome by numbers, most of the men who owe their fortunes to me will basely seek to depreciate my courage. The very senate which does homage to me to-day, will to-morrow be the first to decree my precipitation from the Tarpeian rock. In every case, however, when the time arrives, I shall know how to escape from my destiny. The poison I carry in my bosom is remedy alike for the intoxicating fumes of ambition, and the unforeseen reverses of fortune. It has been my constant companion since my retreat from Moscow. If the fortune of arms be adverse to me during this memorable campaign, I shall have it in my power to avoid falling alive into the hands of my enemies. What say you?" The anguish of Josephine was extreme, she grasped his hand and placed it next her heart; emotion gained upon him; and at length, bursting into tears, in half-stifled accents he exclaimed, "Ah! si je possédais une autre Josephine!"

When Napoleon's banishment to the island of Elba was announced to Josephine, she wished to follow him thither. "If his dearest friends now abandon him," she cried, "I at least will not be one of them. I hate the ungrateful, and shall never share any of their panic terrors. I will go and join him in his island, and there, in the society of a few friends, we may both enjoy, perhaps, some last rays of happiness!"

From the allied sovereigns, who entertained for the personal character of Josephine the highest esteem and regard, she received the most marked attentions. Even during the continuance of the warmest hostilities between England and France, the Prince Regent (George IV.) had courteously given orders that all plants destined for the gardens of Malmaison, should be shipped without let or hindrance at any of the ports of the United Kingdom. Of the English detained prisoners of war in France, Josephine had ever professed and proved herself the friend.

After the fall of Napoleon and his departure for Elba, Josephine fell into a state of profound melancholy. She could not

hear his name mentioned without deep emotion, and professed the greatest repugnance for Murat, by whom she believed that both her husband and herself had been betrayed. A few days before her death, she entertained the Emperor Alexander at La Malmaison. She was too ill to do herself the honors of her house, and deputed that task to the Duchess de St. Leu. Hearing that the disease was of a more dangerous character than her attendants apprehended, the Emperor of Russia returned within a week after to La Malmaison and craved admission to the bedside of Josephine. He entered the room, and beheld her in a dying state.—Eugène de Beauharnais and Queen Hortense, her two children, were kneeling by her side, and receiving their mother's farewell blessing! The name of Napoleon Buonaparte was on her lips when she breathed her last!

The remains of Josephine were deposited in the church of Ruel, the adjoining village to La Malmaison. Her funeral oration was pronounced by M. de Barral, Archbishop of Tours, who had for some years been her almoner, and for whom she had ever professed and entertained the most profound reverence and affection. The prelate had, on more than one occasion, avowed his un-

alterable attachment to her person, and proved it in life and death. So intense was his grief, that at her obsequies, tears repeatedly interrupted him in the performance of his sacred duties, and when the tomb closed over the coffin of Josephine, the archbishop hastened from the church, exclaiming as he crossed its threshold, "Dies mei sicut umbra declinaverunt et ego sicut fœnum arui; tu autem, Domine, in æternum, permanes!"

Some years after the death of the Empress Josephine, the writer of the foregoing pages visited La Malmaison. It was less a palace-like abode than a country residence, of which any private individual might have been proud. The furniture and arrangement of the house were still exactly in the same order as when she had inhabited it; her very sleeping-room remained unaltered. As he gazed upon the bed upon which she had breathed her last, a startled bat suddenly rustled forth from behind the curtains, and described its loud eccentric flight all around the chamber.

The incident was a trivial one, and yet conveyed to the mind a singularly effective image of desolation and extinguished grandeur!

From Howitt's Journal.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN'S BOOTS.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

THERE is a street in Rome which is called *Via della Purificazione*; yet nobody can say of it that it is purified. It goes uphill and down-hill; cabbage-stalks and old broken pots lie scattered about it; the smoke comes curling out of the door of the public-house, and the lady who lives opposite to me—yes, I cannot help it, but it is true—the lady on the opposite side, she shakes her sheets every morning out of the window. In this street there generally live many foreigners; this year, however, fear of the fever and malignant sickness keeps most of them in Naples and Florence. I lived quite alone in a great big house; neither the host nor hostess ever slept there at night.

It was a great, big, cold house, with a

little, wet garden, in which there grew only one row of peas and a half-extinguished gilly-flower; and yet, in the very next garden, which lay higher, there were hedges of monthly roses, and trees full of yellow lemons. These last, spite of the incessant rain, looked vigorous; the roses, on the contrary, looked as if they had lain for eight days in the sea.

The evenings were so lonesome in the cold large rooms; the black chimney yawning between the windows, and without were rain and mist. All the doors were fastened with locks and iron bolts; but what good could that do? The wind whistled in a tone sharp enough to cut one in two through the cracks in the doors; the thin faggots kindled in the chimney, but did not send

out their warmth very far ; the cold stone floor, the damp walls, and the lofty ceiling seemed only suited to the summer season.

If I would make myself right comfortable, I was obliged to put on my travelling fur boots, my great coat, my cloak, and my fur-cap—yes, and then I could do tolerably well. To be sure, the side next the fire was half roasted ; but then, in this world, people must learn to turn and twist themselves about, and I turned myself like a sunflower.

The evenings were somewhat long ; but then the teeth took into their heads to get up a nervous concert, and it was extraordinary with what alacrity the proposal was accepted. A downright Danish toothache cannot compare itself to an Italian one. Here the pain played upon the very fangs of the teeth, as if there sate a Liszt or a Thalberg at them ; now it thundered in the foreground, now in the background. There was an accordance and strength in the whole thing, which at last drove me beside myself.

Besides the evening concerts, there were also nocturnal concerts ; and during such a one, while the windows rattled in the storm, and rain poured down in torrents, I threw a half-melancholy glance upon my night-lamp. My writing implements stood just by, and I saw, quite plainly, that the pen was dancing along over the paper as if it were guided by an invisible hand ; but it was not so ; it was guided by its own hand, it wrote from dictation ; and who dictated ? Yes, it may sound incredible, but is the truth for all that. And when I say so, people will believe me. It was my boots—my old Copenhagen boots—which, being soaked through and through with rain-water, now had their place in the chimney, near to the red glowing fire. Whilst I was suffering from tooth-ache, they were suffering from dropsy ; they dictated their own autobiography, which, as it seems to me, may throw some light upon the Italian winter of 1840-41.

The Boots said—

“We are two brothers, Right and Left Boot. Our earliest recollection is of being strongly rubbed over with wax, and after that highly polished. I could see myself reflected in my brother ; my brother could see himself reflected in me ; and we saw that we were only one body—a sort of Castor and Pollux ; a pair of together-grown Siamese, which fate has ordained to live and die, to exist, and not to exist, together. We were, both of us, native Copenhageners.

“The shoemaker's apprentice carried us out into the world in his own hands, and this gave rise to sweet, but, alas ! false hopes of our destination. The person to whom we were thus brought, pulled us on by the ears, until we fitted to his legs, and then he went down stairs in us. We creaked for joy ! When we got out of doors it rained—we kept creaking on, however ; but only for the first day.

“Ah ! there is a great deal of bad weather to go through in this world ! We were not made for water boots, and therefore did not feel happy. No brushing ever gave us again the polish of our youth : the polish which we possessed when the shoemaker's apprentice carried us through the streets in his hand. Who can describe our joy, therefore, when we heard it said one morning, that we were going into foreign parts ! yes, were even going to Italy, to that mild, warm country, where we should only tread upon marble and classic ground ; drink in the sunshine, and, of a certainty, recover the brightness of our youth.

“We set out. Through the longest part of our journey we slept in the trunk, and dreamed about the warm countries. In the cities or the country, we made good use of our eyes : it was, however, bad weather, and wet there also as in Denmark. Our soles were taken ill of palsy, and in Munich were obliged to be taken off, and we had a new pair ; but these were so well done, that they looked like native soles.

““Oh, that we were but across the Alps !” sighed we ; ‘there the weather is mild and good.’

“We came to the other side of the Alps, but we found neither mild nor good weather. It rained and blew ; and when we trod upon marble, it was so icy-cold, that it forced the cold perspiration out of our soles : wherever we trod we left behind a wet impression. In the evenings, however, it was very amusing when the shoe-boys at the hotels collected and numbered the boots and shoes ; and we were set among all these foreign companions, and heard them tell about all the cities where they had been. There was once a pair of beautiful, red morocco boots, with black feet—I think it was in Bologna—that told us all about their ascending Vesuvius, where their feet were burnt off with the subterranean heat. Ah ! we could not help longing to die such a death.

““If we were but across the Appenines ! If we were but in Rome !” sighed we. And

we came thither; but for one week after another have been trampling about in nothing but wet and mud. People must see everything; and wonderful sights, and rainy weather, never come to an end. Not a single warm sunbeam has refreshed us; the cold wind is always whistling round us. Oh, Rome! Rome! For the first time, this night do we inhale warmth in this blessed chimney corner, and we will inhale it till we burst! The upper leathers are gone already,—nothing remains but the hind quarters, and they will soon give way. Before, however, we die this blessed death, we wish to leave our history behind us; and we wish also that our corpses should be taken to Berlin, to repose near to that man who had the heart and the courage to describe 'Italy as it is,'—even by the truth-loving Nicolai."

And with these words the boots crumbled to pieces.

All was still: my night-lamp had gone out. I myself slumbered a little; and when towards morning I awoke, I found it was all a dream! But when I glanced towards the chimney-corner, I saw the boots all shrivelled up, standing like mummies beside the cold ashes! I looked at the paper which lay near to my lamp—it was grey paper, full of ink spots—the pen unquestionably had been over it, but the words had all run one into another; however, the pen had written the *Memoirs* of the boots on grey paper. That, however, which was legible I copied out; and people will be so good as to recollect that it is not I, but my boots, which make this complaint of *La bella Italia*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LITERARY LEGISLATORS.—NO. III.

LORD JOHN MANNERS.

THERE are some features in our political system, which, when contrasted with our national greatness, have excited the astonishment of mankind—there are some in our social system which are viewed with sorrow and indignation. The attention of Lord John Manners would seem, from a very early age, to have been arrested by both; and, if we may judge from the later fruits of his mind, he has long been struggling, with a deep and earnest purpose, to reconcile inconsistencies, which might, perhaps, have been overlooked but for the frightful evils they have produced; or, not finding a ground of reconciliation, to discover some means by which they might be avoided in a general reconstruction of society, or, in his view, a restoration on its old basis.

We might suppose that Lord John Manners, looking at the working of our constitutional form of government, sees that the popular influence has been carried too far, not, perhaps, for the theory of freedom, but for the practical organization of society—that events are tending towards a general anarchy of interests and opinions—that each class, each sect, having, through the representative system, a portion of the legislative authority in its own hands, is able,

if not to secure its own exclusive objects, effectually to obstruct those of others—that in their mutual rivalries a harmonious agreement upon any vital question is as little to be expected as a cheerful or an enforced submission to authority—that in this multiplication of dilemmas the power of any given principle of government to solve such multifarious difficulties becomes proportionately weakened—that the result of this confusion of the only agents of legislation or administration is, from time to time, an absolute paralysis of the governing power,—until, finally, our Ministers, mis-called Rulers, are forced to use a counterfeit authority, which they know is not their own, and of which they are afraid, even while they use it, when they avail themselves of majorities, created by violent and scarcely constitutional appeals to the popular will, to carry great constitutional questions, or even to effect some of the most obvious suggestions of sound policy; thus producing, by the agency of fictitious enthusiasm acting upon fear, results which ought to be obtained, either, on the one hand, by the sagacity of statesmen assuming the initiative in legislation, or, on the other, from a steady and growing

conviction in the public mind. Two striking instances of this inadequacy of our political system as at present administered—an inadequacy which seems likely to be made more apparent the more the different interests in the country become equalized, and the representative influence more fairly distributed in the House—Lord John Manners may, in common with others, have observed with astonishment. Passing over the parliamentary history of Catholic Emancipation and of Reform, he may have contemplated, with the curious eye and the passionless spirit of a philosopher, the circumstances under which the Repeal of the Corn-Laws was carried. As a measure of fiscal and commercial, or international polity, such a subject ought, one would suppose, to have been divorced from party politics entirely; or, if that were impossible, it might have been expected that such a question would have been decided on by the most highly cultivated minds in the political world, who would have fixed on the time and mode of repealing those laws, not without reference to political considerations, but wholly uninfluenced by political passions. Yet we find, when the crisis comes, all the knowledge, training, sagacity of those miscalled leading men of the day—all that has hitherto constituted them the superiors of their countrymen, is abandoned as utterly useless; for without exercising their reason, scarcely even their will, but influenced by accidental combinations of circumstances of the lowest order, in a rational point of view, they yield that to a one-sided organization out of doors which they had steadily and obstinately refused when urged on them, as being for the benefit of all, by some of the most profound thinkers of the time. So much for a case in which something, never mind by what means, has been done; now for one, still more vitally important, in which the fulfilment of our duties and the fruition of our hopes would seem, from the operation of the causes already enumerated, to be postponed to an indefinite future. We refer to the question of National Education. Here there is no want of the will on the part of successive ministers of this country. Cabinet after cabinet proclaim, at once their earnest wish and their utter hopelessness. In the one case the obstruction might be said to have originated with the governors, in the other it may, perhaps, be admitted, that it is assignable to the governed: but in each case the inadequacy, or, at least,

the very clumsy action of the system, is made apparent. In the one case, political wisdom is lost sight of, experience scouted, reason unheeded, until the greatest change which a commercial people could make in their system almost takes the shape of a rash and purposeless experiment; while in the other, although it is admitted that the pauperised population of this country is increasing with frightful rapidity, that all those moral evils of which education is especially the antidote are still more frightfully increasing in an increasing ratio, yet an enlightened government, seeing this dilemma, is utterly powerless to apply any systematic remedy; and ignorance, crime, and sin, of every kind, are allowed, unchecked, to spread their ravages through the land.

Perhaps we are assuming too much in assigning these views to Lord John Manners; but they are founded on notorious facts, and are consistent with much that he has spoken and written. In fact, we are inclined to believe, that in common with some of the most observant men of the age he is forced to perceive, that from one extreme we are running into another—that in our dread of tyranny we have deprived ourselves of the advantage of legitimate authority. Perhaps, if we could penetrate to the conclusions to which this course of observation may have led Lord John Manners, we should find, that to escape from the consequences of this legislative and political anarchy he would take refuge in absolutism. At least, we have all seen how strong are his sympathies on behalf of the dispossessed sovereign of Spain,—sympathies which appear to be less strong even for the man than for the system which he represents. But this, we are persuaded, would stop short with theory. As a British nobleman born and bred, and holding all his social privileges, as well as his political rights, under a constitutional form of government, still more as a member of the representative branch of the legislature, he would never, we are convinced, seek so violent a remedy for the evils which he deplores, so long as he could see other means of neutralizing their effects. In truth, he does propose a very different kind of remedy,—one which is not only more consistent with the constitution, but which is also quite consonant with the genius of the British people. This brings us to a consideration of another class of questions which have occupied the attention of Lord John

Manners, and with regard to which it appears to us that he has given promise of much usefulness to his country.

The social condition of England, but more especially the state of the poorer classes, is a subject which the chief public men of the day dread to probe to its core, while they strive in vain to banish it from legislative consideration. The awful facts are too well known to require recapitulation here. They have startled the public conscience out of its apathy on more than one occasion of warning peril. But class selfishness, and the cumbrousness of our machinery of legislation, have as often lulled that conscience again to sleep, or stifled its faint efforts at atonement. It is so difficult for a nation to believe itself wrong. It is so hard to unlearn lessons that have been taught with the approval of our own ratiocination,—truths that have been exemplified by temporal prosperity. The pride of human reason rejects authority; nor can it, save in an extremity of distress, supplicate its pardon by confessing its errors and retracing its steps. We do not like, after having believed for years in principles to which we have squared our conduct, to confess that those principles are wrong, or that, in our ignorance, we have misapplied them; and to have to come back to those other principles which we have derided and rejected, only, as it would seem, because they were imposed on us by authority. The grey-haired man does not like to be rebuked by the child, either in the borrowed wisdom of his words or in the innocence of his life. It has been so with all great nations. It is so especially with England at the present time. But a reaction has commenced, a steady and increasing reaction; a reaction of the moral feelings against the cold maxims of selfishness; a reaction whose slow but resistless tide is swelled and upheld by a deep under-current of Christian love and Christian sense of duty. Already we see distinguished members of both branches of the legislature calling on the government and on the wealthier classes to adopt various measures for the improvement of the condition of the people. The efforts of such men as Lord Ashley, Mr. Cowper, and many others, who have distinguished themselves in this noble though humble sphere of action, cannot continue without their ultimate result. And however contracted may be their views, or however limited their sphere of usefulness, still we may cal-

culate upon, at least, partial and fractional benefits being produced. But it is one of the characteristics of the time, that there is a want of unity in all such movements; there are so many divisions of religious and political opinion; there is so much absurd pride of class; such an indisposition to merge individual ambition in some joint-stock effort of enlarged benevolence, that it is impossible to get all these excellent men to act on any general and comprehensive plan. Not only is an immense amount of real Christian feeling and of moral energy wasted, but, in fact, these partial and, by so many, misdirected efforts tend to neutralize each other. The inert morality of the public, which we know may be, as in the case of the Anti-Slavery question, worked up from its passive into a highly active state, is thus reduced to a condition in which it is little better than dormant. Each individual, or each section or congregation of benevolent enthusiasts, is satisfied with the accomplishment of some small, isolated object, which might, perhaps, be a very good specific, under more prosperous circumstances, for the cure of some accidental flaw in the social system, but which becomes wholly powerless for any effectual good where the general sum of evil is so enormous. One man is for Field-garden Allotments; another sees his end attained by a general system of Drainage in large towns; another would rouse the people in favor of a Ten-hours' Factory-bill; another pictures to himself England an Eden of multitudinous paradises by the establishment of Self-supporting Villages, upon the principle of a sort of Church-of-England communism. They all profess to go towards the same goal, yet, like horses ill-matched in a team, they are all pulling different ways, and neutralizing strength which, in the aggregate, would be great.

Not the least distinguished amongst the earnest laborers in the cause of social reform is Lord John Manners. That he has propounded any of these specific plans, that he has announced any new and infallible nostrum for the cure, by local application, of all the diseases of the social system, we do not pretend to say. On the contrary, compared with the extensive nature of his views, his actual means of usefulness are small. He has, from time to time, given his support to some of the proposals we have referred to; but he has always qualified his approval by linking it with a statement of his more enlarged views. Indeed

it may be said of him, that he is rather yearning to be useful than that he has actually been so yet. But the architect who plans a building may be charged with contributing nothing towards its actual erection; and we often hear great generals sneered at, because it is said that without the bravery of their troops they could never have won their battles. Yet no one would place on a level with the planner of the structure the man who carries the hod of mortar and the trowel; nor would any rational thinker overlook the fact, that without the scheme of the general, and his watchful eye, all the valor of the troops would be thrown away. We are not claiming for Lord John Manners the character of a great political architect, nor the station of a parliamentary general. As yet his public life has been but a series of efforts and indications of ulterior purposes; but we do see in the spirit, the deep sense of religious duty that animates him, the germ of what, apparently, will prove the only regenerative influence in our social system. No doubt he has run into extremes. But consider how young he is. Remember that some of the proceedings for which he was thoughtlessly quizzed took place when he had scarcely attained the age of legal manhood. Look around among the nobility of this or of any other country. Rare, indeed, is it to find a young man of his age with such decided talents, and, at the same time, with such a gravity of spirit, such a freedom from affectation, and such a devotion to the spiritual and temporal wants of his fellow-creatures. From such disinterested feelings and such noble purposes, what may not spring, when a longer experience of the cold, obstructive realities of life, and a conviction of the impossibility of ever carrying extreme measures amidst such a general confusion of principles and interests, shall have forced itself on his mind, and have modified his opinions!

Lord John Manners goes at once to, as he believes, the fountain-head of these evils. He is not content with merely cauterising local sores, or with soothing, by temporary expedients, the general irritation produced by the social disease; he would go to the very source, purify the springs, and, however long the process might take, infuse an entirely new life into the organization. He holds, that our chief social evils arise from the diseased state of the moral nature exhibited by those who, from their having the wealth and station, have

therefore the power of producing either good or evil. A neglect of the most plain religious obligations imposed by Christianity, and the substitution for them of certain maxims which, however good for promoting the merely worldly prosperity of individuals or nations, do, nevertheless, exalt selfishness into the law of human conduct; this he conceives to be the great cause which, extending its ramifications from the highest down to almost the lowest classes of society, produce those effects, impalpable at first, but which have increased with frightful rapidity, as the area of competition has been contracted by the increase of population, and the cumulative power of evil stimulated and developed. The simple and universally applicable moral injunction, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," has been utterly departed from, not merely because the individual selfishness of men has induced them to neglect it, but because a new code of laws has been substituted by modern reason for the Divine laws, and men have been taught, as a duty, so to disregard it. Nor has the working of this evil, he conceives, stopped with its material consequences. A degraded condition of the laboring classes; insufficient food, bad housing, spiritual as well as physical destitution; these are not the only mischiefs that have resulted from the neglect of the Divine behest. Worse than these is the utter severance between the rich and the poor—between the employers and the employed—the check to those mutual sympathies arising from protection on the one hand, and affection on the other, which ought to exist between those who are brought into daily contact in such mutual relations. Lord John Manners regards England as a Christian nation unchristianized.

The remedy proposed for these evils by Lord John Manners is a perfectly intelligible one. That it is also the natural remedy may be the reason why, in the unnatural state to which society has reached in this country, it should at present be scouted, and some of its supporters laughed at as visionaries. Among them, let us add, will be found some of the brightest ornaments of this age—some of the holiest and most learned men now living. And here let us pause to correct an error that very commonly prevails with regard to Lord John Manners, and some of those who think with him. They are looked upon as young, in-

experienced, enthusiastic visionaries, and, above all, as innovators. Now, this is an error. These young men were not guilty of that rashness and that love of the new which was attributed to them. On the contrary, they were, if anything, somewhat too enamored of the old. Their process of reasoning was very natural, and worthy of much older men. Finding a given state of things existing, which they saw to be bad, they investigated the causes, and believed that they found in the more simple habits of their forefathers a model which, if copied, with many modifications, would effectually reform existing social abuses. They might be right, or they might be wrong; but at least it was a guarantee of their humility that they so loudly proclaimed reliance on the wisdom of their ancestors.

Lord John Manners proposes two classes of remedies. The first is a reorganization and reinvigoration of the Church of England, to enable it to fulfil those duties as the spiritual instructor of the people for which its large revenues were, or, at least, ought to have been given. Without entering here into the peculiar mode in which he would effect this reorganization, or, as he would call it, restoration of the National Church (every earnest reformer has his crotchet, and that of Lord John Manners will, by many, be regarded as a dangerous one), we will merely observe, that the end which Lord John Manners proposes to himself is altogether to raise the moral tone of society, especially in the manufacturing districts, by creating a more general reverence for the Divine will, and a wider and deeper sense of religious obligations. We purposely suppress, at present, the exact means by which this desirable result is to be effected, until we come to consider the publications in which they have been explained. One thing is quite clear, that some very strong and wide-spread "revival" is necessary in those districts (and, let us add, scarcely less so in the agricultural districts), or the bonds of society must, when the pressure of poverty becomes sufficiently strong, be broken asunder, or be so loosened as to render government, except by force, impossible. In an earlier part of this paper it was hinted that Lord John Manners' political theories might lead him up to absolutism, but that he preferred to attain obedience by different means. These, which we have alluded to, are the means which he proposes; and, resorted to with due caution, they are, undoubtedly, legiti-

mate means. But he regards this counteraction through the Church as but one portion of his general plan for reuniting in the bonds of harmony, and love, and mutual obligation, the dissevered and mutually repugnant classes of this country. He thinks that political power, through the representative system, has become too much centered in the middle classes; that, under a misconception of the laws of political economy, those classes have constituted themselves the natural enemies of the dependent classes; that they have, perhaps unwillingly, and only under the influence of an insane spirit of competition, established a tyranny of the purse, by which capital, converted, morally speaking, into an abstraction free from all human ties, is made to grind labor, which can never be dissociated from human sympathies, and, worse, from human wants. A similar process, he seems to think, has been going on even in the agricultural districts, but proceeding from different causes. As luxury increased, and the attractions of a metropolis or of foreign travel grew stronger with the aristocracy, who, at the same time, became gradually attracted within the sphere of court influence, they resided less amongst their people; or, if they did visit their estates, were no longer on those terms of almost homely intercourse with their tenantry and laborers which we know so much promotes rural happiness. Of course as their affections thus became estranged, their sense of their duties became more faint. Without inflicting positive injuries on those whom they were bound to protect, they ceased to dispense among them, to the extent which they ought, positive benefits. Thus, whether in one part of the country or in the other, the laboring class came to be socially isolated, to have no friends, to be depressed, and, therefore, to be discontented; to be, in fine, the prey of interested demagogues, or the natural followers of honest and earnest Reformers. Now the idea of Lord John Manners seems to be, that the aristocracy have it in their power to restore the old harmony, if it ever existed, between themselves and the masses. We will not stop to inquire how far lordly jealousy of the growing social importance of men sprung from trade may have helped to bring about this magnanimous purpose. Unconsciously, men of the most pure minds are influenced by mixed motives; and, as the peculiar views which Lord John Manners holds on the subject of restoring to the

Church of England much that was struck from it when its establishment was settled in this country, override his plans for restoring religious influence among the people; so it is probable that hereditary pride may have dictated this novel proposal to unite the aristocracy and the people, so as to form, from these two, in the words of Mr. Disraeli, "The Nation." One thing is clear,—if political or social changes, instead of being grudgingly yielded to popular clamor, could take the shape of voluntary and generous concessions, dictated by a spirit of justice, and originated by a desire for the national welfare, much that now darkens the horizon of this country would disappear, and a brighter future might be opened than at present we have any right to hope for.

The reader is requested to bear in mind that we are here adopting, for the nonce, what we conceive to be some of the views of Lord John Manners. It may be objected to them, that the remedies proposed are too speculative; that the want of a good feeling between different classes is not sufficient to account for the existence of such alleged evils. As well might we refuse to admit, that the safety of the piled caravan depends upon the linch-pin. But has not a most remarkable instance of what kind words and humane actions will effect, been exhibited of late in Ireland?—"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

But whatever may be thought by practical men of the value of such proposals as these, to Lord John Manners, at least, is due the praise of advocating them with an earnestness, a sincerity, and a moral energy which have no parallel among living politicians. Let us not forget, that thinkers of the class to which he belongs are essentially engaged in an active protest against the exclusive and tyrannical ascendancy of reason in human affairs. They desire to restore the balance of the human mind; to give to the feelings and sympathies of men their legitimate share of influence; they believe that duty and affection cannot be violently divorced without injury to both. "Young Englandism" was a sentiment, not a political system. It aimed at moral regeneration, not at working out intellectual problems. It aspired to be, so to speak, a political religion; and its apostles were seized with all that passionate fervor wherewith the preacher enchains the souls of men. Then let us not be surprised at, still less let us ridicule,

the moral earnestness with which a man like Lord John Manners urges his opinions on the world. In proportion to his exaltation of feeling should be our candid, sometimes even our charitable, consideration. And if pursuing such honorable aims, he should, in his religious views, have pushed faith so far as to have allowed the form somewhat to obscure the spirit; if, in his political speculations, he should have counted too much upon the goodness and the magnanimity of human nature; let us remember how rare, in these days of cold philosophy and complacent worldliness, are men of that fine organization of which have been made, when in its perfection, the founders of systems; or, if we may not place this young nobleman in so high a rank as that, how seldom it is that we find enthusiasts for religion and virtue in those who have been bred up amidst luxury and tempted to indulgence, and to whom, if the light does penetrate, we ought sometimes more to wonder than even when it falls on the humble and the ignorant!

It was not to be supposed that a man who, at the immature age of two-and-twenty, was animated by such noble purposes, and, relatively speaking, such original sentiments, should altogether avoid excesses or extravagances in their advocacy. It is especially the tendency of honorable and upright minds, and uncompromising spirits, to run into extremes, both in opinion and action. Lord John Manners, by following up, too honestly and incautiously, his principles to their conclusions, had created a prejudice against himself at the very outset of his career. It seemed not to be quite settled whether he should be treated as a dangerous thinker, or only as an amiable, but weak enthusiast. Politicians had not then received the proofs they subsequently did, that, whether he was practical or theoretical, he had a certain intellectual power which must make itself felt. But Lord John Manners, we repeat, had created a prejudice. That remnant of Puritanism which still lurks, in some shape or other, in almost every Englishman, was shocked at the yearning retrospective regards of the noble lord—the cool confidence and satisfaction with which he would appeal to the authority and example of those dreadful people, the Stuart kings—the uncompromising boldness of his protests against the excesses of the Reformation. An undisguised Puseyite, but at the same time a very honest Protestant, he was regarded by

them as being but a concealed Papist ; and, while he was only exercising his legitimate right of reasoning against abuses which he believed to have crept into both the doctrine and the discipline of the Church of England, he was suspected, in common with others, to be concerned in a damnable plot for its subversion. We think Lord John Manners showed, at this time, more zeal than tact ; but, without having any special means of knowing the fact, and making all allowance for his unguarded, almost ostentatious display of those external symbols of Puseyism which were almost likely to frighten those who gloried in equally hollow and obtrusive symbols of Protestantism, we are disposed to give him credit for being perfectly sincere in believing that the Church of England required some reorganization, without having the slightest wish to attach himself to Romanism, or to do aught that could sap the true foundations of Protestantism in this country. Upon this supposition we should draw a line between him and many others who have held similar religious opinions, but who have remained ostensibly members of the Church of England, long after in their hearts they had become Papists. He is animated by a deep and earnest religious spirit. His Protestantism is as sincere as that of the most Protestant of them all—nay, not even the very *Sans Culottes* of Protestantism, the dregs of Latitudinarianism, would, we hope, be found more manfully resisting spiritual tyranny than this young nobleman ; but his Protestantism is that of the cathedral, not that of the conventicle.

Even before he had entered parliament some publications of his appeared, which were calculated to alarm the jealous and watchful guardians of Protestantism. Among the rest, his pamphlet entitled, *What are the English Roman Catholics to do?* showed pretty clearly that, whatever his ulterior designs might be, some of his intermediate views and avowed principles were not the most orthodox. Imagine the affright with which the faithful congregations of the "Tabernacles," and the "Zion Chapels"—to say nothing of Exeter Hall—would regard the spectacle of a British Protestant nobleman writing to a Roman Catholic friend, after a fashion so unwonted in this country of free-will and fettered opinions as this—that he should say, "When the infamous reign of Charles II. had drawn to a close, and a brighter era for England generally, and for Roman Catholic subjects

in particular, seemed to be entered upon by the accession of such a monarch as James II.; when the faithful and the true, the meek-hearted and the good, dared again look up to the throne with confidence and love ; when integrity seemed once more to bear sway in the affairs of state, and England again was raising her head above the waters of another hemisphere, then was it that the same faithlessness and disregard of consistency united Roman Catholicism with Dissent, infallibility with heresy, fire with ice." And still more, conceive the lofty disgust with which Messieurs the leaders of the Whigs would read the conclusion of the sentence, wherein he says,—“The fatal lesson of 1688 ought to be had in remembrance for all time—a warning to kings, and a teaching to peoples—that good may never spring from evil means, and that the cunningest of earthly alliances, if it be unholy and insincere, ends but in confusion and tribulation.” This was a bold assault as coming from so young a man ; but his political tendencies were sufficiently exhibited towards the close of the same pamphlet, which was written to prove that the true interests of the English Roman Catholics were identical with those of the Tories, when he called upon them (the Roman Catholics), “Not to bind themselves, hand and foot, to the most uncatholic, irreverent, scoffing, and unprincipled faction, which the putrescence of these times has produced and fostered.” Perhaps Lord John Manners had forgotten this candid expression of opinion, when, with his friends Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli, he helped to lift the Whig leader into the vacant seat of Sir Robert Peel. This pamphlet contained one or two other passages sufficiently startling. For instance, he tells the English Roman Catholics that, “The time does seem at hand when those among you who desire to stand upon the old ways—to maintain the old things—to keep up the old English aristocracy—to preserve what little remains (I speak not now of endeavoring the restoration of aught that has been lost or neglected) of old-fashioned charity and social intercourse between the higher and lower classes, must make up their minds to withdraw from the fellowship of the Atheist, the Democrat, the Dissenter, and the Leveller ; or be content to close their eyes, and go down the stream into the sea whereunto is no bottom.” Still further to terrify tender consciences, he actually confessed to “A pas-

sionate affection for unity, and a sincere conviction that unity could never come of an unholy alliance between the extremes of Roman Catholicism and Latitudinarianism." And, as if it were not enough thus to shadow forth the old bugbear of spiritual supremacy, he must needs run full tilt against the constitutional prejudices and the common-sense habits of the English people, by letting them know that he was at the head-quarters of Don Carlos during his armed attempts to recover the crown of Spain from her on whose brows the English nation had mainly contributed to place it. In truth, this candor and uncompromising honesty, which has led Lord John Manners from time to time to publish the most *outré* opinions, is one reason why he should be respected; because, thereby, men are put on guard, and they can smile with disdain, or quake with terror, according as their several natures serve. This little *Letter to Lord Edward Howard* stirred up men's minds much about its writer. There were many who knew not what to make of it. Some would have it that he was a dupe and a tool of Rome, while others thought he was only an English Quixote. Upon it we may observe, that its style is vigorous and its reasoning forcible, but the author always seems in danger of supposing that all which is old must therefore, of necessity, be good; just as the apostles of the new Faith in no Faith run into the like error in favor of what is new.

Perhaps, as we have spoken of one publication of Lord John Manners, it may be more convenient to deal with the others before coming more particularly to his active political life. And here we should observe, that although the noble lord has not produced any large books, he is not the less a man of literary habits. He has written much in monthly and quarterly periodicals, and frequently publishes small effusions of poetry, some of them very beautiful as works of imagination, others too strongly tinged with his political and religious opinions to be quite consistent with the good taste which art demands. Lord John Manners concentrates his thoughts much. He does not produce much in quantity, but what he gives forth is good in quality. Like his speeches, his articles, his pamphlets, his poems are short, pithy, full—charged with thought, and each expressing a clear and definite idea or purpose. The next pamphlet we refer to, as throwing light upon his character, is one entitled *The Monastic and*

Manufacturing Systems, which first appeared in *The Morning Post* newspaper, from which it was afterwards reprinted. As a literary composition, it exhibits a marked improvement in style upon some others which he had before produced. But the purpose and object with which it was written were not calculated to propitiate the favor of Protestant England. It sets forth, in a strain of high and powerful eloquence, the spiritual destitution prevailing in the manufacturing districts, supporting its general statements by proofs taken from authentic contemporary sources, such as the reports of the Factory Commissioners, &c. So far the staunch Protestant reader will go along with the writer, but when he comes to the remedy proposed for this, he finds it so shocking that he turns from both pamphlet and author with horror. The argument, which proceeds upon the basis of a pure and sincere affection and veneration for the Church of England, still suggests a doubt whether its existing organization is sufficient to enable it to meet the extraordinary demands on its spiritual exertion created by the manufacturing system. Admiring to the utmost the parochial system of the Church, the author shows that, in all large towns, it becomes practically useless, from the impossibility of so many thousand souls as are congregated in the parishes there being attended to by any possible number of parochial clergymen; and this, too, in precisely those places where the active superintendence of a spiritual guide is more especially necessary. To remedy this evil—to provide a body of disinterested and zealous men, who should inter-penetrate society in every direction in those towns, irrigating it, so to speak, with spiritual instruction, and who shall be, at the same time, under the direct and active superintendence of the Church,—he proposes that there shall be established in those towns, upon the principle of voluntary association, Monastic Institutions. Horrifying thought!—say, rather, unlucky word! for in the word we are inclined to think, with Lord John Manners, the objection lies. Indeed he used, perhaps, an unnecessary candor, characteristic of his sincere disposition, when he adopted this offensive term, for three centuries buried under national opprobrium. Had he, instead of writing this pamphlet, drawn a cheque on his banker's for one hundred guineas, and spent it in organizing and advertising in the Protestant papers a "Voluntary Spiritual Instruction Society," with her ma-

jesty Queen Adelaide as patroness, and with a secretary and rooms in Exeter Hall, the thing might have been effected, and no more ado. But done as it was, it was nothing less than "flat Popery."

In an ordinary case, remembering to what results what are called Puseyite opinions have led some of the most distinguished of those who entertained them, it would be at once gratuitous and dangerous to assume, as we have done, that a man who could write in the tone of some of Lord John Manners' pamphlets, or could have brought himself to utter some of his speeches, could be both at heart, and from conviction, a steadfast member of the Church of England. We have done so, first, because a fair and candid criticism presents us with no positive evidence to the contrary; secondly, because the noble lord has, over and over again, solemnly averred that such is his real condition; and, thirdly, because, even in the absence of any such declaration, we should still have believed it impossible that a man of such high honor, spotless character, and palpable sincerity, could be guilty of the meanness of professing one creed while he really believed in another, and putting before the public, by a dexterous manœuvring between extremes, at once a seductive and a pernicious example. The truth is, Lord John Manners is rather fond of a little *fanfaronnade* now and then. He unnecessarily stimulates the jealous suspicions of his fellow Protestants, whether low Churchmen or Dissenters, by too ostentatiously throwing down the gauntlet of opinion. To provoke passions and to arouse prejudices is not the wisest mode of exciting inquiry. We do not ask a man with his strong convictions to conceal them, but there is no necessity to declare war before a *casus belli* arises. The title of this last pamphlet, as well as many expressions it contains, are calculated to convey, more especially to a sectarian reader, suspicions as to the real design of the author; and although he quotes in support of his proposals some of the most distinguished bishops of our church, as well as some highly honored names in our literature, yet, when the popular prejudice assumes that an advocate of Popery thinks the end sanctifies the means, it is difficult to persuade superficial and narrow-minded, but at the same time sincere and well-meaning readers, that there is not, under all this ostentatious respect for the Church, some covert design upon the Faith.

Another small publication of Lord John Manners' attracted, like his other writings, attention disproportioned to its pretensions. It was an earlier production than those to which we have referred. In the *Plea for National Holidays*, Lord John Manners pretends only to develop a small portion of that general plan of restoration which he thinks more likely, under religious sanction, to remedy our social evils, than the desperate plunges we are now making into an unknown future. He was most undeservedly ridiculed for the suggestions contained in this pamphlet, by those who found it more easy to laugh at him than it would have been to combat his views by fair argument. Our social relations have become so artificial, and systematized selfishness and Mammon-worship have so hardened the wealthier classes towards the poor, substituting the idea of the sufficiency of money payment for that of reciprocity of feeling and interest, that any proposal to return to a more simple and natural state of society was almost incomprehensible. Nor are we inclined to think, that the exact mode of effecting that return which is pointed out by Lord John Manners is the one best suited to the altered state of society. The very arguments he uses in favor of what he is pleased to call Monastic Institutions, would militate against the effectual revival of ancient sports and old holidays. We are not, however, about to enter upon an argument of that kind here. We have always looked upon the pamphlet in question as valuable, not so much for its actual suggestions as for the fine spirit of philanthropy which dictated it; and, also, for the admirable example that is offered to the rich and the idle, when a young nobleman, divorcing himself from the temptations and the pleasures so lavishly spread before him, devotes his time, with all the earnestness and zeal of one sprung from the people, to the amelioration of the condition of those classes of society who are really without the power of helping themselves. The case which Lord John Manners makes out is well put by himself in a preface to the second edition of his pamphlet, when he says,—

" 'A fair day's wages for a fair day's work,' is, it is said, the practical object to which men's attention and endeavors should be directed; this is true—of course it is. The mistake of such exclusive reasoners seems to me to be this: they cannot see that the truth of one proposition does not necessarily involve the untruth of another; and, in fact, argue as if it were wrong to give a poor man, with

neither hat nor coat, a hat, because a coat would be of more service to him. * * * Whatever opposition the bigotry of Puritanism and Utilitarianism may inspire or excite, the hour is fast approaching when men will not blush to confess, and will act upon the confession, that the Church system of our fathers, which sanctioned and halloed the every-day employments, the needful recreations, the birth, life, and death of the poorest and meanest artisan, was holier, and better, and more politic, than that State system of ours which places labor at the mercy of Mammon, hands over with easy indifference the recreation of the people to Socialism and Chartism, and contents itself with registering the miserable birth and yet more miserable death of the toiling being whose life it disregards; sure, at least, I am, that unless such a change occurs, our trade may be extended, our institutions liberalised, our riches increased, but the people will be none the better nor the happier."

The poems published from time to time by Lord John Manners reflect, with more or less truthfulness and beauty of expression, the general principles and sentiments contained in his prose writings. Some of the more especially fugitive pieces are very exquisite specimens of poetical art, exhibiting a refinement and delicacy not common in the poetry of the time, and at the same time wholly free from affectation. But the more ambitious poems are too strongly tinged with political and religious feeling, carried almost to the extent of polemics, to allow of their being enjoyed for their poetical beauties alone. The oblivious enthusiasm of Lord John Manners in favor of the feudal ages breaks out in some of them, with a fervor that contrasts almost ludicrously with the altered habits and sentiments of the present age; and for these poems the noble lord has, from time to time, been unmercifully quizzed. But, taken as a whole, his poems are deeply interesting to those who can abstract themselves from the prejudices and conflicts of the hour, as being the unaffected outpourings of an earnest mind, taking a position among contemporaries which, by contrast at least, if not essentially, is an original one; and as embodying a protest, now in terms of gentle reproach, now of strong invective, against that degenerate tone of thought, feeling, and conduct, on which an Utilitarian age so prides itself.

In this reference to the literary productions of Lord John Manners, we have confined ourselves to those productions which have either been avowed by him, or universally ascribed to him without contradiction; but there are many other writings, chiefly in periodical publications, which he has not

acknowledged, but which, at the same time, are interesting, as showing the modification which his opinions have from time to time received, and, at the same time, the steadfastness of his purposes and the self-denying perseverance of his advocacy. Some of these may be objected to by men of moderate views, on the score of the extent to which they carry the writer's views on the subject of religion. But in all there is more or less evidence of the purity of the writer's motives, and his earnest desire to bring about a better understanding among all classes of the people, and more especially between the aristocracy of rank and blood and the laboring classes. At first it might have been questionable whether this notion was not a mere sentiment suggested by an amiability of character; but it has been so long persevered in, and so skillfully worked out, that we must now look on it as the fixed purpose of a firm mind. But whichever way we regard it, the example of such a man must be of the highest value. Without desiring to be invidiously personal, we must contrast Lord John Manners with the majority of our young nobles. From their public conduct, they would seem to have but a low opinion of public virtue; and as to enthusiasm, *that* they would seem to regard as a thing to be ashamed of. A scoffing, sneering spirit, an adopted levity of manner, and apparently a low estimate of the other sex, detract from their value as citizens. Would that a nobler ambition led them from the dissipations of pleasure, or the trivialities of politics, to take that lead of their fellow-countrymen, which, in the case of so many of them, their talents as well as their rank entitle them to! The time is assuredly come for them to step forward. Already we have seen a few, a very few, instances among them of more exalted aims. A more general advance in the same direction would soon develop the essentially aristocratic spirit of the people of England.

The parliamentary career of Lord John Manners has been brief, but at the same time striking and original. His first essay as a speaker was made at the commencement of the session of 1842; so that he has been but five years before the public in this capacity. But he has made a remarkable use of his time during that short period. There are but few examples of any member of parliament, more especially of the age at which Lord John Manners had arrived when he commenced public life,

having achieved so much success with so disproportionate a rapidity. Unlike many living politicians, Lord John Manners has made a steady as well as a speedy advance; and his transition from an extreme and an enviable diffidence to an impressive and justifiable confidence has been warranted, while it has been produced by progressive improvement and commensurate influence. Regarded at the outset of his career, by superficial observers, as an enthusiast; who was possessed, almost to the extent of a monomania, by ideas which were only not signalled as dangerous because they were smiled at as ridiculous; he has gradually disabused the public mind of the majority of those impressions—of all of them which tended to lower his intellectual value in their esteem; while he has, by the earnestness, consistency, and ability of his advocacy arrested on the part of many, who looked on with indifference or contempt, attention, perhaps even respect, for the loftiness and intensity of his moral purposes, and the force and coherency, if not the originality or the practicability, of his political dogmas and theories. This favorable change in the opinions of his political contemporaries he has effected without much apparent effort. His calls upon the attention of the House of Commons have been comparatively few. He has seldom addressed them upon topics in the consideration of which party feelings were much mixed up, and on which he would, therefore, be likely to attract their sympathies or arouse their passions. His speeches, delivered at distant intervals of time, have usually been made upon themes of an abstract order, many of them introduced by himself, and almost all uncongenial with the prevailing tone. The opinions he has from time to time expressed in developing his ideas of government and national policy, are precisely those least likely to find favor in an assembly which seems to have been long oblivious of all historical recollections. These self-imposed drawbacks, added to some slight peculiarities of a personal nature, have all stood in the way of Lord John Manners in his advance towards position, weight, and influence, in the political world. But as far as he has yet gone (and the reader must understand that we do not propose to over-praise or over-estimate the noble lord), his strong natural talents, inspired by a moral energy as rare as it is admirable, and aided by the high cultivation which his intellect has received,

have triumphed over these difficulties, until he has attained to a fixed and recognised position in the house of Commons, as the exponent of certain sentiments and views of affairs; and he has secured a place for these sentiments and views, in spite of the reluctance of those who have been dead to the one while terrified at the other. He has stamped the character of his mind upon his—let us say, unpretending career. There is a singular individuality about him,—a unity of purpose, opinion, and character, of which he presents almost a single instance, in an age of disorganized opinion. Although he has some political associations with certain parties in the political world, he, nevertheless, stands on his peculiar ground. He is separate, without being isolated. There is something unique, without being *bizarre*, in the pure and self-willed consistency of his life with his opinions.

If we have thus far succeeded in interesting the reader on behalf of Lord John Manners, a rapid review of his parliamentary career may not be found tedious. It will at the same time serve to illustrate and establish the view we have taken of his character. It is a singular fact, that his very first speech, which was very short, only occupying a few minutes in the delivery, strikingly characterized him. The subject before the House was the distress then prevailing at Bolton; and many members had spoken of it, not much to the purpose, some in doubt, some in vague sympathy. Lord John Manners came to the point at once, saying, that *as an Englishman and a Christian*, he had not been disposed to believe in the existence of such distress in the heart of this wealthy country; but *he had gone down to Bolton to judge for himself*, and he was deeply sorry to say that he could bear testimony to the truth of the deplorable statements which had been made. This, we take it, was not a bad beginning for a young nobleman of three-and-twenty; and “the going down to Bolton to judge for himself,” was not quite the action of the mere theorist or the visionary. It is observable of Lord John Manners, that he often “goes and judges for himself.” When the great class contest was going on between the agriculturists and manufacturers, who were subjected to strong aspersions for their manner of treating their people, Lord John Manners made a tour in the manufacturing districts for the express purpose of seeing with his own

eyes the state of things there. This was the act of a wise and an honorable man; but we have still more cause to admire his conduct when he returned, for he took a very early opportunity in the House of Commons to make a frank admission that the conduct of the manufacturers towards their work-people had been much misrepresented; and on another occasion, two years later, he bore testimony to the highly benevolent conduct of Mr. Ashworth, the manufacturer, whom he quaintly, but forcibly, described as one of those great cotton barons on whom rested a much greater responsibility than on the barons of old. Nor was this manufacturing tour the only instance of this same determination not to allow his judgment to be hoodwinked, or his information to be derived from interested sources. We have already alluded to his visit to the camp of Don Carlos. It was there that he formed that high opinion, both of the dispossessed prince and of his cause, which afterwards made him their so earnest advocate in the House of Commons. Again, when it became evident that Sir Robert Peel, as minister, was determined to pave the way for the settlement of the Irish question, Lord John Manners, knowing that he must have to exercise his judgment on the subject in Parliament, made a tour in Ireland, mixing with all ranks of the people, seeing for himself, investigating the condition of Maynooth College, observing the relations between the priesthood and the people, and those of the landlords and the Protestant population with both, so that, whatever might be his defects of judgment, or the influence of his preconceived opinions upon it, he had at least done his duty as a senator, by making himself thoroughly acquainted with the facts of the case on which he would be called upon to give his opinion.

The earlier speeches of Lord John Manners were spirited and vigorous. As might have been expected from his peculiar views, their tone is somewhat too *exalté*. He is too ready to set up the standard of absolutism; to fling his high Church and anti-popular maxims in the face of ignoble and unworthy adversaries. He scatters seed in barren places; puts forward propositions which other men don't grapple with; some, because they won't; others, because they can't. He enters the lists and sounds his note of defiance, but nobody comes out to fight, and, equally, nobody surrenders.

The great mass of the members really do not comprehend him. They have so long hugged themselves in the belief of their own infallibility and power; so long identified the science of legislation with a confident loquacity interpreting the public will, that they are either insensible to his assaults, or, if they were not, they would rise in a body and trample on him as a dangerous person. One might fancy the Duke of Wellington walking one day into the Marrybone Vestry, and claiming from its unruly members military obedience. In such a dilemma, the parish beadle would probably turn out a more powerful personage than the great Duke, who might soon find himself placed out of doors. Lord John Manners forgets what a very large vestry the House of Commons has become, and propounds, with complacent confidence, maxims unheard in that House for nearly two centuries—maxims which he would require a Hyde to support, or a Pym to contest. Now, by way of illustration of these remarks, what think you of a man who, in an assembly organized by a revolution, gets up and says emphatically that he conscientiously believes all revolutions to be wrong; who resuscitates old, long-buried ideas of Divine right and of spiritual supremacy; who deplures, in accents of a disaffected cardinal, that Parliament should have any power to interfere with the Church, and looks back with holy affection to the old plan of a Convocation; nay, who clenches all these treasured insults and musty dogmas by unkindly telling the men of Finsbury, of Manchester, of Glasgow, and the pot-wallopers of Preston, that he denies that the people are the source of all legitimate power, and believes that political power derives its only sanction, and has its chief responsibilities, from a source far higher than that abstract something or nothing—the people! “That abstract something or nothing—the people!”

On the other hand, there has always been some broad, intelligible principle in his speeches, and often there are signs of profound thought and extensive observation. His ideas and sentiments being retrospective, he is said to be behind his age. It does not, however, follow, because a man has retrospective views, and advocates a retrospective policy, that he is, therefore, behind his age. It has been well observed by a contemporary, that the history of England is a history of reaction. The

man who seeks to restore may sometimes not only be the wisest man, but may also be, by so much in advance of his age.

The leaning of Lord John Manners towards absolutism and legitimacy, naturally led him to espouse the cause of Don Carlos; and his principles in this respect were seconded by his personal regards. Very soon after he entered Parliament, he distinguished himself by his earnest efforts to procure the liberation of Don Carlos. And again, in August, 1843, he returned to the charge, commanding from Sir Robert Peel more respectful attention than he had ever condescended to bestow on any member of what was called the Young England party. His speech in February, 1844, on moving an address to the crown for the liberation of Don Carlos, exhibited such an advance, in both matter and style, as effectually to surprise the House of Commons, and by inference, to procure more respect for opinions, which they now found advocated with such talent. The speech was marked by great power of language, concentration of thought, and sustentation of tone; and there was a confidence and energy in the noble lord's delivery, fully warranted by his abilities and position, but which, till now, had been with him unwonted. There was decided character in the whole; and he left a strong impression on the memory of the House.

His peculiar views on the subject of religion he has many times, directly and indirectly, propounded in parliament. He early avowed his belief, that the grounds on which Church property was inviolable were far higher than those on which the sacredness of lay property rested. He would not destroy the Protestant Church in Ireland. On the contrary, he considers it to be emphatically the Church of that country. The Roman Catholic Church, he thinks, was not the original Church of the people of Ireland. Their Church was independent of Rome, till the Country was conquered by an English king. The Reformation he holds to have been the work of the then Irish Church itself. All the Irish bishops but two, and all the great chiefs, gave in their adhesion in Elizabeth's reign, to the Reformation; and for thirty years, he says, there was but one Church in Ireland. He is not in favor of a proposal for endowing the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland. First, he believes they would refuse to be bought; and, secondly, if they did not, we, on principle, ought to refuse to buy them. At the same time, however, he voted for

Sir Robert Peel's Maynooth Grant: and delivered on that occasion, perhaps, his best speech. But there was in it no disguise of his real sentiments. For some of its real principles, it might have been made a year or two before the Revolution of 1688; and its chief features are a glowing eulogy on the Roman Catholic priesthood, and an indignant protest against what the noble lord calls the Puritanism and the political Protestantism of the last century and a half. The noble lord has also been the bold apologist and defender of the Jesuits. Those events of his parliamentary career which most favored the popular suspicion, that he was only preparing to follow so many of the like mind who had gone to Rome, were, first, his expression of a hope that the government would soon enter into diplomatic relations with the pope; and secondly, his earnest and repeated attempts to obtain a repeal of the Law of Mortmain. His objection to State interference with spiritual education was shown in a marked manner, by his moving the second reading that day six months of the Academical Institutions (Ireland) Bill on the distinct ground that it provided no religious instruction. In a subsequent speech on the same subject he well put the case as regarded that bill, when he said, that his belief was, it would produce no good effect, while his only hope was that it would produce no effect whatever.

His opinions on constitutional questions, and the legitimate sources of political power, are what might have been expected from a mind so unusually, yet so strictly organized. His anti-Whiggish party feelings led him to favor the two opposite principles by which their doctrines may be effected. An absolutist, he would favor short parliaments, even annual parliaments; and he considers the case when a Whig parliament, which was elected for three years, was induced to vote the Septennial Act, because it was afraid to go to the country, as the most disgraceful event in English history. On another occasion he entered the list against Mr. Macaulay, who, with much ingratitude in a Whig, repudiated and aspersed revolutionary proceedings. That brilliant speaker had thrown all the force of his ridicule upon Frost and his obscure associates in rebellion; had sneered at Frost, as being a linendraper, who wanted to be a dictator, and so on. At this Lord John Manners fired up. He never heard, he said, historical Whiggism brought to attack modern Chartism without a shock to his feelings at such incon-

sistency. Mr. Macaulay had spoken of Frost as a linendraper, who wanted to become a dictator. Why, what was Hampden but a private gentleman, who wished to levy war against the constituted authorities of his country? They were also about to vote a statue to Oliver Cromwell—he could not see with what justice they could thus palliate rebellion in one age, while they punished it in another. Of course in quoting this ingenious parallel we need not point out the fallacy on which it rests.

It was not to be supposed that a man who held such strong and deep rooted opinions as Lord John Manners entertains on the subject of our social system, would abstain from urging his views, at all convenient seasons, upon parliament. What we most like about him in this respect, is the total absence in his speeches of that curse of this conforming age—cant. Without being inconveniently obstinate or self-willed, so as to obstruct legitimate party movements and combinations, he never hesitates to give utterance to his convictions, however they may clash with the interests or hereditary prejudices of his order. Careless with what time-honored fallacies or consolidated errors he may interfere, he aims at grand and comprehensive remedies. Round all the lesser circles of circumscribed opinion that have been thrown off at tangents from time to time, in the whirl of affairs, he would describe a larger circle still. He thinks there is efficacy for this object in old principles and maxims, not forgotten, he hopes, but only laid aside. These he would revive in all their strength, and restore to all their grandeur. He would rebuild the structure of society on the original great design, using as much of existing materials, whether partially organized or disorganized, as can be adopted, without interfering with the general plan. Meanwhile, he aims at reconciliation, at correcting that mutual repugnance and divergence of opinion and interest in classes which is the greatest obstacle to unity, whether in spiritual or temporal affairs. We find him supporting earnestly the principle of a property-tax, because he believes it to be a bold, and, as he hopes, a successful attempt to diminish the influence of wealth; to which, and not to that of an aristocracy, he conceives a great portion of our present evils are to be ascribed. Again, in the speech we have already referred to, in which he so deliberately insults His Self-crowned Majesty, the People, he declares that he would ex-

tend the feeling of responsibility between the rich and the poor, and shorten the interval, now too wide, between those who make the wealth and those for whom it is made. Such principles as he entertained would, he believed, “render the Church triumphant and the monarchy powerful, and restore contentment to the starving, overworked, and now deluded people; but they were principles which involved a ready obedience on the part of the governed, and a most awful responsibility on the part of their rulers.” We always find him the advocate of liberality, as distinguished from liberalism; he would voluntarily concede from a sense of justice what others yield reluctantly to clamor. Of this true Conservative spirit, he has exhibited instances over and over again. It would weary the reader to follow the noble lord’s conduct upon the many minor questions which have come before parliament. But we find him advocating a reduction of the income-tax on the fruits of mental or physical labor. This proves that ideas of power have not stifled in him the sense of justice. Again, we must not overlook his vigorous and continuous earnestness in protesting against the Poor-law, and in denouncing the principle of centralization, to the action of which he attributes the moral lethargy of the extremes of society. Some of his speeches on this subject have been highly eloquent. He has also been one of the most earnest and persevering advocates of a Ten-hours’ bill. On the other hand, he is not averse to the application of local remedies. He is in favor of the Allotment System, as a means of restoring some of the independence of the laborer, of promoting the circulation of the vital fluid in the body social. He would wish to see the funds appropriated for Poor Relief administered by the Church, that Faith and Charity may walk together among the people, each shedding light on the other; and Hope, long scared, once more appear, though still, perchance, too far away. Further, he desires to promote similar results, although by totally different means, in the manufacturing districts. Seeing the irresistible appetite for knowledge and the growing love of virtue which have exhibited themselves among the youth of the manufacturing middle class, he would strive to stimulate these propitious and generous impulses to a healthy moral action; and we find him with other distinguished men, lending the aid of his eloquence and the sanc-

tion of his example to those remarkable institutions in our great manufacturing towns, which, as much as any movement of the time, show how right-minded the English are in the main, whatever may be their temporary oscillations.

From the foregoing explanation of Lord John Manners' general public conduct, it will be seen that we have taken a more liberal view of his position and purposes than will be considered to be warranted by the facts of his career. A large portion of our readers will, no doubt, be ready to dispute the motives as well as the position we have assigned him. He has arrayed himself so obtrusively against established opinions, that it would be strange, indeed, if he escaped the ordinary fate of Reformers. But we consider him to be one of that class of men to whom we referred at the opening of this paper, whose importance depends, not alone on their own actual merits, but also on the circumstances of the time at which they appear. If we tested Lord John Manners by what he has actually effected, he would rank below many men much his inferiors; but we have rather estimated his principles and position with relation to the peculiar sphere of action in which he seems destined to play an important part; and we have given him credit by anticipation, for what we feel confident must be his future performances. His mind appears to be constructed after a grand architectural design, though still much of the strength and consolidation of the building has to be supplied, while the details and the ornaments have been elaborated to excess. But still, you see the plan, and such a plan contrasts proudly in the imagination with the structure of the minds we now see in active political exercise, that would seem to be the mere chance-work of necessity and circumstances, thrown together to meet emergencies, and only lasting till, in the course of time, they must give way to something greater and more symmetrical. Whether or no Lord John Manners' theory of restoration, under the revived influence of Christianity acting through the Church; of greater obedience by the governed, of greater power with more responsibility in the governors; this attempt to extend the patriarchal principle, where it needs must be so difficult to apply it; whether or no these views of his be capable of adoption, at least they do offer a remedy for the increasing anarchy of opinions and interests. It may be said on their behalf, that they

were practically in force, in this country, though much disguised, until near the close of the last century, and that in Continental Europe they are still, to all appearance, in full and vigorous operation. It is probable, too, that even in England, the complacent confidence of the people in the super-excellence of our institutions is being shaken by their practical results as exhibited in our social system; and, strange to say, even at a time when political movements seem to tend towards a still greater extension of the popular principle, our legislators may be seen slowly and cautiously, and as if they were ashamed, retracing many of their steps. It is enough, however, for our purpose, to assert, that the appearance at the present crisis of a man of the high rank, talents, moral energy, and self-devotion of Lord John Manners, is a political and social phenomenon not to be overlooked. Equally remarkable, and, as we conceive, more important, is the advent of such men in connexion with our existing social system. It is not to be lightly passed over, that, at the very period when the divergence and mutual repugnance of classes was becoming prospectively dangerous to the common weal, reconcilers and mediators should have sprung up in the ranks of the highest aristocracy, and should have found earnest followers in the Church, in the learned professions, in the press, in the ranks even of trade and commerce, aye, and among the common people. Nor is it of less import—say, rather, it is the highest consideration of all—that at a time when indifference, selfishness, and all the train of positive ills which irreligion brings, have nearly worked their worst amongst the pampered classes on the one hand, and the neglected on the other, men should stand forth from the very midst of such corrupted atmosphere, recalling the nation to its forgotten duties, and shaming even the Preacher himself by the holiness and fervour with which they advocate the cause of religion and virtue.

Then, we claim a high consideration for the purposes of Lord John Manners, without reference to his legislative talents. "Oh! but," may say Messieurs the Economists, with a sneer, "you only claim for him, then, the merit of good intentions!" We do claim somewhat more; but even if we did not, we take leave to tell those gentlemen that they may rest assured good intentions are more wanted in these days than good principles. We have had

quite enough principles, nay, perhaps, even too much of them. We would remind them that Lord John Manners, and those with whom he agrees in opinion, are in the habit of mixing the practical with the theoretical; that their views, whether sound or not, are founded upon an extensive knowledge of facts, and a reverence for laws which are above human laws, but which have been too much neglected of late. It is time for thinking men to try and overtop the leading ideas of the day on government and society, when they see the working classes approaching in their social condition to that state in which communism begins to be talked about as almost the only natural remedy for the injustice inflicted upon them by the unfettered influence of capital. At all events, there is a certain clear significancy in the politico-religious position these thinkers have assumed; and with regard to the feudal retrospections of Lord John Manners, for which he has been so ridiculed, it may be observed, that whatever may really have been the harsh features of feudalism as it was, if, by making our nobility enamored of even a fiction, he can lead them to the performance of their duties to their people, he will have effected something towards removing the separation and exasperation of feeling that have been brought about in the rural districts by harsh conduct and still harsher laws.

As a parliamentary speaker, Lord John Manners defies classification as much as in his political characteristics. He is of no school, nor does he appear to have bestowed much attention on the training of his powers. At present he commands the ear of the House more on account of the singularity of his views, and the originality of his position, than by any high excellence as an orator. To be appreciated, even understood, he must be regarded as a whole. To take one pamphlet, or one article, or one poem, or one speech, either as a criterion of his talents or as a test of his principles, would be unfair. All his efforts seem to be subordinate to some fixed purpose, some great, if shadowy, design; and he, therefore, is not so able to win applause by isolated displays. Yet there is sometimes a great charm in his speaking. He is formed by nature to inspire regard, even affection, as well as respect. You see great intellectual power, but it is restrained and governed by amiability of disposition. It never displays itself for mere self-gratification; it never seeks to wound or to offer provo-

cation, even for the sake of triumph; and this remark is not contradicted by some of the pamphlets we have quoted, because, although they do, somewhat unnecessarily, stimulate opposition, still the motive is evidently not intellectual pride, but a moral earnestness proceeding from conviction. Personally, Lord John Manners quite satisfies that inclination or prepossession, which in every rank of society in this country, down even to the lowest, is felt for men whose high lineage is exhibited in their physical refinement and the dignity of their bearing. What is understood by "blood" and "family," is conspicuously stamped upon him. In spite of some slight personal peculiarities, he would at once be recognised as one to whom nature had given a patent of superiority, either by birth, or in bestowing on him unusual mental powers. It does not always follow that a head which we should at once pronounce to be aristocratic is therefore intellectual, although that is, no doubt, the latent reason why we profess to admire such a head. Lord John Manners' head preserves that aristocratic outline which is so apt to deceive, but it has also its own peculiar claims on our admiration. When not in activity, he seems singularly absorbed and abstracted. There is also an intent gaze and a slight contraction of the brows, such as you often see in enthusiastic men, who devote their lives to an idea or a system. Yet when he speaks his face becomes radiant with intelligence, and the play of the mouth is almost feminine. His usual demeanor and his manner while addressing the House are quite consistent with these external indications of the character of his mind and of his disposition. He is a favorite for his personal qualities, even among those who are most opposed to his avowed as well as suspected principles. He has friends and admirers among men of all parties.

It must not be supposed, however, that Lord John Manners is a bad or an inferior speaker. Quite the reverse. He is often in a high degree eloquent. A speech of his on a subject where his heart is mixed up, will stir the House like a trumpet. But when he is most eloquent it is from impulse, not from preparation, as is the case with Mr. Sheil or Lord Brougham. He pours forth his own thoughts and feelings, not those which he conceives will be pleasing for the moment to others. His purposes do not wait upon occasion, he rather seeks to create his own audience.

Abstract subjects, whether in political or purely social legislation, suit his mind better than party disputes. Into these he has rather been drawn by the necessities of his position. But however well he may acquit himself, he never seems thoroughly at home in them. You would think it was with reluctance that he allows himself to be dragged from his own world of thought into the lower world of strife and passion around him. He strikes out boldly and manfully, as becomes his station, but you fancy he would rather not, if the clear option were afforded him: as with some men you meet in the world, of brave nature but refined temperament, who shrink from quarrel, if it can be avoided with honor, but, once involved and pledged to the contest, who are almost implacable till honor is satisfied. Lord John Manners has fits of eloquence and fits of silence; but since the Young England party became merged in that of the Protectionists, his exertions have been more steady, and, in their results, more effective. He has been growing in their political estimation, as well as in their personal respect and regard. He has often shown great readiness and courage in debate; and—unfailing test of

talent—he speaks better when unprepared than when he has laid himself out for a grand oration. His defects as an orator are, an indistinctness and rapidity of utterance, a want of tone and modulation in the voice, and a deficiency of nerve.

Once more let us impress on the reader, in dismissing this subject, that we have measured Lord John Manners by a higher standard than that afforded by the political materialism of the day. We do not even know that we should desire to see his ideas and proposals transmuted into laws. His political mission is to inspire others with his moral energy and enthusiasm for public virtue. He is the living echo of a voice long unheard, but whose warnings have now become dreadful facts. He points to the future, but with eyes averted to the past. That past may have been a coarse and vicious reality, of which he perceives only a delusive representation; but when we know that the sanctions of existing power are derived from it, we owe something to the man who recalls us to a sense of that which was good in the system of our forefathers; of which we may say that, if much of it has been grossly perverted, so has more been inconsiderately discarded.

From Dolman's Magazine.

THE CRADLES OF GOLD AND WICKER.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

ROMANTIC as the incidents recounted in the following paper may appear, they are founded upon the melancholy records of history. The careers of the child-pauper, and the child-king, may be painted in feeble colors, and with a most unskilful hand, but the pencil is guided by truth. The threads of those two destinies have here been woven into a chequered pattern, but that pattern involves in itself a deep moral, those threads are the threads of the Parcæ. We will acknowledge at once that we have written with a purpose disproportioned to the extent of this article—we have written to illustrate the instability of early fortunes—we have written to demonstrate the foolishness of *parvenus*—we have written in the hope of reconciling some, at least, with

their accidental condition, and with the view of showing, pointedly and in very deed, that

"Rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

Our authority as to the more remarkable facts recorded in these pages is indisputable. We have culled much from the interesting work, entitled *Histoire de la Captivité de Louis XVI., et de sa Famille*, and also from the pathetic memorial by M. Eckard. Beyond this we might have corroborated our narrative by quotations from the Histories penned by Thiers, Alison, Mignet, Scott, Carlyle, Juste, Hazlitt, and Thibaudeau, but that our object was simple, and our accuracy easily provable. In inditing these

simple sentences which follow, our heart has been more agitated than our imagination: we have looked with awe upon the solemn memory of the past agonies of a child. The sanctity of that memory will impart an interest even to this fugitive composition.

Destiny presides over the nativity of every human creature: not the destiny of fatalists—not the destiny which was reduced to a mythe by the ancient Grecians—not that inexorable destiny which forms the gloomy doctrine of the believers in predestination—but a destiny consonant with the beautiful creed of Christianity. In breathing the breath of life into the nostrils of man, God imparts to him the faculty of freewill, and by the exercise of that sublime attribute man may *control* his destiny, and obtain a certain degree of dominion over the future. It is a common failing, however, in all climes, in all generations, and under all circumstances, for the human heart to repine at the inequalities of birth. The monarch, couched upon his dais, has envied the obscure cottage of the woodcutter; the woodcutter has gazed with a covetous eye upon the pomps and luxuries of royalty. To the one, sovereignty has appeared a talisman of happiness, to the other it has seemed an irksome bauble. "As happy as a king," says the laborer. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," says the anointed prince. Out of this prevalent feeling of discontent, good, nevertheless, arises as well as evil. If the mind becomes altogether abandoned to despondency at the disparities of fortune, it degenerates into misanthropy. If, on the other hand, the mind be only reanimated with courage—those very disparities excite emulation.

An April shower was descending upon the gardens of Versailles—one of those generous showers that seem to drop with such a fattening influence on the soil, summoning the yellow crocus, and the purple violet, and the virgin snowdrop into existence. It was the spring time of 1785. At a window of the royal palace, looking upon a private avenue, was seated a lady of exquisite proportions and with the loveliest countenance. She held a scroll in her hand—an old romaunt of Provence—from which she was singing:

"Mort, mort! est le mot farouche
Qui touche
Si malheureusement le cœur."

Her voice ceased, and the rain surged against the casement mournfully. Throw-

ing the paper upon the carpet, the female glided into an inner apartment, and drew aside some curtains of the richest velvet heavily encrusted and fringed with bullion. Her loving hand was on the pillow of an infant—she was kneeling by a golden cradle. What vision was this in old Versailles? it was Marie Antoinette watching over the slumbers of her son: it was the queen-consort of Louis XVI. praying for the newborn heir to the kingdoms of France and of Navarre.

At the same hour, of the same day, of the same year, another mother gazed upon her offspring. It was in a miserable cellar, under a wineshop, in the *Rue d'Avignon* at Paris—a fetid, noisome, despicable hole, in which the veriest vagabond would have scorned to dwell. A rickety ladder, placed almost perpendicularly, conducted from the surface of the street, through an aperture, to the floor of this cellar. A basket, bottom upwards, lay near the foot of the ladder; the squalid figure of a woman, scarcely covered with rags, was seated upon the basket. Even by the feeble glimmering of light, which penetrated into that voluntary dungeon, the attenuation of her body and the rat-like ferocity of her features would have been visible to an observer. Across the knees of this wretched being was placed a filthy piece of drugget, and in that drugget was rolled the palpitating form of an infant. The woman rocked monotonously to and fro upon the basket—her lullaby was the *refrain* of an obscene ballad. Alas! what vision was this in the cellar of the *Rue d'Avignon*? it was the wife of the body-stretcher at the hospital for leprosy, crooning over her child: it was the very impersonation of ignominy brooding over the emblem of innocence.

Time developed still more wonderfully the contrast between the lives of these children; it showed that the deadliest poison may sometimes be infused into goblets of jasper, and nectar sometimes be imbibed from cups of horn.

The son of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. was born at Versailles, on the 27th March, 1785, and somewhere about the same time the son of the body-stretcher first drew breath. Immediately the former came into existence he was styled the Duc de Normandie, and on the 4th June, 1789, obtained the appellation of the Dauphin. Instead of any sounding title the denizen of the cellar received an ordinary name, which for the sake of convenience we shall term

Jacques. Great was the disproportion of their condition, equally striking was the dissimilarity of their tuition. Louis was committed to the care of Madame de Taurzel, the successor of the Duchesse de Polignac. Jaques was indifferently tended by the despicable and abandoned associates of his parents. One was surrounded by all the magnificence of royalty—his pleasures were ministered to by his courtly attendants—his heart unconsciously tutored to virtue by the properties of refined life—his opening intellect fostered by a thousand ingenious devices. The other was encompassed by degradations and depravities—he drank in with his young senses the contaminating atmosphere of sin—his intelligence was developed, not with sugared words but with oaths and buffets. As was naturally to be expected, the moral and physical consequences were equally disproportioned. Affection bred confidence in the prince, while the want of it rendered suspicion the chief characteristic in the disposition of the beggar. About the marble corridors and painted vestibules of Versailles was borne a child blooming with health, his features beaming with a seraphic beauty. Upon the floor of the cellar, sodden with moisture and reeking with indifferent drainage, crawled a sickly urchin, the spawn of vice and ignominy.

Shortly after these two beings entered life, the Great Revolution commenced its tortuous but humanizing career. After the convocation of the States General on the 5th May, 1789, and their transformation on the 17th June following into the National Assembly, the anxiety for political and social reform which had been previously secret and nervous now became ostensible and daring. With the banishment of Necker on the 11th July, and the call of the Parisians to arms by Camille Desmoulins, on the following morning, the democratic sentiment of the nation first found utterance. That sentiment was manifested with frightful distinctness on the 15th in the blazing and blackened ruins of the Bastille, and the gory head of its governor, Delaunay. Even when Louis XVI. addressed the members of the national assembly in those pathetic syllables "*Eh bien, c'est moi qui me fie à vous !*" the earnestness of this popular paroxysm was in no manner allayed. The ardor of the multitude resented indeed the merest hint at opposition, and hence the foolish enthusiasm evinced in favor of the court party, on the

occasion of the banquet of the guards, was a circumstance precisely calculated to arouse the indignation of the mob. On the 5th October the infuriated multitude marched directly upon Versailles; they crowded its courtyards; they clambered upon the window-sills; they molested the Swiss soldiery; they seemed to have deserted the metropolis for the purpose of bearding their sovereign. Upon a balcony of the *chateau* Marie Antoinette made her appearance, and smiled benignantly upon the rabble. Round the fair neck of the queen were entwined the arms of the child Louis; upon the shoulder of one of the insurgents was perched the ragged figure of the child Jacques. As a testimony of the power already acquired by the populace, the royal family were dragged, on the subsequent day, in a kind of triumphal captivity to the capital; the motley procession extending along the highway, enveloped in whirlwinds of dust, the multitudes bearing in their hands branches covered with autumn leaves, and chanting ribald songs round the carriage of the monarch.

Scarcely four months after the decease of Mirabeau, namely, on the 20th June, 1791, Louis XVI. attempted to escape by flight with his queen and children. As every one acquainted with the mere outline of modern history is already aware, the fugitives were captured at Varennes, were reconducted to Paris, and were thenceforth more than ever the prisoners of its citizens. While the Dauphin, then in his seventh year, was setting out on that unfortunate expedition, the son of the body-stretcher was scraping the mud off a pair of shoes in the kitchen of an obscure lodging-house in the *Rue Coqueron*—he was in the employment of a M. St. Just. Meanwhile the spirit of the Revolution was abroad, and the principles of the Revolution were merging into a creed, with liberty for its goddess and the people for her worshippers.

Scarcely had the National Assembly closed its sittings, on the 29th August, when the National Legislative Assembly met together, on the 1st October. Scarcely had the *ministère sans culotte* been formed, during the March of 1792, when it was succeeded, towards the end of June, by the *ministère feuillant*. The undercurrent of popular feeling was rising upwards to the surface, and ominously was the advance of that undercurrent indicated when a mob of thirty thousand armed men marched

through the assembly shouting the *ça ira*, and clashing their muskets upon the pavement; when they burst into the reception halls of the Tuileries, and crowned their sovereign with the scarlet cap, emblematic of freedom.

It was during the following day, while his childish fancy was still musing over the recent tumults, that the Dauphin was startled beside the embroidery frame of Antoinette. The drums were rattling in the adjacent street.

"*Maman*," cried the prince, plucking his mother by the robe and gazing at her with a look of mournful curiosity, "*Maman, est-ce qu'hier n'est pas fini?*"

At the moment these words of most affecting simplicity were being uttered, M. St. Just, kneeling upon the carpet of his library, so as to bring himself upon a level with Jacques, was giving the latter a lesson in fencing. The boy was clad in more respectable garments than hitherto, having obtained the peculiar patronage of his master, in consequence of his frequent evidences of intelligence.

Nothing in the meantime was capable of retarding the progress of Revolution or of checking the spread of democratic principles. Incited by the instigations of Robespierre, the dastardly taunts of Marat, and the energetic vituperations of Danton, the populace grew more than ever impatient at the authority still retained in the hands of the sovereign. The terrible announcement issued by the assembly, on the 5th July, "*Citizens, the country is in danger!*" and the insane manifesto published at Coblenz, on the 26th of the same month, by the Duke of Brunswick, filled up the measure of the national excitement. From the murderous attack upon the Tuileries, on the 10th August, Louis XVI. was compelled to seek refuge in the Temple. It would be superfluous to enumerate the causes which ensured the ascendancy to such men as Fabre d'Eglantine, as Jourdeuil, and as Billaud Varennes, to detail the butcheries of the three terrible days of September, to comment upon the establishment of the convention on the 21st September, and the proclamation of the year 1, of the French Republic, on the 22d September; it would be unnecessary to enumerate the several incidents arising from the rivalry of the two great parties in the legislature, to describe the rabid democratism of the Mountainists, and the fluctuating moderation of the Girondists—these occurrences

are as universally known as their memory is eternal, and their memory is as eternal as that sublime passion for liberty in which they originated.

Our attention is directed to one small gap in the curtain of fire—to the captivity of that new Sedecias, whose heart was staunch and generous, while his actions were rash and reprehensible. Louis XVI. had been summoned before the extraordinary tribunal of the Legislators; he had been sentenced to expiate the infelicities of his reign by a violent death—the venerable Malesherbes had wept in his voiceless supplications for his old master at the bar of the Convention. Two months had the dethroned monarch been separated from his family, when the Republic One and Indivisible was solemnly anointed with his blood. On the 21st January, 1793, Louis XVI. had ascended a scaffold in the *Place de la Révolution*, he had fallen down upon his knees to implore the benediction of his confessor, the priest of God uttered that sublime adjuration: "*Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven!*" As the sawdust clotted beneath the axe of the guillotine, where the doomed head of what was once a king had fallen, a visionary crown girdled the brow of a child in a dungeon.

Immediately upon the decease of his paternal predecessor, the infant Louis XVII. was subjected to the increased vigilance of his inexorable gaolers. The animosity of his enemies within the limits of France was more particularly heightened by the enthusiasm of his friends beyond the frontiers. Having declared himself Regent directly the intelligence of his brother's execution was received, Monsieur dispatched a notification to the different courts of Europe announcing the accession of the new monarch. That notification was favorably responded to by England, and subsequently by the inferior governments of the continent. Thereupon the Regent issued a similar declaration from his Temporary residence at Hamm in Westphalia, and the name of King Louis XVII. soon became the watchword for counter-revolutionary insurrections in Bretagne and La Vendée.

A circumstance which promised the alleviation of his miseries, proved the source of new and more grievous inflictions. Two of the soldiers intrusted with the guardianship of the prince—their names being Lepitre and Toulan—were filled with compassion at such unparalleled wretchedness, and resolved to effect his liberation. This gene-

rous scheme was detected, and instead of escaping from the Temple, Louis was separated from the three beloved beings who had hitherto shared his sufferings—his aunt, his sister, and his mother. As a climax to his misfortunes he was, on the 3d July, 1793, committed to the care of the execrable Simon, a drunken cobbler, who was then becoming notorious among the demons of the Revolution. Under the auspices of this monster, aided by a wife equally brutal in disposition, the child rapidly approached the brink of moral and physical degradation; the diabolical recommendation of the Convention was in a fair way of being successfully followed; his intellect was being sapped, his body was being stunted. As a kind of infernal pastime to this detestable couple, their infant-prisoner was compelled to swallow spirits until he became intoxicated, to chant songs of the most odious obscenity, to mimic them by uttering the most blasphemous and libidinous language. If ever he refused to comply with their injunctions, he was beaten like a dog. Even when Simon, during the January of 1794, entered the council of the Commune and was thus prevented from continuing his perpetual cruelties to his unoffending victim, the condition of Louis XVII. was in no manner ameliorated.

A dungeon, in size more like a cupboard than a room, was the palace of the descendant of the sovereigns of France and of Navarre. Its door was cumbrously bolted; its window was never opened for the admission of pure air; its floor was covered with an accumulation of filth and ordure; its atmosphere was laden with a fetid odor; it was silent, darksome, and pestilential. In this loathsome nook lived the child, alone and hopeless; the monotonous days and nights succeeding each other without variation. The coarsest and scantiest food was supplied to him, and that only through a hole in the partition-wall. Two miscreants continually guarded the entrance of the dungeon, and their voices ordered him to sleep towards twilight. Then the poor child crawled wearily to his mattress in one corner; a region absolutely swarming with vermin. His feverish temples were scarcely laid upon his couch when those stern voices again pealed round the walls—“*Capet, où es-tu? dors-tu?*” Shivering with cold and trembling with terror, Louis answered the fierce summons only to be assailed with curses. A similar torment was practised incessantly. O ghastly spectacle of sinless

youth! O child of Adam, born to many woes!

Retribution at last tracked the authors and promoters of terrorism. As surely as the knife of Charlotte Corday had penetrated the bosom of Marat, did the avenging brand of the people descend upon the national murderers. The tumbril had emerged from the gate of the Conciergerie; it had traversed the streets amidst the yells of the multitude; in it were huddled, together with their infamous associates, the triumvirs of that age of blood—Couthon with his paralysed limbs and effeminate features; Saint Just with his scornful beauty and almost heroic audacity; and preeminent above them all in guilt, Maximilian Robespierre, his jaw tied up with a gory rag, his eyes already glazing with the film of death, his cadaverous visage writhing with agony and blanched with despair. The expiation of the 9th Thermidor was consummated.

As the executioners descended from the scaffold, after the performance of their dismal duties, they stumbled over the figure of a boy, weeping bitterly, his hands clasped round the neck of a dog. It was the adopted child and the favorite mastiff of the young Saint Just.

Although this great catastrophe of the 26th July, 1794, was fraught with the happiest consequences to France, it brought no solace to Louis in the depth of his brutalizing seclusion. There were a few, it is true, who advocated his expulsion beyond the frontiers; but to the majority, his retention seemed to be among the numberless means for the ensuring the existence of the Republic. Mathieu had the boldness to announce the inhuman views of the Convention as to the treatment of the children of Capet; and Cambacères, on the 22d January, 1795, proposed from the tribune that those children should still be retained in imprisonment.

Cruelty at length began to evidence its power over the elasticity of boyhood. The total isolation from his fellow-creatures, the denial of all exercise, the exclusion of all wholesome ventilation, and the moral and actual darkness in which Louis was involved, began their fearful work of devastation upon his frame, as they had already done upon his ductile and confiding intellect. Even the most dastardly assassination; even the excruciating but speedy destruction produced by the rack; even strangling by the hands of the torturer,

would have been mercy—exquisite and blessed mercy—in comparison with that tardy and most devilish murder. For centuries, however, the people had groaned under a feudal despotism, and in the first delirium of their emancipation they were pitiless in their revenge. As the spring of 1795 advanced, the health of Louis became gradually worse. His limbs, which throughout his incarceration had been feeble and emaciated, were now almost incapable of motion. It was only when disease had thus obtained the mastery over his frail constitution that the Convention granted their victim the mockery of medical assistance. By order of the committee, the celebrated physician, Desault, was despatched to the dungeon of the prince, but the conscientious doctor at once declared that aid had been denied too long to the prisoner, and that the preservation of his life was hopeless. It must be regarded as a somewhat suspicious circumstance, that scarce a week had elapsed after the utterance of this bold avowal, when Desault expired! Pelletan and Dumangin subsequently visited the royal captive, but their opinion coincided entirely with that of their predecessor. The cup of sorrow was brimmed—it was overflowing. On the 8th June, 1795, having exceeded his tenth year by a little more than two months, perished in his dungeon in the Temple, Louis Charles, commonly called the Seventeenth. In accordance with the decree of the Government, his remains were interred without ceremony in a nameless grave of the cemetery of St. Margaret's parish, and notwithstanding the laborious exertions which were made for their recovery in 1815, by command of king Louis XVIII., the bones of that unconscious martyr were never discovered: they were mingled indiscriminately with the dust of paupers.

A very different career awaited Jacques. Born amongst the dregs of licentiousness and destitution, he was to drink deeply of the intoxicating draughts of prosperity. After the dismal end of his plebeian patron, Saint Just, he was fortunate enough to obtain a patrician patron in the person of Paul-Francois-Jean-Nicholas Comte de Barras. The incident of his detection upon the steps of the scaffold during the 9th Thermidor, had been communicated to Barras, and had interested the imagination of that voluptuous revolutionist. Jacques was, after certain inquiries, received into his household. On the occasion of the memorable

13th Vendémiaire [5th October], when Barras was commander-in-chief, and where Bonaparte, as second in command, repulsed the sections of Paris in the Rue St. Honoré, Jacques was listening to the cannonade at a window of the Louvre. During the Directory, when Barras was swallowed up in a torrent of continual dissipation, Jacques was still the idle observer of a shallow and profligate society. He roamed at night through the *salons* of his nominal guardian, imbibing lessons of worldly wisdom from the conversation of their abandoned frequenters. Shortly before the 18th Brumaire, year VIII., Jacques was, through the instrumentality of Barras, nominated a student of the Polytechnic.

It requires no enumeration of facts to prove, that under the empire of the greatest of conquerors ability was always recognised, merit always rewarded, prowess always acknowledged with every honorable recompense. The records of his grand army sufficiently testify this,—the records which he promised to inscribe himself to his memory,—the records which, by anticipation as it were, imparted such a solemn grandeur to his farewell to his old guard at Fontainebleau,—that farewell which Lord Brougham has justly styled “a masterpiece of pathetic and dignified oratory.” The stories of his imperial marshals, the Paladins of his gigantic system, are eternal testimonies of his perception of human character, and of his readiness to shower the most lavish and princely boons upon whomsoever might evince a superior capacity, whether for thought or action. Bearing in recollection the renowned soldiers who, by his munificence and discrimination were elevated to the loftiest dignities, remembering how many men of obscure origin became the princes of his empire; how some from simple huzzars, and some from mere handicraftsmen, and some from plain scribes, rose into celebrity, and were invested with extraordinary authority, it cannot be matter of astonishment that a subordinate officer should have arrived at eminence, although sprung from an ignoble stock and nurtured in destitution. In name, Jacques is a fictitious character, but in name only. Beneath the masquerade with which, for various reasons, we have invested him, there is a substance and an individuality. By feats of arms, in which Bayard and Turenne were emulated; by sagacity of council, in which Caulaincourt was surpassed; by deeds of generosity, in which the

fabulous conduct of Telemachus to Adrastes was outshone, he would have acquired for himself a perpetual glory, but that his youth rendered him subordinate to the great warriors by whom he was surrounded. Having received a commission as sub-lieutenant, in 1803, Jacques had entered upon his military existence at a propitious juncture; he was one of that victorious host of Austerlitz to which the emperor and king had proclaimed upon the battle-field, "Soldiers, I am satisfied with you: you have adorned your eagles with immortal glory." In the struggles of Friedland, in the iron storm of Eckmühl, in the partial success of Wagram, among the deathful valleys of Moskwa, at Bautzen, at Brienne, at Montmirail, at Vauchamp, at Montereau, at Fleurus, at Ligny, Jacques followed with an enduring faithfulness the restorer of greatness to France, and the propagator of the principles of civilization to Europe. At the catastrophe of Mont St. Jean, Waterloo, Jacques was a colonel of the grenadiers. With that catastrophe terminated his career of physical toil, and commenced his career of intellectual exertion; a career productive of much knowledge and much happiness to his fellow-man; a career of peculiar and exalted beneficence, and one which, God be praised, has not yet ended.

Upon the 9th January, 1816, M. de Chateaubriand, the illustrious panegyrist of Christianity, proposed to the Chamber of Peers that funeral honors of a remarkable and impressive kind should be offered by France to the memory of Louis XVII. That affecting suggestion was welcomed with alacrity by the legislature; both Chambers decreed that a monument should be erected to the dead Louis, in expiation of the sins of the people to him, living; and an ordonnance was subsequently issued by the sovereign, directing that the cenotaph should be raised in the church of the Madelaine. Most beautiful memento of repentant hearts; most worthy tribute from a sorrowing race: the memories of youth and sadness, of innocence and death, invest thy solemn marble with a charm which time will not diminish, and which man will not forget. Most gentle act of reparation based upon the floor of the sanctuary in the temple of the God of mercy!

Musing upon the contrast of the lives which we have just narrated, we cannot but discern a certain unison in their very con-

traditions, a harmony in their very dissonance, a holy moral in their bewildering opposition. The nursling of a palace eating his bread with sorrow and quenching his thirst with tears; the denizen of a cellar, pampered with affluence and elevated to distinction; may at first baffle our comprehension as to the cause of so much happiness in the one, and of so much misery in the other; we may gaze with wonder upon the descendant of an august dynasty dying in a dungeon, and upon the child of the body-stretcher rejoicing in the luxuries of life:—but viewed from the elevation of Philosophy, and through the prism of Religion, all those discrepancies vanish, and the Great Lesson becomes visible. Mankind may learn from Jacques how many blessings are inseparable from industry, and probity, and truth. Kings may learn from Louis how awful is the retribution required by an aroused people when their rights are suppressed and their liberties usurped. And from the morning and the evening of these two destinies, the folly of repining at what is falsely termed ignoble birth, will be apparent; seeing that ashes were strewed upon the golden cradle and roses upon the cradle of wicker.

VANDYKE AND RUBENS.—A curious anecdote is told concerning Rubens' Descent from the Cross. It is said that while Rubens was painting this master-piece, his pupils bribed his servant to admit them to their master's painting-room, one day when he had gone into the country, and was not expected to return till the evening. One of them, pushed by his companions, fell against the picture, and rubbed out Magdalen's arm and the Virgin's cheek and chin, (which Rubens had just finished. Great was the consternation, and all sought to escape; but the servant, who would naturally have to bear the responsibility of the accident, as he alone was intrusted with the key of the painting-room, locked the door, and declared that no one should leave till Magdalen's arm and the Virgin's cheek were restored to their pristine state. No objection could be urged to this, for it was but just; and as the pupils were prisoners, they capitulated. A general vote was taken, in order that the election might fall upon the most competent of their number, and one of them was chosen, who tremblingly seized his master's palette and brushes, and encouraged by his fellow-pupils, repaired the damage with such perfection, that Rubens not only failed to discover the accident, but while casting a satisfied glance on the morrow upon his performance of the preceding day, remarked, pointing to Magdalen's arm and the Virgin's head—"That head and that arm are not the worst part of my yesterday's work." The young man thus entitled to a share of Rubens self-paid compliment was Vandyke.

From the People's Journal.

THE MAN OF IMPULSE.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

AT the close of a warm day, a solitary horseman paced along the banks of a winding stream in a beautiful valley in Westmoreland. His eye ranged upon the landscape touched with varying tints and lengthening shadows, and on the skies flooded with light. He was not an artist, but he read nature with an artist's eye, and had a passionate love of beauty in all its forms. With the reins hanging idly on the neck of the animal he bestrode, he loitered along, and gave himself up to the deep indulgence of the moment. Suddenly he reached a point of view that made him pause: it presented an old picturesque mill, with an adjacent cottage, climbed by a clematis, which overhung the porch and perfumed the air. Still and clear, like an imbedded mirror, lay the waters of the mill-dam, which, as the light declined, gave back in clear reflection the objects about its banks. Slowly the shadows deepened—now this, now that point of the picture melted into the growing gloom, till the landscape became a mass of shadows, reposing heavily between the glow of the wide heavens and the gleam of the quiet waters: sounds died away; and when the rider again put his horse in motion, its foot-fall alone broke the surrounding stillness.

It was ten days after, that the enjoyer of the scene just described, returned to the inn where he had left two fellow-tourists, artists, who, accustomed to his eccentricities, had left a letter for him, indicating where he would find them sketching, and pursued their way. He made some inquiry as to the time of their departure; but immediately added, "Tis little matter, since I must be back to London without loss of time. But do you know," he continued, looking at his landlady with a smile, "I have fallen short of money, and in these cross-roads I cannot communicate with friends so as to obtain a supply."

The difficulties of a man of address like Charles Elton were but transient: the inn-keeper lent him five pounds; so his path was clear to the metropolis, whither he proceeded the next morning. A few weeks after, his travelling companions, Wentworth and Ragleigh, were also in town, sedulously pursuing the track in which their allotment

lay, each, according to his peculiar character, armed *cap-à-pie* for the warfare of life. To the former it furnished scope for the display of great energy and ability: he had no claims upon society but what these gave him, and held a high status by means of moral conduct and mental power. Elton, a man of fortune, was drawn to him by a capacity for admiring all that was appreciable. Wentworth's strong sense, clear views, and artistic genius, had with Elton weight and value. Yet he never sought more than mere pleasure; the principle which craves improvement, which prompts aspiration, was never present: he regarded the future as a land he might never explore; and if he should, fancied he held that which would furnish sails were the wind in his favor, or oars were it against him.

Few are insensible to the charm of that association in which an appreciating intelligence yields its quota at the social banquet, without putting forth any of the claims that awaken rivalry or tax exertion. It is a sort of mental down on which the intellectual toiler loves to rest; ever too mercurial for the apathy of perfect quiet—the utter lull of every faculty, he loves the gentle agitation which ripples the tide of thought, but never ruffles it. It was the peculiar privilege of the elegant and versatile mind of Elton to yield this, and was one of the causes which drew round him many superior men. Wentworth felt the charm of his society; and in an hour of vacuity, he one day directed his steps to Elton's suburban villa—a little bijou of a dwelling, filled to overflow with objects of art and rarity.

Elton was absent. Wentworth asked permission to write a letter, and was admitted to the library. There was a peculiar air of grace about this room; the French bow-window opened upon a garden—a scene of great but simple beauty.

"This fellow," thought Wentworth, as he sealed his note, "has surpassing taste:" and sinking back in his chair, he reviewed the scene, when a female figure passed the window. If Wentworth had been at first disposed to study the place, such an addition did not diminish its interest. A cer-

tain rusticity about the young creature might have classed her with the servants of the house ; but there was also a peculiar grace and exquisite beauty, and her dress, simple and common, gave her form no aid but that of creating no counter attraction. Wentworth departed ; but, as an instrument which has been struck, will for some time vibrate with sound, his mind did not speedily resign the impression it had received.

When Elton returned home, Wentworth's note was not the only one which attracted his attention. For some time he had been engaged in a correspondence that had a singular charm for him, and was another evidence of the peculiar structure of his mind. On his return from Westmoreland he repaid his debt to the innkeeper, and accompanied the repayment with a letter of thanks. To this letter he received a reply, penned by the daughter of his hostess, in which so much propriety of thought and elegance of expression were displayed, that it took Elton by surprise and enchanted him. A letter writer is often like an echo—to be awakened needs only to be addressed. Elton plunged with delight into an attractive correspondence. The letters were expected with impatience, read with pleasure, and replied to with still more. This was one of the employments peculiarly adapted to the desultory taste of Elton, and had that novelty which was necessary to give zest to the pursuits of one, who, in the search after mere enjoyment, had so often run on the shoals of satiety and into the shallows of exhaustion. The observations of his correspondent—now piquant, now profound, now playful, often philosophic, sometimes fanciful, and never otherwise than femininely delicate—stimulated his imagination, and animated him with a passionate desire for a personal acquaintance, when the incidental mention of a journey which she meditated into Wales determined his route.

The winter had gone by ; Elton's friends had seen nothing of him ; and with the next summer Wentworth proceeded on his customary tour alone. He took the path he had traversed the preceding autumn, and chance brought him to the locality of the mill, of which he had heard Elton speak ; and like him he was charmed with the scene. He lingered long about it, and as the evening grew stormy, was glad to find a night's lodging at a neighboring public-house. Here, with his usual disposition to

sociality and the study of character, he invited his host to partake his supper ; after which he was regaled with some of the chronicles of the place. One of these riveted Wentworth's attention. With rustic energy and right good feeling the village Bardolph told a tale of sorrow, denouncing with honest indignation the treachery of a London gentleman towards a beautiful creature—the only child of his old friend the miller. This gentleman, he said, had haunted the place last autumn, got footing at the cottage, and when he went, Meney, the pretty maid of the mill, went too. Her poor father had, within a few days of Wentworth's arrival, recovered his child ; but how, was expressed in sorrowful silence. With foreboding suspicions, Wentworth inquired the injurer's name, and learned it was Elton. In a visit the next day to the miller's cottage he saw the victim, and recognised the beautiful rustic he had seen at the villa. He could minister neither solace nor assistance ; and, with the reflections and feelings natural to a man of conduct and principle, heightened by the associations springing from the domestic ties by which he was surrounded, he pursued his journey.

He had been some weeks home, when one day his wife interrupted his professional toils by bringing to him cards, cake, and all the complimentary *et ceteras* consequent on a wedding : these had come with an invitation to dinner. The inviter was Elton, and under the circumstances, the question was mooted how far they ought to recognise the aberrator by renewing intimacy. Some curiosity—some unwillingness to throw a stumbling-block in the path of one willing to retrace his way, at length decided them, and the invitation was accepted.

The appointed day came ; they arrived at the villa, were ushered to the library, which they found vacant. Wentworth recalled the image of the beautiful being he had first beheld from the window of that room ; and afterwards in sorrow and humiliation at her father's fireside. Mrs. Wentworth chafed a little at the unusual circumstance of non-reception ; but satisfied herself that the polished husband had not yet fitted the rustic wife for the station to which he had raised her. At length the door opened, Mr. Elton appeared and introduced his wife—not Meney—a woman more opposite of aspect could scarcely have been imagined. It was the innkeep-

er's daughter—the writer of the clever letters. Good sense and self-possession she evinced; her apologies were well made and well received; other guests arrived, and the dinner and the day proceeded.

To Wentworth, however, a peculiar current of thought was present, and a peculiar scrutiny occupied him. Despite the efforts Elton made to call up wit, and circulate wine, the cloud of disappointment hung heavily upon him; and there was that in the manner of the newly wedded pair that convinced him disagreement had supervened—that the bitterness of a recent quarrel hung about both. She was evidently a disciplinarian; always cold, and often caustic, plain in person and peculiarly so in attire, she rested on her intellectual resources and intense self-esteem. It was clear to the penetrating mind of Wentworth that Elton was a doomed man—and that his impulses checked with severity, he would fly off at a tangent, or sink into stagnation.

From this time forth Elton was little seen among former friends. His hospitality, once of the most sparkling character, ceased; and only as a man of business, an admirer of art and promoter of its objects, might he be occasionally recognised at aristocratic *soirées*, professional meetings, or discharging the duties of some honorary secretaryships which he had for some years held. The buoyancy and brilliancy for which he had been remarkable were superseded by a quiet elegance of demeanor, a disposition to studious research, and more than ever to collecting rare works of art. His frequent and prodigal expenditures on this object threw open to him most depositaries; and thus forsaking the great societary stream, he took the quiet undercurrents, and appeared to find enjoyment.

But, whether in action or repose, there was so much that was remarkable about Elton, that he did not fall out of the sphere of observation; and one day, as usual, he became the object of discourse with Wentworth and Ragleigh, the former dwelling upon the change which late years had effected in his character and mode of life.

"Less change," was the reply, "than appears. The fire burns, though it does not blaze; his habits are still those of great expense and profuse indulgence. I met him the other night at the opera, he took me home, and lying on the table of

the library, which I entered first and alone, I saw that Italian print after Marc Antonio, which we have so often lingered over at Ladbroke's. I thought that there were but two of that print in England—one in the British museum, and the other belonging to our friend in the city."

"Just so," said Wentworth. "This is strange. Did you examine the print and remark upon it?"

"I was inspecting it when Elton entered the room. I fancied, as he took the print hurriedly from me, that he changed countenance, and he made no reply to the observation I made upon it."

"This gives me more uneasiness than surprise," said Wentworth. "Some rumors of a painful but intangible character touching Elton have ere now reached me, and when I recollect that I have been instrumental to his introduction to many houses, and to the post he holds in a society which will ill brook impeachment upon any of its members, I feel that I am distressingly placed. What is to be done?"

"I would set inquiry immediately on foot. It is due to Elton, if innocent, to yourself and others, if he be guilty."

Wentworth proposed proceeding to the villa and there calling upon Elton to work out the proofs of his integrity; but this movement was overruled, and the friends went away to the printseller's to establish the facts regarding the possession and loss of the print in question.

A patient investigation made it apparent that the print was no longer in Mr. Ladbroke's possession, and that it had been seen in the hands of Mr. Elton, on occasions when he had been at the house; other losses of rare prints and etchings were now discovered; but all else was put aside in favor of one pre-eminent in marketable value to the trader, and in merit as a work of art to the connoisseur. The matter once fairly under inquiry, circumstances sufficiently prejudicial to Elton were developed, to sanction the bold step of obtaining a search-warrant; and, armed with this legal power, Wentworth and Ragleigh proceeded to his house. Leaving the officer in the street, they were admitted to Elton: he was sitting alone over his wine, after a late dinner. He received them with his habitual urbanity, but the object of their mission made the moment so painful, that, declining his proffered hospitality, they hurried to disclose the purpose of their visit. He declared they were

welcome to make the inspection they requested, but that they must choose a more convenient time—any they might name should find him ready. They told him that would not satisfy the party for whom they acted; that the proceedings must be summary, adding that the strong suspicion entertained had induced them to bring an officer qualified to make a search; but that they desired to act independent of legal power. Further opposition Elton perceived to be useless: all his portfolios were collected and packed up; the seals of all present affixed, a coach called, and the deputation departed.

A meeting was convened at the house of Mr. Ladbroke; all the parties interested in the result assembled. Elton was there, and stood alone. Groups of two and three formed before the proceedings commenced, and conversed in low tones, at sudden intervals, like people ill at ease, and many eyes covertly glanced with rapid but searching scrutiny upon the accused.

"I think," said Wentworth, who had been appointed to lead the proceedings, "that all summoned to this meeting are present." He then briefly explained its object, and called upon Mr. Ladbroke to make his statement. The party named stepped forward, detailed repeated losses, some of which were remarked (when latterly greater vigilance had been exercised) to have occurred immediately after Mr. Elton's visits; but the principal object, he continued, was to recover an unique Print of great value, of which he then handed in an accurate description, together with a copy of the notes appended to it, which designated its successive possessors. This paper was read to the meeting by the acting secretary; upon which the seals on the several packages of Elton's portfolios, which lay upon the table, were broken, the assembled gentlemen standing round; as the prints were taken out they were handed to Mr. Ladbroke, who looked at them and deposited them on the table. At length several were produced which he claimed, and then the identical print, for inquiry respecting which the meeting had been called.

There was a silence as if a spell had fallen upon all present; which, at length, Wentworth broke.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "with the power you have given me, as I convened, so I may close this meeting, which is painful beyond endurance. In the present

event let us not forget the past; and while we cannot forbear to censure the lapse from honor which this night has revealed, neither let us refuse record to the unblemished years that have preceded it, and the obligations both in purse and person Mr. Elton has conferred on many in our walk of life individually, upon all as a body collectively. Have I your permission," and he looked at Mr. Ladbroke, "to say that Mr. Elton's carriage waits?"

"You have," was the immediate answer. "Mr. Elton is free. The object of the inquiry is gained—all proceedings upon it at an end."

"Gentlemen!" said the fallen man with a faltering voice, and an expression and pallor that was appalling, "Gentlemen, I thank you," and he staggered from the room. He was soon in the crowded current of the common way; but amid the multitude he felt the curse of isolation—felt cut off from the community of men, and not a sanctuary to fly to! Cast upon himself, he was like a wretch clinging to a single plank amidst a desolating sea, and the darkness round him growing every moment thicker. The course of his life had built up no solid friendship where now he might find refuge: his views, floating over a wide surface, had been directed to no foundation; and he felt bitterly, and for the first time, the quicksands on which he had hitherto trod. The waste which a shallow selfishness had made his whole existence, spread in these brief moments before him like a blasted heath, traversed by the thunder-cloud, while here and there, in ghastly distinctness, stood out some spectral monument of his misdoing.

Perhaps nothing gives the finite being such a conception of space, of eternity, as the action of thought under circumstances like these. How much an instant embraces! What a field it sweeps! What multiplied images it comprehends! The progress of years condensed to an instantaneous review! The crimes of a life summed in the agonized moment of a smitten conscience! Elton resolved upon the coward-refuge of the criminal or insane. The slow process of expiation—the bitter penalty that might purchase redemption was not for him: better he deemed the plunge into the great abyss. This resolution recalled some portion of his scattered intellect: he felt that to effect his purpose method would be necessary; and now he thought of home, where he might put his hand upon a pistol

or prussic acid. Home! that citadel of human virtue, what was it now to him? what had it ever been? Superficial in all his aims, he chased the bubbles of the hour: they had burst in his hand again and again; and yet he had learned no lesson. He knew neither the value of that which he gained, nor that which he lost; for he never exerted the power which would test their true properties; he had been still content with the transient.

It was midnight before he reached home. He passed rapidly to his own room (for separate apartments had long been the order of his establishment). He paused a moment in the midst of it. The lamp stood, as usual, on the centre of the table, and threw a bright but mild light about the apartment, replete with every luxury. What were they all to the withered heart beating its last throbs among them? With talents, with fascinations, that might have won friends, and fixed the deep enduring love which outlasts all but life, he stood a blighted wretch—the world a waste—existence a burden! His servant came for his commands.

"Leave me," he said sternly. "To bed, all of you. I want nothing. Let me not be again interrupted."

The man retired. Elton locked his door, went to an Indian cabinet, which he opened, took from it his pistol-case, and from that his pistols, looked at them, and laid them upon the table. For a brief time he paced up and down the room, then seating himself, began to pen some letters. The shades darkened on his countenance as he wrote, his brow was knit, and, as reflection and remorse maddened him, he rose. Although alone, he broke into utterance, and stretching forth his hand for the pistol, he exclaimed—"Now to end it all!" A hand colder than his own arrested his purpose. He started, and beheld his wife, pale as a spectre, standing by his side. What a moment! That iron woman was all feeling—that impulsive man was all impassiveness!

"Charles Elton!" she exclaimed, in a voice the touching tones of which recalled him to sensation, "what is it you meditate?"

She took the pistol from his hand, and flung herself upon his breast. Much that was great and good was in that breast, and the development of passionate feeling where he had so little looked to meet any, had an unutterable power—a power at the moment insupportable. The despairing man, the desolate, the enduring, felt the pressure of confiding

love, the clinging of intense attachment. The sudden revulsion of feeling was more than he could bear; he fainted, and fell, as if struck by sudden death, into her arms.

The grey morning found Elton and his wife still in conference, linked together by the bond of love and the recognition of circumstances and moral properties which calamity had suddenly revealed. Mrs. Elton's calm clear reason, her deep devotion, which, with her peculiar character, could not be lightly disclosed, had its natural influence on her husband: he acknowledged the power of her high feeling and fine intellect, and with his habitual impulsiveness was at her feet. When she had calmed him, planned his path, and showed the light *her* bosom held to cheer him through it, she aroused the servants, pleaded his indisposition (to remove surmise), ordered refreshment, which she induced him to partake, and then the exhausted man, a very child in her hands, fell into repose. A moment she sank upon her knees beside him; then, rising with renewed energy, she wrote to Wentworth. To him she was indebted for the preservation of her husband. When the meeting at Ladbroke's broke up, Wentworth, as speedily as was in his power, had followed Elton, apprehensive of consequences in his then state of mind; he did not succeed in overtaking him, and proceeded to his house, where he revealed all the facts to Mrs. Elton, and consulted with her on the steps proper to take. These decided, he departed in pursuit of Elton, and she retired to consider how to meet him, and how to meet their future fate. Her knowledge of his character made her anticipate the course his mind would take. She trembled at the probability that she might behold him no more in life. Her hoarded love, a secret to all but herself, lifted her spirit now with hope, depressed it now with dread. She heard Elton come home—the overpowering confluence of emotions seemed to stop the pulsation of her heart—but her mind, ever decisive in its action, induced her to rush with prescient anxiety and conceal herself in his room, and thus she was at hand at the dreadful crisis.

Intelligence and necessity, acting together, worked as it were by magic. In a few days, the self-banished man and his devoted wife embarked for America. There was that about them which created a general interest on board. He, the wreck of the fine man, bowed by the weight of suffering, sat

on the deck, or paced up and down, in a state of abstraction; she, silent, reserved, almost repulsive to all but him, moved or stayed by his side like his shadow, perhaps perceiving, as well as others, that there was another shadow close upon him—that of death. Few guessed that these passive people were impersonations of properties mighty for the production of evil and of good—impulse and principle—that the first had devastated, the latter redeemed, the sinking wreck of manhood they beheld.

No anxiety can guard against accident, and Elton received a severe shock from one which occurred a few days after they had sailed. A sailor lad fell from the rigging on to the deck close by where Elton sat. The emergency of the moment roused him, and though very feeble, with his natural good feeling he raised the poor boy, carried him into his own cabin, and laid him on his bed. The ship's surgeon was in immediate attendance: he pronounced it a bad case; the spine was injured, and the danger imminent. Mrs. Elton did the Christian's part; she soothed and raised the young spirit. Elton, who had taken a fancy to the boy, would, not, however, be superseded, but watched near him and tended him with solicitude. His kindly care was not long called for, death was very near.

"Tell me," said Elton to the dying lad: "Tell me if there is anything I can do for you. Have you any wish, my poor boy?"

"Only for poor mother, sir," said the sinking creature, meekly. "I don't know what she will do when I am gone. I was her chief support. If you would think of poor mother, sir——"

Tears filled the imploring eyes, and choked all further appeal. That night the boy died: the next morning he was sewed up in his hammock and committed to the deep. Such incidents are deeply affecting, and make a strong impression on the passengers and crew of a vessel. Elton, long after the brief and melancholy ceremony, leaned in meditation at the ship's side: then, turning to the captain, who was pacing to and fro upon the deck, begged to be allowed to examine some papers of which the deceased boy had spoken as being in his box, since among these papers, Elton said, he hoped to find a clew to the mother whom he had promised to befriend. A little bundle was soon brought, with which Elton retired to his cabin. Upon opening the packet a miscellaneous variety of papers appeared;

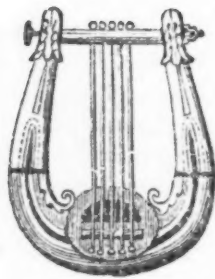
many relating to ships in which the boy had served, a few were bills, and some were old ballads; these examined and successively put aside, a bundle, more carefully packed and tied with ribbon, engaged his attention, and when unrolled engrossed it. Letters in his own hand-writing appeared—were lifted one after another—they were his letters to poor Meney, the miller's daughter. The ocean-knell he had just heard, the ocean-swell he had just seen the white hammock cleave, had rolled over *her* child and his!

This legacy did all that dissipation, distraction, and degradation had left undone. America gave the unhappy Elton a grave—no more. The wreck he died, the desolation that he made, might have been traced to the circumstances of his early life; which surrounded him with persons who flattered his vanity, indulged his caprices, and gave no healthy action to his powers of reason and reflection. All that could externally adorn had been bestowed: he went into the world a most accomplished man; but the Corinthian capital had employed all the care, the foundation of the edifice had been utterly neglected. With a warm heart, a buoyant temperament, a brilliant mind, he fell early into the possession of wealth;—

With none to check, and few to point in time
The thousand paths that slope the way to crime:
Then, when he most required commandment, then
Had [Elton's] daring boyhood governed men.

Immediately after his death, his exemplary wife returned to England. She sought the unfortunate Meney, but found her not. Gradually Mrs. Elton recovered from the shocks by which her nature had been tried. There is a medicating power in purity; its wounds are self-healed; thus the reproachless widow went back into the bosom of her family, and rested, for happiness for the remainder of her life, on religion, and on the active fulfilment of her social duties.

REMBRANDT.—We have been much gratified at the sight of two capital pictures by Rembrandt; the portrait of himself and his mother, very varied in their modes of execution; the first a boldly-imparted and vigorously-colored study; the last its very antithesis—in tinting, delicate,—in drawing, correct,—in expression, most refined. They are the property of his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh, and have just undergone the removal of dirt and varnish, bringing out the tones of the pictures clear and without crudeness,—a difficult operation, which has been most ably effected by Mr. Farrar.—*Athenæum*.



From Howitt's Journal.

THE CHILDREN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

BEAUTIFUL the children's faces!
Spite of all that mars and sears:
To my inmost heart appealing;
Calling forth love's tenderest feeling;
Steeping all my soul with tears.

Eloquent the children's faces—
Poverty's lean look, which saith,
Save us! save us! woe surrounds us;
Little knowledge sore confounds us;
Life is but a lingering death!

Give us light amid our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill;
Hate us not for all our blindness;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness—
You can make us what you will.

We are willing; we are ready;
We would learn, if you would teach;
We have hearts that yearn towards duty;
We have minds alive to beauty;
Souls that any heights can reach!

Raise us by your Christian knowledge,
Consecrate to man our powers;
Let us take our proper station;
We, the rising generation,
Let us stamp the age as ours!

We shall be what you will make us:—
Make us wise, and make us good!
Make us strong for time of trial;
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude!

Look into our childish faces;
See you not our willing hearts?
Only love us—only lead us,
Only let us know you need us,
And we all will do our parts.

We are thousands—many thousands!
Every day our ranks increase;
Let us march beneath your banner,
We, the legion of true honor,
Combating for love and peace!

Train us! try us! days slide onward,
They can ne'er be ours again:
Save us, save! from our undoing!
Save from ignorance and ruin;
Make us worthy to be MEN!

Send us to our weeping mothers,
Angel-stamped in heart and brow!
We may be our fathers' teachers:
We may be the mightiest preachers,
In the day that dawneth now!

Such the children's mute appealing,
All my inmost soul was stirred;
And my heart was bowed with sadness,
When a cry, like summer's gladness,
Said, "The children's prayer is heard!"

From Sharp's Magazine.

THE DEAD MAIDEN.

BY W. BRAILSFORD.

STREW flowers here,
Never mourn beside her bier;
She was very young and fair,
Small communion had with care;
In her blue eyes dwelt such love
Of the glorious heavens above,
That she seemed a worshipper
Of each brightly beaming star;
Woods, and fields, and leafy dell,
Shaded lane, and mossy cell,
To her simple heart were dear,
Loving in its own sweet sphere.

Do not weep
For this angel so asleep!
See! a smile is on her face,
As it found her praying grace;
Never sorrow came a-near,
Never anguish caused a tear;
But the flowers of her mind
Were of life's first hues combined;
Blooming, fresh, and very fair,
As these stainless features are;
Oh, be sure a living Spring
Quickened in this silent thing.

Never sigh,—
It was best that she should die;
So to perish, so to part,
With the *godlike* in her heart;
So to leave the world beneath,
Fearless at the touch of Death;
But with thoughts of calm repose,
As the summer flowers close,
Silently her life has past—
We have loved her to the last;
O'er her calm and tranquil end
Manhood in his pride might bend.

Never turn
From these cold remains, but learn
How her gentle life was spent,
In a short embodiment
Of all sweetest natures, blent
With a blessed true content.
Earth has lessons yet to spare,
Storied greatness ever rare;
But this cold unpainted clay
Highest teaching can convey.
Never moan, or weep, or sigh;
Let her slumber quietly.



EUGENE SUE AND THE UNKNOWN.—It has been the custom, says the *Parisian Journal des Debats*, for the great novelist, notwithstanding his reputation as a man of fashion, to spend much of his time in visiting the garrets of the city, relieving the poor, and at the same moment gathering a deep knowledge of human nature. On a dark and sleety night last November, he was standing in one of the most wretched holes in Paris, where a poor widow and her children were lying in a state of shocking destitution. They were without bread, or covering, or fire, and the beauty of one of the orphan children, a girl of some fifteen, added interest to the scene. Sue gave them money and left, resolved to call the next day. He did call, and to his utter astonishment, found the widow and her children surrounded by all the comforts of life—fire on the hearth, Bologna sausages in profusion, and in fact everything necessary to make home happy. In the midst of this scene of profusion stood a slender young man very handsomely dressed. He was the cause of this sudden relief; the widow and her daughters blessed him with tears in their eyes. Eugene Sue was much struck by this token of feeling in one so young, brilliant, and gay. When the young fashionable left, he followed, determined to ascertain his residence, and after much trouble, saw him enter a carriage near the Place Vendome, and drive to the Chasse d'Anton. Sue followed, and saw the stranger enter the Hotel of the Duc de R—. He waited an hour for his reappearance, and at last saw a beautiful young lady of high rank come out of the hotel and enter the carriage. In that lady Sue recognised, not only the handsome dandy, but the Princesse d'Orleans, one of the daughters of Louis Philippe!

ROGERS AND CHANTREY.—THE BARD AND THE SCULPTOR.—In the breakfast room of Mr. Rogers, in his house in St. James's Place, stands a mahogany pillar or pedestal, about three feet high, on which a vase is usually placed, and which is ornamented with carvings very ingeniously done, and evidently executed by the hand of an artist of no small skill. It happened about twenty-five years ago that Chantrey, the sculptor, was one morning breakfasting with Rogers, when the latter, seeing the eye of his guest directed towards this pillar, took occasion to mention the ornamental part of it as the work of an unpretending but ingenious carver in wood, whom he had employed to do it about twenty years before.

"And do you not remember the name of the artist?" asked Chantrey. Rogers replied that, from the period which had elapsed, he should not be able to recall either his name or his person to recollection. Chantrey then informed him, no doubt much to his surprise, that it was he himself who had executed these ornaments before he entered upon his career as a sculptor, when, we have heard, Sir Francis was in the habit of executing carvings in wood for any one who might employ him.—*Church of England Journal*.

TITIAN.—The anecdote of Charles having twice picked up this great artist's pencil, and presented it to him, saying: "To wait on Titian was service for an Emperor," is well known; but we do not remember often to have met with the following: Titian had painted the portrait of Charles several times, but now being called to the court of that prince, he for the last time painted his portrait, just as it then appeared in the latter part of his life; and this picture also much pleased the renowned Emperor. Certain it is, that the very first portrait Titian drew of him so struck him with admiration, that he would never sit to any other artist; and for every portrait Titian took of him, he gave him a thousand crowns in gold. Titian in all painted three portraits of the Emperor; and when he last sat to him, at the conclusion of the picture, Charles said with emphasis, "This is the third time I have triumphed over death."

PEEL AND BYRON AT SCHOOL.—Last, and not least, Sir Robert Peel was his contemporary, and it is now with very odd feeling, that we read the anecdote in Byron's life, that when a great fellow of a boy-tyrant, who claimed little Peel as a fag, was giving him a castigation, Byron came and proposed to share it. "While the stripes were succeeding each other, and poor Peel writhing under them, Byron saw, and felt for the misery of his friend: and although he knew that he was not strong enough to fight * * * with any hope of success, and that it was dangerous even to approach him, he advanced to the scene of action, and with a blush of rage, tears in his eyes, and a voice trembling between terror and indignation, asked very humbly if * * * would be pleased to tell him 'how many stripes he meant to inflict?' 'Why,' returned the executioner, 'you little rascal, what is that to you?' 'Because if you please,' said Byron, 'I would take half.'"—*William Howitt*.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THOMAS CAMPBELL.—The following story narrates the most graceful compliment and delicate return ever made by royalty. "I was at her Majesty's coronation in Westminster Abbey," said Campbell, "and she conducted herself so well, during the long and fatiguing ceremony, that I shed tears many times. On returning home, I resolved, out of pure esteem and veneration, to send her a copy of all my works. Accordingly, I had them bound up, and went personally with them to Sir Henry Wheatley; who, when he understood my errand, told me that her Majesty made it a rule to decline presents of this kind, as it placed her under obligations which were unpleasant to her. Say to her Majesty, Sir Henry, I replied, that there is not a single thing the queen can touch with her sceptre in any of her dominions which I covet: and I therefore entreat you, in your office, to present them with my devotion as a subject; but the next day they were returned. "I hesitated," continued Campbell, "to open the parcel; but on doing so, I found, to my inexpressible joy, a note enclosed, desiring my autograph upon them. Having complied with the wish I again transmitted the books to her Majesty; and in the course of a day or two received in return this elegant engraving, with her Majesty's autograph, as you see below. He then directed particular attention to the royal signature, which was in her Majesty's usual bold and beautiful hand-writing."

ALEXANDER DUMAS.—It is known that this versatile romance writer has been in trouble with his publishers, because he did not meet his engagements. Two newspaper publishers had engaged him to write exclusively for their papers, but he contrived nevertheless to spin out seven volumes, sundry plays, and other matters besides. His journey to Spain and afterwards to Algiers of course deranged his plans, and stopped his supplies to the publishers, who on his return instituted a suit for damages. M. Dumas defended himself personally but not successfully, if we may judge by the following, which was placarded all over Paris recently:

To close a seizure of personal property. Will be sold at the public outcry of the Civil Tribunal, at Versailles, on Thursday, 25th February, at noon, a valuable estate situated at Port Marly, on the high road from Versailles to Saint German-en-Laye (arrondissement of Versailles). It comprises the land planted with trees, a principal edifice ornamented with tourelles, a summer-house surrounded by water, situated behind the principal building, and called the Island of Monte-Christo. The Villa and the Island of Monte-Christo, with their marvellous appendages, will be offered at the upset price of forty thousand francs.

M. Dumas will find it easy to pay this judgment by his record of his African travels, and his gatherings of things curious, whimsical and narratable in and of Old Spain.

LORD ERSKINE'S FONDNESS FOR PUNNING.—In this forbidden ground, the region of puns, wit's lowest story, Erskine would disport himself with more than boyish glee. He fired off a double-barrel when encountering his friend, Mr. Maylem, at Ramsgate. The latter observed that his physician had ordered him not to bathe. "Oh then," said Erskine, "you are '*Malum prohibitum*.' " "My wife, however," resumed the other, "does bathe." "Oh then," said Erskine, perfectly delighted, "she is '*Malum in se*.'" *Townsend's Lives of eminent Judges.*

LOW BIRTH.—An incitement to high deeds, and the attainment of lofty station. Many of our greatest men have sprung from humble origin, as the lark, whose nest is on the ground, soars nearest to heaven. Narrow circumstances are the most powerful stimulants to mental expansion, and the early frown of fortune the best security for her final smiles. A nobleman who painted remarkably well for an amateur, showing one of his pictures to Poussin, the latter exclaimed: "Your lordship only requires a little poverty to make you a complete artist." The conversation turned upon the antiquity of different Italian houses, in the presence of Sextus V. when Pope, he maintained that he was the most illustrious of any, for being half unroofed, the light entered on all sides, a circumstance to which he attributed his having been enabled to exchange it for the Vatican.

MILTON'S HOUSE IN LONDON.—This memorable dwelling is yet standing. It no longer opens into St. James's Park. The ancient front is now the back, and overlooks the fine old, but house-surrounded garden of Jeremy Bentham. Near the top of this ancient front is a stone, bearing the inscription—"Sacred to Milton, the prince of poets." This was placed there by no less distinguished a man than William Hazlitt, who rented the house some years, purely because it was Milton's. Bentham, when he was conducting people round his garden, which is now in the occupation of Mr. Gibb, the engineer, used to make them sometimes go down upon their knees to this house. The house is tall and narrow, and has nothing striking about it. No doubt, when it opened into St. James's Park, it was pleasant; now it fronts York street, which runs in a direct line from the west end of Westminster Abbey. It is No. 19, and is occupied by a cutler. The back, its former front, is closed in by a wall, leaving but a very narrow court; but above this wall, as already said, looks into the pleasant garden of the late venerable philosopher.—*W. Howitt's Homes and Haunts of British Poets.*

ANECDOTE OF SIR HENRY FANSHAWE.—LADY FANSHAWE relates to her son the following anecdote of his grandfather Sir Henry Fanshawe, who lived in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

He had great honor and generosity in his nature, to show you a little part of which, I will tell you this of him. He had a horse that the then Earl of Exeter was much pleased with, and Sir Henry esteemed, because he deserved it. My Lord, after some apology, desired Sir Henry to let him have his horse, and he would give him what he would; he replied, "My lord, I have no thought of selling him, but to serve you I bought him of such a person, and gave so much for him, and that shall be the price to you, as I paid, being sixty pieces;" my Lord Exeter said, "That's too much, but I will give you, Sir Henry, fifty;" to which he made no answer. Next day, my lord sent a gentleman with sixty pieces, Sir Henry made answer, "That was the price he paid, and once had offered him to my lord at, but not being accepted, his price now was eighty;" at the receiving of this answer, my Lord Exeter stormed, and sent his servant back with seventy pieces, Sir Henry said, "That since my lord would not take him at eighty pieces, he would not sell him under a hundred pieces, and if he returned with less he would not sell him at all;" upon which my Lord Exeter sent one hundred pieces and had the horse.

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